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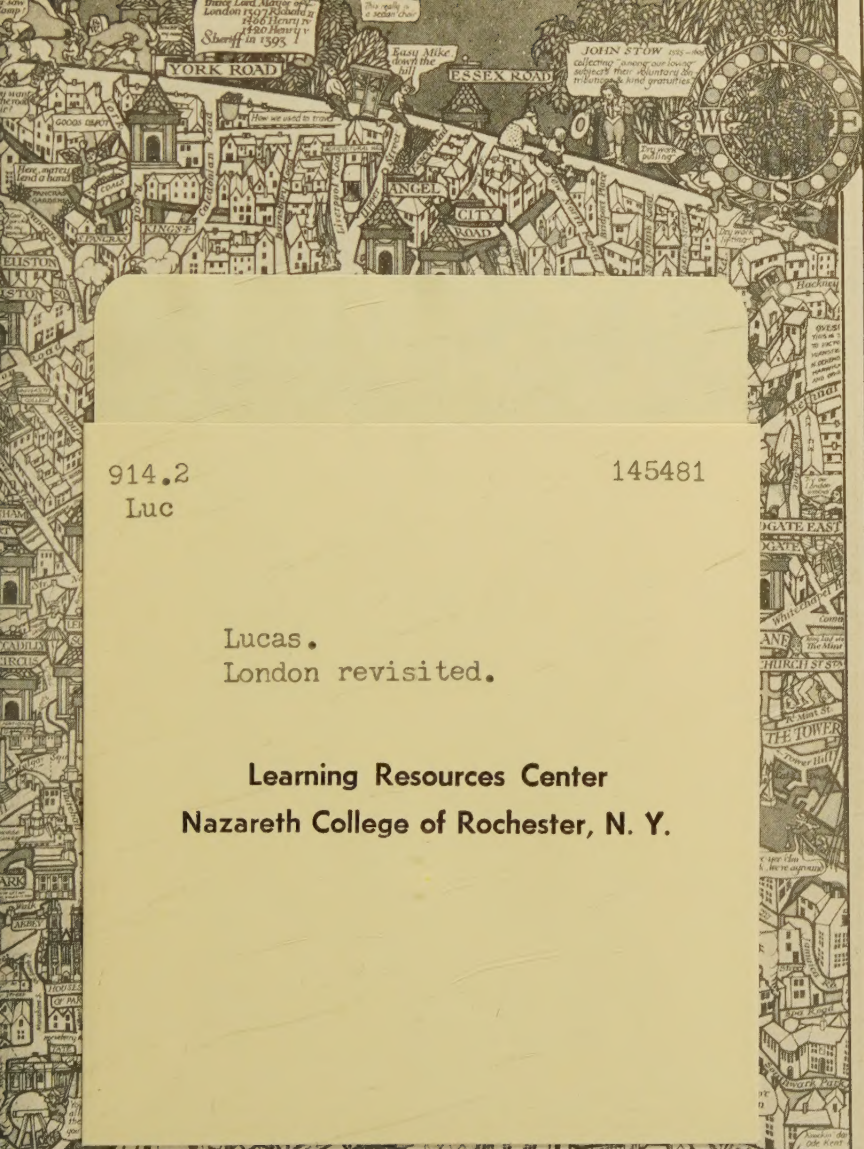

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and

The Pocket Edition of the Works of Charles Lamb: I. Miscellaneous Prose; II. Elia; III. Children's Books; IV. Poems and Plays; V. and VI. Letters.

THE HORSE GUARDS, FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK

LONDON REVISITED

BY

E. V. LUCAS

"YOU MAY DEPEND UPON IT, ALL LIVES LIVED OUT OF LONDON ARE MISTAKES: MORE OR LESS GRIEVOUS—BUT MISTAKES."

SYDNEY SMITH

WITH SIXTEEN DRAWINGS IN COLOUR BY
H. M. LIVENS
AND SIXTEEN OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

METHUEN & CO. LTD.
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PREFACE

THIS book is a companion to *A Wanderer in London*, published in 1906, and supplements it. New editions, bringing that work to date, will, I hope, continue to appear.

London Revisited contains certain matter of interest omitted from the earlier book, such as descriptions of some minor museums, or touched there too lightly, and extends the range to Hampton Court. It also gives complete lists of the open-air statues of London and of those houses that are marked with tablets.

Mr. Livens would have made, among other pictures not here, a drawing of the new Admiralty Arch, had not this been forbidden, during war time, by the authorities.

The end papers are a portion of an ingenious poster designed by Mr. Mac-

Donald Gill for the Metropolitan District Railway Company, by whose courtesy it is used here.

I offer no apology for the digressive character of the pages that follow. London was made for digression.

E. V. L.

April 1916

CONTENTS

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	Bow Church and Sir Christopher Wren	1
II.	The City's Pictures	24
III.	A Medley of Churches	46
IV.	The Royal Mint and New Scotland Yard	59
V.	The Statues of London: I. The City to Charing Cross	70
VI.	The Statues of London: II. Trafalgar Square and the Mall to Kensington	81
VII.	Holland House and Sydney Smith	92
VIII.	The Statues of London: III. Waterloo Place and Leicester Square	110
IX.	John Hunter's Museum	116
X.	The Statues of London: IV. Westminster and the Embankment	121
XI.	The Oval	130
XII.	The London Museum	142
XIII.	The Circus	152
XIV.	The Statues of London: V. Miscellaneous	161

CHAP.		PAGE
XV.	Sermons in Stones	171
XVI.	The Adelphi and James Barry	176
XVII.	The Society of Arts' Tablets	190
XVIII.	The County Council's Tablets	200
XIX.	Gough Square and St. Clement Danes	218
XX.	Hampton Court	233
XXI.	Lord's	245
XXII.	The Zoo	256
XXIII.	A Group of Londoners	264
	Index	279

LIST OF PICTURES

IN COLOUR

BY H. M. LIVENS

THE HORSE GUARDS, FROM ST. JAMES'S PARK *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

ST. DUNSTAN'S-IN-THE-WEST, FLEET STREET . 18

ST. MAGNUS THE MARTYR, FROM LONDON BRIDGE 36

THE TEMPLE CHURCH, FROM JOHNSON'S BUILDINGS 54

A MANSION IN PARK LANE, FROM THE PARK . 72

KENSINGTON PALACE, FROM THE GREEN . . 88

HOLLAND HOUSE, FROM HOLLAND WALK . . 106

A TYPICAL LONDON DEMOLITION SCENE . . 126

THE WESTMINSTER GUILDHALL . . . 144

EUSTON STATION, MAIN ENTRANCE . . . 162

BERKELEY SQUARE, EAST SIDE . . . 180

DICKENS' HOUSE, DEVONSHIRE TERRACE . . 196

THE INNER TEMPLE HALL, FROM THE CORNER OF CROWN OFFICE ROW 214

HAMPTON COURT, THE GREAT GATEWAY . . 230

RICHMOND BRIDGE 242

ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE 268

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

IN MONOTONE

FACING PAGE

THE DEAD CAVALIER. W. S. Burton (Guildhall) . 10

GEORGE HERBERT AT BEMERTON. W. Dyce (Guildhall) 26

THOMAS TOMKINS. Sir Joshua Reynolds (Guildhall) 42

TWO DRAWINGS. J. M. Swan (Guildhall) . . 64

JESUS IS CONDEMNED TO DEATH (The Stations of the Cross, I). Eric Gill (Westminster Cathedral) . 78

WILLIAM HUNTER LECTURING ON ANATOMY. Zoffany (Royal College of Physicians) . . . 96

THE SISTERS. Hoppner (The Tennant Gallery) . 118
From a Photograph by the Medici Society.

A CRICKET MATCH AT CHERTSEY. George Morland (Surrey County Cricket Club Pavilion) . 136

MISS RIDGE. Reynolds (The Tennant Gallery) . 154
From a Photograph by the Medici Society.

RELIEF (Christ Blessing Children). J. Flaxman (University College) 168
Reproduced from the original in the Flaxman Gallery, University College, London, by permission of the University College Committee.

FACING PAGE

SOLICITING VOTES (from "The Election"). W. Hogarth (Soane Museum) 186

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS (Arrested for Debt). W. Hogarth (Soane Museum) 206

ANDREA ODONI. Lotto (Hampton Court) . . 222
From a Photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.

PRINCESS MARY AS DIANA. Sir Peter Lely (Hampton Court) 236
From a Photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.

THE HOLY FAMILY WITH S. JAMES. Correggio (Hampton Court) 252
From a Photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.

A SHEPHERD WITH A PIPE. Attributed to Giorgione (Hampton Court) 276
From a Photograph by W. A. Mansell & Co.

LONDON REVISITED

CHAPTER I

BOW CHURCH AND SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN

St. Mary-le-Bow — An ancient crypt — The great Bell and the Dragon—Cockneys—London's lovely spires—Bridge viewpoints — The true white stone — Christopher Wren — Dr. Busby — An apocryphal poem — A voracious experimentalist — The Fire of London — Samuel Pepys as eyewitness — The Monument — The Moment and the Man — Wren's energy — His fifty-two London churches—A great life

I BEGAN my earlier wanderings in London at No. 1 London, or Apsley House. Bow Church, in Cheapside, is another good starting-point, since one is no true Cockney unless born within sound of its bells. It has a further claim as a place of departure in that its crypt is among the earliest London buildings. Let us then begin these new wanderings here.

Bow Church, or, to give its true name, St. Mary-le-Bow, is the glory of Cheapside, although probably a plébiscite of children would award that honour to Mr. Bennett's giants. The second part of its name comes from the arches or bows on which the first church was built, still in perfect preserva-

tion in the crypt; and the Court of Arches, our highest ecclesiastical tribunal, which in early days held its sittings here, derives its style from the same circumstance.

This crypt, which is of perpetual interest to antiquaries, offers the opportunity of shedding ten centuries in as many moments. One has but to leave the bustle of Cheapside, with its motor horns and modernity, and descend a few steps, and one is not only in perfect stillness but surrounded by massive masonry of immense age, eked out here and there by Roman tiles. Only half of the crypt is shown; the other half, sealed up, contains hundreds of coffins. On a shelf is a headstone of Wren's brought from All Hallows—very like Mr. Chesterton.

Bow Church itself is just a spacious square room. Its special attractions are the crypt; the famous bell whose firm attitude of ignorance is so familiar to all children who have ever played that most thrilling of games "Oranges and Lemons" ("'I do not know,' says the great bell of Bow"); and the gold dragon on the top of the spire which to any-one in Cheapside caring to look up tells where the wind is. Londoners once never looked up, but the activities of Count Zeppelin have given our necks a new lissomeness, and, at any rate after dark, we now look up with great frequency.

According to the picture postcard which the Bow verger induced me to purchase, this dragon is two hundred and twenty-one feet, six inches, above the pavement. Furthermore, it is eight feet, ten inches, long, and the crosses under its wings represent the

crest of the City. The great bell of Bow, according to a similar source of information which cost me another penny, weighs fifty-three hundredweights and twenty-two pounds. It is not the bell that Whittington heard,—some say on Highgate Hill and others in Bunhill Fields,—but a successor. The Great Fire destroyed the ancient peal, but a new one of twelve now rings out merrily enough on practice nights. The postcard, turning from weights, enlarges upon the origin of the word "Cockney," in the following, to me unconvincing, terms: "People born within the sound of Bow Bells are termed 'Cockneys,'—a term said to arise from a misshapen egg called by some country-folk a 'cock's egg,' and applied by them to townsfolk as being poorly developed and misshapen. Another story is that a London boy hearing on a visit to the country a horse's neigh, asked what the noise was, and was told; he then heard a cock crowing and said: 'That's a cock's neigh, then.' Thus the term was applied to one who knew little of country life." Philology must do better than that. My dictionary derives it from the Latin word *coquina*, a butcher, or *coquino*, to cook, and gives as second definition "an effeminate, ignorant and despicable citizen"—of, I suppose, any town.

It is upon the burned church's bows or arches, in the crypt, that Sir Christopher Wren based the present building, after the Fire of London; and when all the fortunate conjunctions of history come to be enumerated, surely the one which provided that that great man should have been here, all ready with his plans, before the ashes were cold,

must rank among the first. For without Wren what would the City be? Leaving St. Paul's aside, the City is indebted to Wren for more than fifty churches, each with some peculiar charm. The sequence is exact: first the Plague; then the Fire, which cleansed the germ-ridden rookeries and made London healthy again; and then Sir Christopher Wren, who built the City anew. He built much besides the churches, but the churches are his peculiar glory and greatest monument.

To know his churches intimately one must visit them; but to get in a moment some idea of what he did to make London beautiful as a whole, one must ascend this Bow Church spire, or the dome of St. Paul's, or the Monument, or, better still—for each of these eminences was designed by Wren himself, and therefore they are too much in the piece, so to speak—better still, stand on one of the western Thames bridges on a fine clear afternoon when the sun is at one's back. All London's bridges are excellent places from which to see London's spires; but Hungerford Bridge is perhaps the best, and Waterloo Bridge next, as they are central and the river towards the City has a curve. In this survey St. Paul's always dominates; but there are other spires that give the eye an equal or greater pleasure. From both these bridges, St. Bride's, with its galleries springing to heaven, is very notable, and also the octagonal open-work tower of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West; whereas from London Bridge it is the soaring solidity of St. Magnus the Martyr and the delicate flying spire of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East that most delight. All are Wren's save St.

Dunstan's-in-the-West, which is only of the last century.

Standing thus, with all the fair prospect spread out, one realizes the purpose and glory of Wren. Like the beneficent forester who plants for posterity, so did Wren build for us, or, if you like, plant for us, these gleaming spires being his lovely trees.

One realizes also that the only true building material for London is, as Wren knew, white stone —that stone which the hands of time and grime and weather so lovingly stroke. From Waterloo Bridge one sees many white buildings old and new, and all are beautiful. A kindly light can indeed transform the most prosaic business blocks into very fortresses of old romance. There are nests of offices at the foot of Norfolk Street and Arundel Street, with a roll desk, a safe, and a tall hat in every room, which yet by virtue of this white stone can seem to be enchanted castles.

Only of white stone should any London house be made. Wren knew this, and Gibbs, who built the noble church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, knew this, and Street of the Law Courts (as the extinguishers on his little, fascinating turrets so prove to-day) knew this; and their lead should have been followed. But we have allowed red brick to bedevil our city. Not only red brick, but painted stucco, and glazed white brick which can never take the soot. If one wants to see the mistake of red brick crystallized, look at the Tower from the Tower Bridge and notice the error of the brick residence in the middle of it. But the Tower is not built of the true stone for London. The true stone is to be found in Wren's churches.

The contrast may be observed also in Gower Street, University College all serene and seemly in white stone being now confronted by a discordant interloping University College Hospital in red brick; at Westminster, where that new Somerset House, the London County Council's palace, is adjacent to St. Thomas's Hospital, that kindergarten toy city, and opposite New Scotland Yard, which is all deplorable red and yellow. There are, of course, red brick buildings in London which are beautiful and appropriate — notably St. James's Palace and Holland House and Kensington Palace and Gray's Inn. These, however, are notable exceptions, and all are in the neighbourhood of trees. A good example of the red house which is hopelessly wrong is the Prudential office in Holborn.

Something of Christopher Wren, as the father of our London, must be said here.

Christopher Wren was born at East Knoyle, near Tisbury, Wiltshire, on October 20, 1632, a son of the rector of that village, also named Christopher. The elder Christopher's father had been a London mercer; his brother, the architect's uncle, was Bishop in turn of Hereford, Norwich and Ely. The rector of East Knoyle had married Mary Cox of Fonthill Abbey (afterwards made famous by William Beckford, Lord Mayor of London), but she died when young Christopher was only a very small child. His elder sister Susan, however, cared for him until, when he was eleven, she married William Holden, the divine and mathematician, a fortunate choice of husband from the point of view of posterity, for Holden instructed the boy in his

mystery, and without mathematics an architect cannot be supreme. Holden, I may say here, lived to be a Prebendary and Canon of his brother-in-law's cathedral St. Paul's; and he was buried there in 1698. So symmetrical can life be when it likes.

Christopher went to Westminster School, under the famous Dr. Busby, but whether he had any great share of that disciplinarian's birch, I do not know. Probably not, for he was a weak, undersized boy, and there is evidence that he was uniformly "good." His scholastic career was indeed remarkable, and before he was eighteen he was employed by two learned men to assist them: by Dr. Scarburgh, to help in the preparation of some lectures on anatomy, and by William Oughtred, to translate into Latin a treatise on geometrical dialling. This shows that the boy had wasted very little time either at school or at home. At Wadham College, Oxford, he continued his researches; was elected a fellow of All Souls, that coveted honour; and in 1657, when only twenty-five, became Professor of Astronomy at Gresham College, London, and moved into rooms there which became a haunt of those men of science who subsequently organized themselves into the Royal Society.

So far not a word of architecture! Wren may have given it a thought, but his early years, it is seen, were devoted to other branches of learning; and in these he was second only to his great contemporary Sir Isaac Newton. Indeed, his contributions to geometry alone were very remarkable, and it is probable that several inventions which, through his carelessness over such matters, passed into other

hands, and for which other brains have the credit, were his. The famous lines in *Biography for Beginners*—

> "Sir Christopher Wren
> Went to dine with some men:
> He said 'If anyone calls,
> Say I'm designing St. Paul's'"—

seem to be based on inaccurate knowledge of his character, for he was anything but convivial—he had no time.

The founding of the Royal Society in 1660 gave him an opening for his manifold intellectual and experimental activities, and he read there a number of suggestive papers on scientific subjects which prove him to have been as extraordinary almost as a scientific pioneer as an architect, and remind one by their variety and vigour of the great voracious many-sided geniuses of the Renaissance, such as Da Vinci, Michael Angelo and Brunelleschi. A good idea of Wren's versatility may be obtained from a eulogy of him by Bishop Sprat in 1667. After describing a number of experiments, all of them leading to valuable results, the Bishop continues: "He has invented many ways to make astronomical observations more accurate and easy . . . has made two telescopes to open with a joint like a sector, by which distances can be taken to half minutes . . . devices to telescopes for taking small distances and diameters to seconds, apertures to take in more or less light the better to fit glass to crepusculine observations; has added much to the theory of dioptrics, and to the manufacture of good glasses

and of other forms than spherical; has exactly measured and delineated the spheres of the humours of the eye, whose proportions were only guessed at before; he discovered a natural and easy theory of refraction, showing not only the common properties of glasses but the proportions by which the individual rays cut the axis upon which the proportion of eyeglasses and apertures are demonstrably discovered; has essayed to make a true selenography by measure—the world having had nothing yet but pictures; has stated the moon's libration as far as his observations could carry him . . . has carefully pursued magnetical experiments. Among the problems of navigation, demonstrated how a force upon an oblique plane would cause the motion of the plane against the first mover. He explained the geometrical mechanics of rowing, and the necessary elements for laying down the geometry of sailing, swimming, rowing, flying and the fabricks of ships. He invented a very curious and speedy way of etching, and has started several things towards the emendation of waterworks; was the first inventor of drawing pictures by microscopical glasses; amongst other things the keeping the motion of watches equal, in order for longitudes and astronomical uses. He was the first author of the noble anatomical experiment of injecting liquors into the veins of animals, now vulgarly known, but long since exhibited to meetings at Oxford. Hence arose many new experiments, and chiefly that of transfusing blood. . . . I know very well that some of them he did only start and design, and that they

have been since carried to perfection by the industry of others; yet it is reasonable that the original invention should be ascribed to the true author rather than the finishers. Nor do I fear that this will be thought too much which I have said concerning him; for there is a peculiar reverence due to so much excellence covered with so much modesty, and it is not flattery but honesty to give him his just praise who is so far from usurping the fame of other men that he endeavours with all care to conceal his own."

It is not precisely known when Wren first considered architecture seriously. But his father had gifts in that way; and a man who had taken all knowledge for his province and could draw with such accuracy must have meditated often on the problems of building. In 1661 Wren had been appointed to assist Sir John Denham (also and better known as the poet of "Cooper's Hill") as surveyor-general to His Majesty's Works; but it was not until his uncle Bishop Wren, resolving to present Pembroke College, Cambridge, with a chapel, asked his nephew to contrive the matter, that he appears to have taken to designing. That chapel was begun in 1663. Wren also designed the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford a little later; and these are his first works.

We now reach a critical date both in the career of Wren and in the history of London: Sunday, September 2, 1666. For it was then, in the bakehouse of one Farryner in Pudding Lane, in the small hours of the morning, that a fire began which, spreading and raging in a strong wind for six days, laid waste 436 acres of the City,

THE DEAD CAVALIER

AFTER THE PICTURE BY W. S. BURTON IN THE GUILDHALL

demolishing in its terrible progress 89 churches, the City gates, the Guildhall, hospitals, schools, libraries, 13,200 dwelling-houses and 430 streets. London, of course, was in those days largely built of wood, and the streets were very narrow and often overhanging; but even then it is difficult to realize a destruction on so gigantic a scale. At last, on September 7 or 8, 1666, it burnt itself out, Pie Corner at Smithfield and the Temple Church representing its western boundaries. It had its caprices *en route*, for though Bow Church could not survive it, at the corner of Friday Street and Cheapside, close by, a house is still standing which was there during the conflagration and took no harm.

This fire led to the full expression of the genius of Wren.

The destruction which it brought about is so remarkable—was so notably the end of an architectural era—that I feel justified in going to the incomparable gossip of that period for pages more vivid than any that I could compose. Of the Great Plague, which preceded the Fire, Defoe, although he was not an eyewitness, is the historian. Of the Great Fire, Pepys gives us the best first-hand impressions. To Pepys's *Diary* let us therefore turn.

Pepys thought so little of it when it began that after noting the glare in the sky he went back to bed. But then the realization came. "*Sept. 2nd.*—So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and

that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Every body endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs, by the waterside, to another. And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys, till they burned their wings, and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way; and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire; and, having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high, and driving it into the City; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches; and, among other things, the poor steeple [St. Lawrence Poultney] by which pretty Mrs. —— lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down; I to White Hall, with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat; and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King.

"So I was called for, and did tell the King and

Duke of York what I saw; and that, unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down, nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire in every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him, that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's; and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and, here and there, sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs.

"At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message, he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord, what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it.' That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. . . .

"While at dinner, Mrs. Betelier come to enquire after Mr. Woolfe and Staines, who, it seems, are

related to them, whose houses in Fish Street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as I dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people; and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street, which received goods in the morning, into Lumbard Street, and further: and, among others, I now saw my little goldsmith Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after.

"We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge too. And again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side; but [of] this little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. . . .

"Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park; and there met my wife, and Creed, and Wood, and his wife and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still encreasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and

all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses one from another.

"When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more; and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. . . .

"*Sept. 4th.*—Up by break of day, to get away the remainder of my things; which I did by a lighter at the Irongate; and my hands so full, that it was the afternoon before we could get them all away. Sir W. Pen and I to the Tower Street, and there met the fire burning, three or four doors beyond Mr. Howell's, whose goods, poor man, his trayes, and dishes, shovells, etc., were flung all along Tower Street in the kennels, and people working therewith from one end to the other; the fire coming on in that narrow street, on both sides,

with infinite fury. Sir W. Batten not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Pen and I did dig another, and put our wine in it; and I my parmazan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things. . . .

"This night, Mrs. Turner, who, poor woman, was removing her goods all this day, good goods, into the garden, and knows not how to dispose of them, and her husband supped with my wife and me at night, in the office, upon a shoulder of mutton from the cook's without any napkin, or any thing, in a sad manner, but were merry. Only now and then, walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the dark down to Tower Street, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Tavern on this side, which was very near us; and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than any thing; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it kindled nothing almost. . . .

"*Sept. 5th.*—Going to the fire, I find, by the blowing up of houses, and the great help given by

the workmen out of the King's yards, sent up by Sir W. Pen, there is a good stop given to it, as well at Marke Lane End as ours; it having only burned the dyall of Barking Church, and part of the porch, and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; every where great fires, oyle-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it; and to Sir W. Pen's, and there eat a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing since Sunday, but the remains of Sunday's dinner. . . .

"*Sept. 6th.*—A sad sight to see how the river looks; no houses nor church near it, to the Temple, where it stopped. . . . Strange it is to see Cloth-workers' Hall on fire these three days and nights in one body of flame, it being the cellar full of oyle.

"*Sept. 7th.*—Up by five o'clock; and, blessed be God! find all well; and by water to Pane's Wharfe. Walked thence, and saw all the towne burned, and a miserable sight of Paul's church, with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the quire fallen into St. Fayth's; Paul's school also, Ludgate, and Fleet Street. My father's house, and the church, and a good part of the Temple the like. . . ."

I might here interpolate the remark that when a few years after the Fire it was decided to commemorate it by the Monument, near Pudding Lane, on Fish Street Hill, it was Wren who designed that column. His original idea was to place a phœnix on the top. This he abandoned as being costly, not

easily understood at such a height, and dangerous, owing to the wings in a gale. Then he thought he would like to set a figure of Charles II there, fifteen feet high; but the Merry Monarch declined the honour, and the present ball of flames was therefore decided upon. The King, however, is represented, for he may be seen in bas-relief on the western side of the pediment, dressed as a Roman. His great thoughtfulness for the unhappy burned-out citizens after the Fire, and his careful provisions for the safety of the new London, are recorded in the inscription on the south side.

So much for the demolition. Now for the rebuilding. The Fire was out on September 8th. On September 12th Wren laid before the King a plan for a new London. The plan was not adopted: it was too splendid; but Wren was appointed "surveyor-general and principal architect for rebuilding the city, its cathedral and its churches and other public structures." So far as the Cathedral and churches were concerned, all the salary that he asked was £300 a year. Wren's first consideration was St. Paul's, which he decided must be new in every particular. Concurrently with this mighty scheme he was able, such his industry and the lucid order of his mind, to think also of London's myriad other necessities. Of churches alone he built fifty-two, and although there is a family likeness between many of them, no two are similar; which, considering that they were designed contemporaneously and at some haste, is a remarkable achievement. His best among these lesser fanes are thought to be St. Stephen's, Walbrook, behind the

ST. DUNSTAN'S-IN-THE-WEST, FLEET STREET

Mansion House, with a bookshop now clinging to its walls, and Bow Church in Cheapside. At St. Stephen's, let me remark, an organ recital is often given in the luncheon hour, and the admirer of Wren can thus, in what has been called his minor masterpiece, agreeably meditate upon the great man's gifts.

Knowing nothing about ecclesiastical architecture myself, I borrow from the *Dictionary of National Biography* the admirable summary of Wren's city church work. Having described Bow Church and St. Stephen's, the writer, Mr. F. C. Penrose, continues: "Of the next period, St. Bride's is the most remarkable church. Internally a fine perspective is formed on each side by the arches of the nave, and externally its steeple is a beautiful and well-known object. In some repairs which it required in 1764, in order to facilitate the operation the height was reduced by eight feet. The next period, 1680 to 1685, includes some very good churches. All Hallows, Thames Street, now destroyed, had a stately internal arcade, and possessed what St. Peter's, Cornhill, still retains, a very handsome carved oak screen. St. James's, Garlickhithe, had both a well-planned interior and a picturesque steeple, not improved by the cement having been stripped off the walls of the tower. The stone steeple of St. Mary Magdalene, recently taken down, though very simple, was one of Wren's most graceful campaniles. The elegant lead-covered spire of St. Martin's, Ludgate Hill, forms an admirable foreground object to the views of St. Paul's from the west. The front of this church is an example of quiet, well-propor-

tioned treatment where no projection was allowable. The spire of St. Augustin's in Watling Street, though less elegant than St. Martin's, has something of the same value, contrasting with the dome of St. Paul's as seen from the east. St. James's, Westminster, may be cited as the most successful example of a church in which galleries form a fundamental part. Its congregational capacity is remarkable, and the framing of the roof is a marvellous piece of economic and scientific construction.

"In the next period, St. Mary Abchurch, externally very plain, is full of merit within, especially the cupola and its pendentives and other details of the interior, including some excellent carvings by Gibbons. St. Andrew's, Holborn, exhibits a very fine interior, partaking to a considerable extent of the character of St. James's, Westminster. Of the churches built between 1690 and 1695, St. Michael Royal deserves mention for its beautiful campanile and for the carvings by Gibbons in the interior. The tower of St. Mary Somerset is still left standing, after the demolition of the church, on the north side of Thames Street, and forms, with its crown of pinnacles, an extremely picturesque object. The fine steeple of St. Vedast, near the General Post Office, is of this period. Its design is the most original of all Wren's campaniles. It owes nothing to sculpture or any ornate architectural treatment; but such is the skilful modulation of the masses and the contrasts of light and shade, combined with the expression of strength, that it requires no assistance from ornament to add to its beauty and importance. This fine object has the advantage of being well

seen. The steeple of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East dates from 1700. It is built in the Gothic style, and in a form which follows the precedent of St. Giles's, Edinburgh, and St. Nicholas's, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. At this period of Wren's professional life, as evidenced by this work and the church of St. Mary Aldermary, built in 1711, as well as in his repairs of Westminster Abbey, he shows an appreciation of Gothic architecture which he evidently did not entertain so strongly in his earlier days. In the work at St. Dunstan's there is much true feeling for the style in which he was working. That the spire was constructed in a highly scientific manner does not need to be stated.

"In the fine steeple of St. Magnus, built in 1705, he returned to his more recent style and produced one of his finest examples. Lastly, the old tower of St. Michael's, Cornhill, which had been left standing when he rebuilt the church fifty years earlier, was taken down in 1722 and reconstructed in bold and very effective Gothic from his designs. In all the above-mentioned beautiful campaniles, and indeed in Wren's works in general, surface ornament forms but a very subordinate part of their success; this is derived chiefly from the true elements of architecture, balance of light and shade, evident strength and security of construction, accurate proportions of the parts, and the expression of the object of the structure. He shows also great reserve and does not fritter expense away."

Besides St. Paul's and the fifty churches, Wren built the new Temple Bar, the Monument, and various city halls, hospitals, and so forth. He also

found time to build the library at Trinity College, Cambridge, and the Chapel at Queen's College, Oxford, while he was continually repairing and enlarging older edifices. No life can ever have been fuller. He found time also to enter Parliament, sitting first for Plympton and then Windsor in 1685–1688–9, and again for Weymouth in 1701 and after. He found time also to marry twice, once in 1669 and again in 1676. He had four children, one of whom died in infancy. Of the others, Christopher (1675–1747) wrote his life and also a work on numismatics; William lived until 1738, and Jane died, when only twenty-six, before her father. She was buried in St. Paul's crypt. Wren lived partly at Hampton Court, where he did much fine work for William and Mary, and partly in St. James's Street, and it was in his London house that he died on February 25, 1723, aged ninety. He was buried in St. Paul's.

I am personally no great lover of Wren's work, near by. But for his lavish hand in giving London all these exquisite minarets I cannot sufficiently admire and praise him. In 1881 a little book was published, entitled *The Towers and Steeples designed by Sir Christopher Wren*, by Mr. Andrew T. Taylor, and this shows in a nutshell what he did for London as a distant prospect, and what London has lost. How many of Wren's towers and spires and steeples now soar lightly over the roofs of the City, I have not estimated; but nine at any rate have been sacrificed to the great god utilitarianism: St. Antholin's and St. John Evangelist's, both in Watling Street, All Hallows the Great in Thames Street,

All Hallows in Broad Street, St. Benet's in Gracechurch Street, St. Benedict's and St. Christopher's in Threadneedle Street, St. Dionis Backchurch in Fenchurch Street, St. Michael's in Crooked Lane, another St. Michael's in Queenhithe, and St. Mildred's in the Poultry. All are gone; and none was re-erected elsewhere, as was Wren's Temple Bar in Theobald's Park, and as they might so fittingly have been when a suburb needed a new church. St. Antholin's was a particularly beautiful spire—Wren's only example of a spire pure and simple: 154 feet high, "it could," says Mr. Taylor, "very well have been allowed to remain, and indeed did remain for a short time after the church was pulled down; but the increased price which was thereby obtainable for the site finally outweighing less mercenary considerations, it shared the fate of the church." That was as recently as 1875.

Personally I shall always think of the spire of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East with most affection. Wren had a great belief in the stability of this delicate structure. Somebody once hurried to tell him that a hurricane had injured all his steeples. "Not St. Dunstan's," he replied confidently.

CHAPTER II

THE CITY'S PICTURES

The Guildhall Gallery—The Gassiot bequest—Modern pictures—William S. Burton and Pre-Raphaelism—A sincere life—William Dyce and Pre-Raphaelism — George Herbert at Bemerton — Henry VI's monologue — Earlier English pictures — Hazlitt—Reynolds's last portrait—Thomas Tomkins—The Fleet River—Lord Camden's reward for virtue—Old Drury Lane—Alderman Boydell—Old London—Samuel Richardson—Lord Nelson—J. M. Swan, R.A.—Lamb and Edward Burney—Various small pictures—Sir John Gilbert—Mr. Albert Goodwin—The Royal Exchange—Turtle soup

THE Guildhall has the only picture gallery which the City can boast; and it might be better. Indeed, one hardly dares to think what it would be like had not a certain Mr. Charles Gassiot, who died in 1902, bequeathed his collection to it; for the Civic Fathers make few independent claims either to connoisseurship or patronage of art, and most of the Guildhall exhibits have been gifts, either in single canvases or, as in the case of Mr. Gassiot, battalions.

The pictures are hung in four rooms, three of which are small and one large. As the official catalogue takes no account of these divisions at all, and as there is no natural sequence of numbers, the pursuit of any particular artist is an arduous task.

Let me say then that the more important modern pictures are in the great entrance gallery, which we will call Room I; the older British pictures are in the room (II) leading from the double staircase; the smaller pictures are in the room (III) leading from the single staircase; and the Sir John Gilberts are in the little room (IV) beyond that. It will save much trouble if we take the best pictures as they come in each room, beginning always with the left wall. The catalogue (1910) is, by the way, not up to date, for it includes many pictures that have been removed and takes no notice of some recent acquisitions, as, for example, a landscape by Mr. Adrian Stokes and an interior by Mrs. Adrian Stokes, both very charming and both in Room III.

Entering the large gallery and passing first along the left-hand wall, the first picture to hold the eye, and one of the best in the collection, is No. 634, by Mr. Arnesby Brown—a typical work of this fine pleinariste, who paints always in the large manner and adores light. Then a melancholy bereavement scene by Frank Holl, and then a pair of Millais' child subjects, one on each side of a feat of skill more civic than artistic—a representation of the Guildhall as it appeared when what were left of the City of London Imperial Volunteers, or "Lord Mayor's Own," returned from the Boer War in 1902 and were thanked by their owner. It is the mission of such pictures to record events; they rarely afford æsthetic pleasure. The Millais' are commonplace works far inferior to the original sketches for them, but they have much of the prettiness of what might be called his saponaceous period.

An almost painfully placid Leader landscape, making one feel very like a visitor to an ancient Royal Academy, comes next—the churchyard at Bettws-y-coed, as different as could be from the treatment often accorded it by an earlier artist-worshipper there, David Cox; then a fine example of that greatly-beloved Irish painter, the late Walter Osborne, presented by a number of his friends; and then, in the corner, the best H. S. Tuke I have ever seen, with such sunlight in it as to make one warm and serene even in a London January.

On the end wall are earlier works—by William Collins, father of Wilkie Collins who made our fathers' flesh creep, Patrick Nasmyth and Constable, all bequeathed by Mr. Gassiot. The Nasmyths are admirable examples, irresistibly suggesting the description of him as the English Hobbema. The Constable wants light, but has greatness and vigour. The Collins' are pretty domestic things, particularly No. 648, "The Kitten Deceived."

The first picture of note on the east wall is a work of that shy and little-known Pre-Raphaelite, William S. Burton: "The Dead Cavalier," of which I give a reproduction in this volume. The picture is painted with minutest pains, as much care being given to the tortoiseshell butterfly which has settled on the broken rapier as to the central figure. The result is a moving dramatic scene, although it is very open to strictures by those critics who favour broad synthesis rather than detail and hold that the presentation of what the eye can see in a moment is the end for which the artist should

GEORGE HERBERT AT BEMERTON

AFTER THE PICTURE BY W. DYCE IN THE GUILDHALL

strive. One cannot, however, look long at any Pre-Raphaelite work without paying a tribute to deep sincerity and patient labour; and "The Dead Cavalier" has also something else, for there is light in it. It chanced that Mr. Burton died at a great age—over ninety—while I was engaged on these notes, early in 1916, and I take the opportunity of quoting a passage or so from the interesting auto-biographical fragment which he sent to Mr. Spielmann a few days before his death, and which Mr. Spielmann printed in *The Times*. They illustrate his serious, retiring disposition and the high standard which he set himself, and also tell us something of a little-known man.

The notes, says Mr. Spielmann, begin when Burton, Rossetti, Millais, Holman Hunt, Arthur Hughes (whom Burton declared to be the most spiritual and exquisite of all our painters) were fellow-students at the Royal Academy. Before that he had been at King's College School, where the elder Rossetti taught Italian and where drawing was taught by John Sell Cotman, whose "dignified, large and worthy nature," as he says, "influenced him and satisfied his early longing for a noble conception of art and nature. Attendance at the School of Design under Dyce and at the British Museum further broadened his vision."

"Pre-Raffaelism," as he always called it, Burton defines thus: "The fundamental idea of Pre-Raffaelism is, roughly speaking, truth to Nature. To be consistent, we should add—truth to Life. Pre-Raffaelism has come—and gone. It is already so far in the distance as to be somewhat mythical,

subject to late, unknowing suggestions and remakings. It is to me, nothing but the usual revolt of the young on entering into this wonderful world—this brilliant diamond of so many flashing facets—this world of worlds. It succeeds for a time, so long as it has any force of truth in it, and then it is followed, either by another flash from another facet, or—extinction. It is nothing but the usual breezy excitement of the youthful new-comer, with the new-comer's new eyes, fresh clear mind, and independent thought, who finds the old world tired, weary, inactive, and very much in need of a rousing shake. So the new-comer sets about reforming the old world until, grown old, he is himself reformed."

Reviewing the state of art in 1916, Burton was very pessimistic: "And this is where we are now, so far as art is concerned: in gloomy darkness. The mad, maniacal dancing of the Post-Impressionist, the amazing Cubist, and incomprehensible Futurist, adding to the sadness of the darkness. And this is the end of Pre-Raffaelism! In the dreadful Post-Impressionist exhibition there was a large canvas representing four hideous misshapen creatures dancing uncouthly over a mound. And I interpret the dance as one of Post-Impressionism, Cubism, Futurism, and senseless, unfeeling Ignorant Brutality over the grave of murdered Art, with all its Beauty, Grace, Love, Tenderness, Imagination, Poetry and Friendliness—all swept away in Art-Attila destruction. But Art never dies—she will arise in all her noble Beauty and Charm, and some future S—— will look back and recall the sad, strange time."

Here is the final farewell and testimony of the old painter: "I have written on and on and on. Please take it as the unburdening of one who is and has been shut up for many years without any social or artistic intercourse. I have not a friend to speak to and I know no artist to speak or write to. So I have to talk to myself mainly. . . . And now I leave the world with little enough done of all I wished, planned, designed and intended. . . . Here I consider myself a failure; but in the other and higher life, one step nearer to God, I hope to do much one way or another—no stifling, choking commercialism there. The Ideal awaits us; we need not long for it—God ever good and loving has provided it. And noble, true, really spiritual religious pictures *here* would prepare us for it, besides making our lives more creditable and happier. . . . Selfishness, that is the Evil Spirit—Selfishness, that is the enemy—Selfishness, that is the black cloud that hides God from man. And that is the greatest and most awful tragedy that could happen to him."

"A noble spirit and a holy mind," says Mr. Spielmann, "a man whose retiring nature and modest refinement deprived him of the recognition he fancied he had wholly missed. No honester artist ever breathed."

After Henry Holliday's "Burgesses of Calais," we come to two works by the master under whom Burton studied—William Dyce, R.A. (1806–1864). The larger of these, "George Herbert at Bemerton," I reproduce in this volume. The picture illustrates a conversation between Piscator and Venator in

The Compleat Angler. Says Piscator,—who, we know, loved George Herbert fervently, for did he not write his life also?—"Come, let me tell you what holy Mr. Herbert says of such days as these:

> 'Sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky,
> The dews shall weep thy fall to-night,
> For thou must die.'"

To this Venator replies: "I thank you, good master, for the sweet close of your discourse with Mr. Herbert's verses, who I have heard loved angling, and I do the rather believe it, because he had a spirit suitable to anglers, and to those primitive Christians that you love, and have so much commended." Dyce gives us Mr. Herbert under the trees in the little Wiltshire village on an evening of perfect peace, and in the distance is the spire of the cathedral where the saintly old man was buried.

The next picture, No. 661, is a small work representing "Henry VI during the Battle of Towton," 1461, the moment chosen being when, having lost his crown, the King retired to meditate, and thus led to one of the most beautiful passages in Shakespeare and one peculiarly a favourite of Hazlitt (whose portrait we shall find in the next room):

> "This battle fares like to the morning's war,
> When dying clouds contend with growing light,
> What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
> Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
> Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
> Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
> Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea

Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometimes the flood prevails, and then the wind;
Now one the better, then another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror nor conquered:
So is the equal pose of this fell war.
Here on this molehill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead! if God's good will were so;
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave."

William Dyce, who was born in 1806, in Aberdeen, was the Father of Pre-Raphaelism. While studying in Rome in 1828 he painted a "Madonna and

Child" in that manner which made a great impression on the art colony there. Returning to Scotland, he took up portrait painting for some years; but in 1840 became head of the School of Design at the Royal Academy and thereafter concerned himself very seriously with the art education of others and with the production of minutely executed works such as those that are here. Coming to the notice of the Prince Consort, Dyce was commissioned to prepare various frescoes in London and elsewhere. Some are in the House of Lords; and a series illustrating the life of Christ are in All Saints, Margaret Street. Other of his paintings, which were always marked by learning and thoroughness and have a strong and somewhat precise individuality, may be seen at the Tate Gallery. Few English artists have been more variously intellectually distinguished than Dyce, who was also a musician and composer, no mean ecclesiologist, and a copious pamphleteer. The Victorian florin was minted from his design. He died a full R.A. in 1864.

We next come to another commemorative picture —by A. C. Gow, R.A.—in which we see Queen Victoria at St. Paul's on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee. The profits on the sale of the engraving of this work enabled the Corporation to acquire the large Shakespearean Maclise in the next room: possibly not the best use to which the money could have been put. The remaining pictures to note in this room are two William Müllers, of which No. 703 is the better; a fair Linnell, No. 700; and Mr. La Thangue's evening sun effect, entitled "Mowing Bracken."

Room II, which opens from the upper gallery, contains portraits civic and military. The first on the wall to the left is a fine example of Sir Thomas Lawrence: Richard Clark, the Lord Mayor of 1784–5, whose speeches, the catalogue tells us, were remarkable for their "classic elegance and allusions." Next is a good David Roberts, the church of S.S. Giovanni e Paolo at Venice; and by it an interior of the Guildhall on what was one of its most august moments—the banquet to the Prince Regent, the Czar of Russia, and the King of Prussia (whom in those days England found very useful), in 1814. The galleries, draped in red, were, on this great occasion, packed with the fair. High up is a portrait of Hazlitt, with a sulky, uncompromising mouth. The catalogue does the famous critic and essayist less than justice; for it gives no indication as to the special character of his genius and refers to his *Reply to Malthus* as his *Reply to Walters*. Of E. F. Green, the author of the portrait, I can find nothing: *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters* ignores him.

Next we find the great Maclise version of the Banquet Scene in *Macbeth*; and on the other side a pretty Lady Mayoress (not in the catalogue) and a very charming and unusual David Roberts: "Edinburgh from the Calton Hill," a golden landscape, exquisitely painted.

On the next wall is the gem of the whole collection, Sir Joshua's portrait of Thomas Tomkins. Thomas Tomkins was a calligrapher in the days when calligraphy was an honoured profession; and the Corporation employed him to write and em-

bellish those addresses to distinguished guests in the presentation of which a great part of civic life is spent. In this picture Tomkins is more like an aristocrat than a professional penman, but he has corroborative specimens of his work about him. The portrait was his own commission, a gift to the Chamberlain's Office in 1790, the Chamberlain at that time being his friend John Wilkes; and it was our English Old Master's last work. Only fifty pounds was the price, and how the millionaires would jostle each other at Christie's to get it to-day! I reproduce this notable picture.

Two more examples of David Roberts are on the same wall, both more typical than the Edinburgh prospect but not so enchanting. No. 252 represents the interior of St. Stephen's in Vienna, and No. 253 the exterior of Antwerp Cathedral. The Samuel Scott (No. 46) should really be entitled "The Thames at Blackfriars," for the opening of the Fleet River is a mere detail. Notice the bridge more or less where the underground railway and De Keyser's Hotel now are. The Fleet, which is perhaps London's most famous lost river, has not been seen since 1765. Rising on Hampstead Heath, it flowed down to the Thames at Blackfriars, by way of Kentish Town, Camden Town, St. Pancras, where it passed under Battle Bridge close to King's Cross terminus; thence through Clerkenwell to Holborn Bridge, where the Holborn Viaduct now spans a vastly wider space; and so down Farringdon Street to the parent stream. Between Holborn Bridge and the Thames it was crossed by three bridges. The Fleet had to work for its living, so much so

that it came to be known as Turnmill Brook, and it was big enough for barges to pass up it, at any rate as far as Holborn Bridge. It was also useful as a carrier of refuse, and indeed so abused this privilege that it became a nuisance and a reproach, particularly at low tide. In Charles II's reign the Fleet was properly overhauled and embanked as far as Holborn, and real wharves were constructed; but the enterprise was not justified. Within sixty years the Farringdon Street portion of it was covered over and Fleet Market established on the site; and thirty years or so later the remaining portion, between Ludgate Circus and the Thames, disappeared also from view. But a Fleet still trickles underneath. Fleet Market, which was a kind of Burlington Arcade for food, lasted from 1737 to 1829, when Farringdon Street was born. The Fleet prison was on the eastern side of it.

On the next wall we find a Lord Mayoral water pageant, now for some reason or other obsolete. The last was in 1857, yet there is still the river, and there are still Lord Mayors, and motor launches are easily obtained. Perhaps it is feared that the result might be so picturesque as to be unsettling. The scene represented is dated November 9, 1789. Each City Company then had its own barge, gaily decorated, just as, in Venice, the various societies still have theirs.

Another Reynolds is on this wall—a large portrait, in the grand manner, of Lord Camden, with a tapestry table-cloth: all very sumptuous. It was this judge who gave the verdict in John Wilkes' favour against the Government as prosecutors, and the present

picture was one of the rewards of his honesty. So many other guerdons were also thrust upon him that Justitia must have felt herself to be normally in a very poor way in England. Here also is a copy of the famous Reynolds portrait of Lord Heathfield in the National Gallery.

On the last wall is an interesting painting by Abraham Pether of the burning of Drury Lane Theatre on February 24, 1809 — the disastrous conflagration that led a year or two later to the composition of *Rejected Addresses*. The title says that the scene was viewed from Chelsea Bridge, but the topography of the picture is confusing. Abraham Pether (1756–1812) was known as "Moonlight Pether," from his addiction to landscapes with a lunar light. Here he contrasts moon and fire. He left a son, Sebastian, who followed so closely in his father's footsteps that Bryan considers this picture to be his.

We come now to another Scotch historical scene, this time one of the series commissioned by Alderman Boydell and left by him to the City—the murder of King James of Scotland, in 1437, painted by Opie. John Boydell (1719–1804) was a print-seller who had an enormous influence on English art and practically brought about the English school of engraving. Beginning with French prints after Horace Vernet, he commissioned Woollett to engrave Richard Wilson's "Niobe" (now in the National Gallery), and made £2000 by it. He then passed on to other Wilsons, to Reynolds, and to Benjamin West, whose "Death of General Wolfe," engraved also by Woollett, brought in £15,000

ST. MAGNUS THE MARTYR, FROM LONDON BRIDGE

profit. In 1790 Boydell became Lord Mayor. At this time he was beginning a new scheme, nothing less than a great series of prints illustrating Shakespeare; and here he had to find painters as well. Reynolds, Opie, Barry, Northcote, Fuseli, Romney, Stothard, West—all the best men were employed, up to thirty-three in number, together with two sculptors; and a hundred and seventy works were executed. But meanwhile, the French Revolution interfering with Boydell's foreign trade, he came upon bad times. In despair he applied to Parliament for leave to dispose of his effects by lottery, a suggestion which to-day would no doubt bring the Nonconformist conscience down like an avalanche, but was then agreed to; and the result of the iniquity was a sum which enabled him to free himself from liabilities. He died in 1804.

The group entitled "The Apotheosis of Shakespeare," by Banks, which Boydell had commissioned, was reserved by the British Institution, who bought his Shakespeare gallery, as a memorial to the public-spirited old print-seller; but something prevented the completion of the plan: the pictures were distributed, the group of statuary is at Stratford-on-Avon, and Boydell is forgotten.

The next picture, which has a blend of crudeness and ability, represents the Mansion House about 1750 and is, to me, a very attractive thing. It has antiquarian value too. Note that in 1750 dogs were allowed to take a share in drawing small carts, as they still do on the Continent but no longer here. Above this old London view is a portrait of that worthy printer of genius, Samuel Richardson, who

astonished and delighted his friends by creating Clarissa Harlowe and Pamela at a time of life when most printers have forgotten all about the secrets of the human heart and are tired of the very sight of the written word.

The last picture on this wall is a portrait of Lord Nelson by Beechey, making him far too big a man. The heroic Admiral also has a florid monument in the great hall of the Guildhall. To the Corporation he gave the sword of Blanquet, commander of the defeated French fleet at the Battle of the Nile, "as a remembrance that Britannia still rules the waves, which that she may for ever do so is the fervent prayer of Horatio Nelson."

Room II also has two cases. One contains examples of the admirable etchings of London made from time to time by Mr. Joseph Pennell. The other case contains, on one side, fourteen drawings by the late J. M. Swan, R.A. When this great artist died, in 1910, a committee was formed to purchase specimens of his work for presentation to various galleries all over the United Kingdom, and the Guildhall was not forgotten. It is probably no exaggeration to say that lions and tigers and the greater felidæ generally were never so lovingly studied, or transferred to paper with more fidelity and mastery, in every mood, than by Swan. I reproduce two of the drawings in this book.

One thing in the other half of this case I was very much pleased to see. You remember how in Lamb's essay on "Valentine's Day" he writes of E. B. —— the artist? Let me quote the passage, not only because it is appropriate, but because it is so charm-

ing. "All Valentines are not foolish; and I shall not easily forget thine, my kind friend (if I may have leave to call you so) E. B. ——. E. B. lived opposite a young maiden whom he had often seen, unseen, from his parlour window in C——e Street. She was all joyousness and innocence, and just of an age to enjoy receiving a Valentine, and just of a temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with good humour. E. B. is an artist of no common powers; in the fancy parts of designing, perhaps inferior to none; his name is known at the bottom of many a well-executed vignette in the way of his profession, but no further; for E. B. is modest, and the world meets nobody half way. E. B. meditated how he could repay this young maiden for many a favour which she had done him unknown; for when a kindly face greets us, though but passing by, and never knows us again, nor we it, we should feel it as an obligation: and E. B. did. This good artist set himself at work to please the damsel. It was just before Valentine's day three years since. He wrought, unseen and unsuspected, a wondrous work. We need not say it was on the finest gilt paper with borders—full, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but all the prettiest stories of love from Ovid, and older poets than Ovid (for E. B. is a scholar). There was Pyramus and Thisbe, and be sure Dido was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander, and swans more than sang in Cayster, with mottoes and fanciful devices, such as beseemed—a work, in short, of magic. Iris dipt the woof.

"This on Valentine's eve he commended to the all-swallowing indiscriminate orifice (O ignoble

trust!) of the common post; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand the next morning he saw the cheerful messenger knock, and by-and-by the precious charge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the Valentine, dance about, clap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about, not with light love, or foolish expectations, for she had no lover; or, if she had, none she knew that could have created those bright images which delighted her. It was more like some fairy present; a God-send, as our familiarly pious ancestors termed a benefit received where the benefactor was unknown. It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever after. It is good to love the unknown. I only give this as a specimen of E. B. and his modest way of doing a concealed kindness."

Now E. B. was Edward Francis Burney (1760–1848), an illustrator and the cousin of Fanny Burney, and in the glass case in Room II are several examples of his work, and one, No. 499, "Youth crowned with Roses," which shows just how perfectly fitted he was to design a valentine.

In the little passage between Rooms II and III are a few interesting pictures, largely from the Gassiot collection. Here, on the left wall, are interesting examples of that fine colourist John Philip: particularly No. 714, and an English landscape sketch by him, No. 716; a good Constable sketch, No. 651; three typical village school scenes by Thomas Webster; and a view of London Bridge under frost in 1795–6 by Daniel Turner, whom we shall see again in strength at the London Museum.

Bryan calls him David Turner, but knows practically nothing of him. Lastly on this wall notice No. 728, a tender Mauveish little landscape by Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove. On the opposite wall are two Frithian works by Tissot, the French painter best known by his Biblical illustrations. They tell their story. Between the two Tissots is another somewhat Frithian work by a contemporary of Frith, the ill-fated Augustus Egg, Dickens's friend.

Entering Room III, we find on the left another J. M. Swan, this time a lioness painted in oil (No. 895), a noble thing. No. 845 has sweetness and delicacy. No. 638 will remind some visitors of what they once esteemed, a form of art that does not wear well. Here also are two of Faed's simple Scotch domesticities.

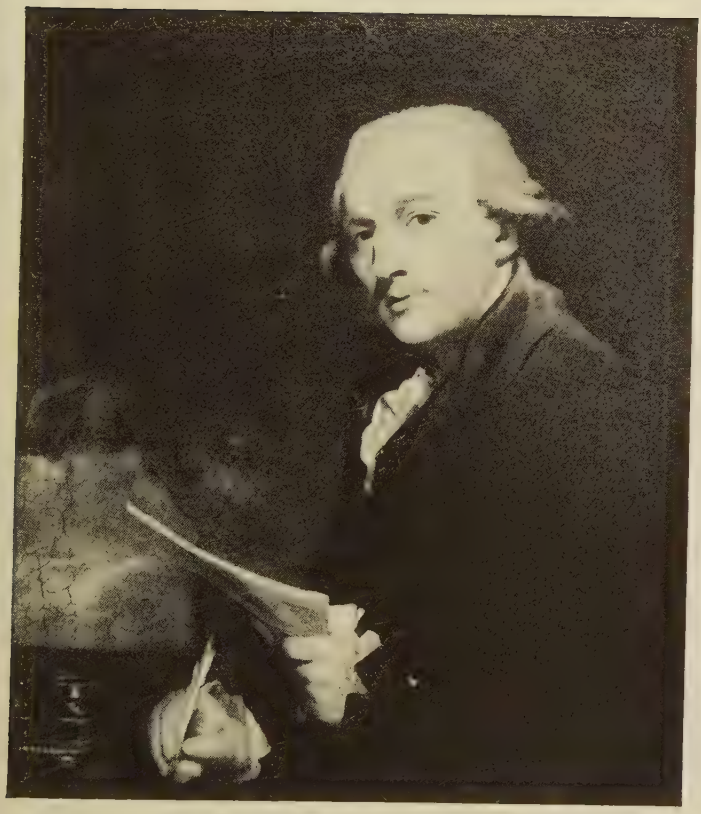
On the other side of the door is a fine Brangwyn, rich and riotous—too rich and riotous, I should guess, to be a true representation of even the gayest Lord Mayor's Show on the sunniest November 9th ever known. Still, artists will be artists, and the wish is father to the thought. Here also is another William Collins (No. 644) and a very typical Leader (No. 334).

On the next wall are nice pictures by Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Stokes and a slashing flower piece by Fantin-Latour, which is, however, poor in composition (No. 881). On the next wall we find the same artist at his more distinguished, in No. 882: "White Roses." Here also are more echoes from old Academies—in the Frederick Goodall, the T. S. Cooper and the G. D. Leslie: three fallen idols, I fear. No. 287 is an interesting little London scene:

"Interior of the Debtors' Prison, Whitecross Street." Rather should it be called the courtyard of the prison. Ladies and gentlemen in financial straits are seen walking about and conversing, exactly as in Dickens. Imprisonment for debt being abolished, the building was closed in 1870. It has since been pulled down.

On the last wall are two little Landseers: No. 691, representing Lord Alexander Russell as a boy taking his first leap on his pony "Emerald," and the other (No. 690) illustrating the fable of "The Travelled Monkey." Here also is an excellent example of the art of Sir J. Seymour Lucas, and here is another Brangwyn, which is not, however, the equal of No. 861.

The little room dedicated to the virile energy of Sir John Gilbert is a monument to his variety. Born in 1817, he wasted a certain amount of time as an estate agent's clerk in Walbrook, close to the Mansion House, and was then permitted to make drawing, which he had always practised, his profession. For many years he was the most prolific draughtsman in England, and the most vigorous, his chef d'œuvre being, I suppose, his edition of Staunton's Shakespeare, which had over eight hundred woodcuts. For a while he was connected with *Punch*, but the editor brought about his retirement by the remark that he did not want a Rubens. Finding on *The Illustrated London News* more congenial work, he was its strong man for years. He was knighted in 1872 as President of the Old Water Colour Society. After 1885 he sold nothing, but reserved all his work to be bequeathed



THOMAS TOMKINS

AFTER THE PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS IN THE GUILDHALL

to various galleries; and we here see the Guildhall's share. For the most part it is the historical side of his art that is represented, but what could be more delicate than Nos. 544 and 547, both drawings of unhappy Belgium?

As a contrast to Sir John Gilbert's breezy power and abundance, we have in this room a little collection of the delicate whispering art of Mr. Albert Goodwin, who paints nature only when she is at her shyest and most pensive, and whose special gift it is to transform England into fairyland.

The Guildhall is the City's only picture gallery; but the historical cartoons in the Royal Exchange are well worth seeing. The Royal Exchange has a somewhat forbidding appearance to the ordinary wanderer in London, who, finding himself within the mysteries of that unknown world the City, is fearful of entering buildings obviously sacred to commerce. But, at any rate when not the arena of speculators, the Royal Exchange is open to all, the greater part of it being a courtyard and place of meeting and of transit, with an arcade all around where office boys eat their dinners. Shabby cocked-hatted beadles guard the doors, but, except possibly in business hours, they bar no one's way.

For many years it has been an honoured privilege with private citizens or City companies to give a decorative fresco for the Royal Exchange walls, all of course celebrating some event in London's or England's history. Among these works may be seen one, by Mr. Brangwyn, allegorising Modern Commerce; one, by Mr. Gow, representing Nelson descending the steps of the harbour to join the

"Victory"; a third, of William II building the Tower, by which is meant surveying that task from the back of a horse; Alfred the Great repairing the walls of London in the same vicarious way; John sealing Magna Charta; Elizabeth at Gresham College; Charles I at the Guildhall demanding the City's members; and so forth.

This Royal Exchange, which is the third, dates only from 1844, when Queen Victoria opened it in person, nearly three years after her Royal Consort had laid the first stone. The first Royal Exchange, founded by Sir Thomas Gresham, had been opened by Queen Elizabeth some three centuries before. The Great Fire accounted for it almost exactly a hundred years after its foundation stone had been laid in 1566, but failed to injure old Gresham's statue. The second Royal Exchange also fell a victim to fire, in 1838, and again Sir Thomas came out unscathed. His charmed effigy graces the present building, and will not, I hope, again be put to any salamandrine test.

In the Guildhall museum is a collection of Roman remains found by the builders when excavating for the Royal Exchange of this day.

To many persons the Royal Exchange is known principally as the building near which is Birch's famous soup and sandwich house in Cornhill. An evil hour must, I suppose, strike, when it will be decreed that the resolute archaism of this admirable lunching place must give way to a more modern spaciousness; but may that be long distant! In the room upstairs the best turtle soup in the world is dispensed, the ritual ordaining that with it you

drink Madeira and afterwards, during the season, you eat an oyster patty. That it is the best turtle soup needs no further fortifying statement when I add that it is the house of Birch which provides the City of London's feasts.

The original Birch was one Lucas Birch (an unpleasant collocation of words to me), whose son and successor, Samuel Birch (1757–1841), not only was an admirable pastrycook but was also a public-spirited man, Sheriff and Lord Mayor, and a successful dramatist. It was Birch who, at first unsupported on the Common Council, urged the establishment of volunteer regiments at the outbreak of the French Revolution, and eventually carrying his point, was the first Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Regiment of the Loyal London Volunteers.

CHAPTER III

A MEDLEY OF CHURCHES

New taxi-driver and old cabby—The Corporation at worship—Grinling Gibbons—St. Lawrence, Jewry—St. Magnus the Martyr—The odour of sanctity—Old London Bridge—St. Giles's, Cripplegate—St. Giles's-in-the-Fields—A nest of singing birds—St. James's, Piccadilly—St. Etheldreda's—Hatton Garden—The Westminster Cathedral—The Scotch chapel—Mr. Gill's "Stations of the Cross"—Mr. J. F. Bentley—Lincoln's Inn Chapel—St. Alban's, Holborn, and a modern Saint—Treasurers' windows—The Temple Church—A Great Man

IN this chapter I have brought together some notes, not wholly at random, upon a variety of London churches, old and new, which seem to me typical.

These churches being situated both east and west, anyone proposing to visit them in the order in which they occur in these pages will be doing a cab driver a very good turn. And why not? The new cab driver, as an accessory of machinery, may be, it is true, a far less sociable being than that old cab driver the ally of the horse, yet he is a good fellow too. For a certain gruff rigidity one must blame the cranks he has to pull, the wheel he has to turn, and, above all, the meter which registers his fare. His happy-go-lucky predecessor ("Drive you to Highgate?" said a hansom-cabby to me once, late

one night in Shaftesbury Avenue, "Why, I'd drive you to America if you liked")—his happy-go-lucky predecessor, having no automatic tally, was in constant need of those gifts which discern the humane potentialities of a passenger and of those arts, either of ingratiation or menace, which can extract an extra sixpence. The new driver, the chauffeur, has no hopes. If he gets something added, he has, in one of the worst possible of worlds, received no more than his due; if he fails to be given it, it is just his usual luck, and the sooner he moves on to find another fare the better. That is the difference between the ancient Jehu and the modern Shover; but beneath the taxi-driver's saturnine apathy beats, it is possible, the usual heart.

Having seen the Corporation's pictures, let us see where the City Fathers worship. The church is close by: St. Lawrence, Jewry; and here, in a great pew with a civic throne in it, the Lord Mayor and his sheriffs sit in state, just under a window representing the Judgment of Solomon, while the rest of the Corporation, each carrying a bouquet, sit behind them. This happens every Michaelmas day, and after their preacher has discharged his homily at them, the gorgeous company retire to decide the question who shall be Lord Mayor next year.

One cannot imagine a more comfortable temple, for it is Wren at his (may I say?) most cosy—the proportions being very attractive, and the coloured windows gay, and the atmosphere domestic rather than ecclesiastic.

Many of Wren's churches, from St. Paul's downwards, are monuments also to the genius of his

friend Grinling Gibbons, the wood carver, and St. Lawrence, Jewry, stands by no means low on the list. This busy craftsman of fine taste was only in part English, being born at Rotterdam, in 1648, of, I believe, a Dutch mother. His father, however, was good Yorkshire. It is not known when the youthful Grinling came to London, but he was at Deptford in 1671, for it was there that Evelyn the diarist found him making a wonderful wooden version of Tintoretto's "Crucifixion," and not only took Sir Christopher Wren and Pepys to see it, but had the *tour de force* shown to His Majesty Charles II, who would have bought it had not the Queen, to whose bedroom it was carried, been lukewarm on the matter. Later, however, the King bought a similar version of Tintoretto's "Stoning of St. Stephen" and Gibbons's career was established. From this time he never, as we say, looked back, but at once started to decorate St. Paul's, the stalls there being his. He also worked at the Royal palaces, and no nobleman's place was complete without its Grinling Gibbons panelling, cornice or other device.

Gibbons remained a Londoner to the end, living in Bond Street, where he died in 1720, and he was buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden. As a man he was described by Evelyn as "very civil, sober, and discreet in his discourse," which, as we shall learn at the Adelphi, not all artists have been. For his fine free way with wood, England, and especially London, owes him much.

The particular glory of St. Lawrence, Jewry, is the Grinling Gibbons woodwork (but, on the strength

of an engraving of Kneller's portrait of him, in the vestry, he is here shorn of the final "g," and known as Grinlin). His pulpit stairs have three delicate balusters to each step and a railing of the richest and hardest mahogany I ever saw. "True Spanish mahogany," says the venerable sexton; "not Honduras." His two doors at the entrance end of the church are exceedingly fine, the wood being box beneath its dark stain. Each is surmounted by an angel.

The pews of St. Lawrence, Jewry, are select enough; but at St. Magnus the Martyr, whither we may now repair, just by the Monument, they are still higher and more private. Each is, in fact, an Englishman's castle; and within their walls the eternal verities may either be pondered in profound and secure seclusion, or, if it should so chance, safely shelved in sleep. No City church has darker wood, a deeper reserve, a broader aisle, or a richer bouquet of the odour of sanctity, in which kid gloves play so prominent a part, than this St. Magnus. How many Anglican temples one has, after a long continental habit of church-haunting, to enter before the shock—or not perhaps so much shock as a nasal frustration—caused by the absence of incense ceases, I cannot say; but I have not myself yet reached the necessary number.

St. Magnus the Martyr has the poor tinted glass that too often satisfies a City congregation, but which perhaps suits the Palladian window scheme better than rich pictorial subjects. It also has a famous organ—the first in England to use the Venetian swell—on which recitals are given in the luncheon

hour once a week or oftener. The church is typically Wren's, and how fine the spire is, Mr. Livens's picture shows.

To me one of the most interesting things about St. Magnus the Martyr is the fact that old London Bridge sprang away from the north bank of the river close to it, and the arches under the church tower were opened up in order to take the pavement of the bridge-approach through them and thus widen the road. They serve now merely as an outer lobby to the church; but in those earlier days before our new and utterly prosaic London Bridge, which is some 180 to 200 feet farther west, was built, how they must have echoed to constant footfalls!

When last at St. Lawrence, Jewry, I walked to St. Giles's, Cripplegate, by way of Aldermanbury and Fore Street, just diverting a few steps in London Wall to see the remains of the old Roman rampart in the garden opposite St. Alphage. St. Giles's, Cripplegate, is famous as the burial-place of Milton, whose statue stands outside, and to whose memory a bust is to be seen within. It is not, of course, the St. Giles's which serves as the antithesis of the well-nourished aristocratic St. James's. That St. Giles's—or St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, which is its full misnomer—is just off the Charing Cross Road, and is, I always think, the coldest and most forbidding fane in London, all lonely among its tombs, in a squalid district with the backs of dingy houses around it. But desolate though it be, this St. Giles's stands in very sacred ground too, and, as it chances, very poetical ground.

No Milton is here; but here is a friend of

Milton's, one of the sweetest and most distinguished of the minor English choir. Do you remember the lines on the death of Charles I, who was beheaded not so very far away?—one needs merely to walk down the Charing Cross Road, across Trafalgar Square and a little way along Whitehall, to see the actual spot:

"He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;

Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."

And you know those lines on a garden, with the exquisite stanzas:

"Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness:
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light."

Well, the author of those poems, Andrew Marvell, was buried here.

We are only at the beginning of St. Giles's Golden Treasury. That sturdy Elizabethan translator of Homer, George Chapman, is among its dead. Nothing would naturally be much farther from one's thoughts, as one wanders here, than Keats's famous sonnet; yet it is only too pertinent.

And you remember that beautiful and impressive lyric which has these lines in it?

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
Scepter and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade. . . .

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See, where the victor-victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb.
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust."

Well, it was in a cold tomb here, in 1666, that James Shirley was laid.

And you know that poet (the elder brother of holy Mr. Herbert of Bemerton, whom we saw meditating in his garden, in Dyce's picture at the Guildhall) one of whose poems made use of the metre and

some of the grave music of *In Memoriam* two centuries before *In Memoriam* was written—Lord Herbert of Cherbury. It was he who, in the argument as to whether love endured beyond the tomb, thus nobly answered in the affirmative:

"Nor here on earth then, or above,
Our good affection can impair,
For where God doth admit the fair
Think you that He excludeth love?

These eyes again then eyes shall see,
And hands again these hands enfold,
And all chaste pleasures can be told
Shall with us everlasting be."

Well, Lord Herbert of Cherbury was buried here too.

Having seen St. Giles's, now so forlorn for all its sacred dust, let us see St. James's, which is one of the most successful of London's red brick buildings, in its serene retirement in a quiet bay off Piccadilly. Here again we find Wren and Gibbons in partnership, for Wren built the church and Gibbons carved the font and the foliage over the altar. Wren was very proud of the interior, which he planned to hold two thousand persons and yet to have neither second walls nor buttresses. He also dispensed with a lantern, which, now that the windows are full of coloured glass, would be a great boon, for the church is very dark.

St. James's may be in the centre of fashion and tone, but it has nothing quite of the quality of George Chapman, James Shirley and Andrew Marvell. But Walton's associate, cheerful Master Cotton, lies here; and Tom D'Urfey, the very free

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humorist whose "Pills" which "purged" Jacobean and Augustan "Melancholy" might now get him or his publishers into the police courts; and Gillray the cartoonist; while Old Q., the disreputable, who, in life, scandalized our ancestors at the other end of Piccadilly, now reposes in a vault beneath the communion table, at this end.

To say, as a writer in *The Times* does, that St. Etheldreda's, in Ely Place, is a Sainte Chapelle, is to give a wrong impression; but it is a very graceful building with a beautiful east window through which London's light permeates very sweetly. Below is a crypt chapel, which, on the last afternoon that I was there, was thronged by a company of little boys with whom two or three acolytes were doing their best, but whose native unruliness would have taxed the patience even of St. Anthony himself. St. Etheldreda's is all that remains of the ancient palace of the bishops of Ely, afterwards converted by Sir Christopher Hatton, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, into a mansion for himself. Hence Hatton Garden. The bishops again came into residence here in the reign of Charles I, one of them being Sir Christopher Wren's uncle, Matthew Wren, who died here. In 1775 the property was cut up for building purposes.

So much for the smallest Roman Catholic church in London; now for the largest. How many times a *London Re-revisited* and *London Re-re-revisited* must be written before the Westminster Cathedral is completed, and all that vast area of brick-work covered with marble, who shall say? But the day is yet far distant. Gradually and patiently, and

THE TEMPLE CHURCH, FROM JOHNSON'S BUILDINGS

with beautiful thoroughness, the labour is always proceeding, and already the Lady Chapel's lower mosaics are finished, and much of the choir has been made sumptuous, and the tombs of Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Vaughan have lovely settings. Above all, the chapel of St. Andrew and the Scotch Saints is perfected, like a jewel in a rosary. In a foreign city this distinguished little sanctuary would be the resort of every traveller, but few Londoners know anything about it or expect English artists and artificers to toil to such ends. The aluminium grille alone is a joy; and the little mosaic landscapes of Scottish and Continental strongholds of the Faith, Amalfi and Constantinople (so ever-present in this cathedral), St. Andrew's and Milan, must fascinate every eye. The chapel is a monument to Scotland's fidelity, and around the cool walls runs a screed in honour of her warriors and martyrs for the Cross. Coolness is perhaps the dominant note—an almost inhuman frigidity of design and execution.

Only a few of the "Stations of the Cross" from the chisel of Mr. Eric Gill are in position as I write (April 1916). The archaic simplicity and severity of these reliefs are not to every taste; but no one can deny the sculptor's sincerity, and in a church an ounce of sincerity outweighs pounds of more facile gifts. To my eyes Number V, in which "Simon of Cyrene helps Jesus to carry the Cross," is movingly beautiful, but I select for reproduction the first, in which Jesus is condemned to death. Note the easy grace of the boy kneeling to Pilate with the fatal ewer.

Mr. Anning Bell's mosaic tympanum over the

great doors is now complete and may be seen from the street. I could wish the background had not been white, but London's fogs and grime will see to that.

Only the very young are likely to live long enough to see this cathedral finished; its architect, John Francis Bentley, died when it was only a shell. He received the commission in 1894, when he was fifty-five, Cardinal Vaughan, who now lies here, having selected him and fixed certain conditions, chief of which were that speed was important, that expense should be kept down, and that the nave should be vast and give an uninterrupted view of the high altar. The preference for Byzantine style being expressed, Bentley visited various Italian cities, including, of course, Ravenna, but was unable, owing to the plague there, to get to Constantinople itself. The foundation stone was laid in 1895, and in 1898 Bentley had a paralytic stroke and gradually sank.

While on the theme of chapels to saints let me mention St. Alban's, Holborn, famous as the fifty years' scene of the ministrations of the late Arthur Henry Stanton (1839–1912), known to his adoring parishioners and in Heaven as "Father" or "Dad." St. Alban's, Holborn, is not too easy to find, but one should make the endeavour; for it was here that this life-long rebel and comforter said his good things and performed his good deeds, and a shrine in his honour, now in course of completion there, is perhaps the ornatest memorial in London, if not in England. It would not, I fancy, wholly please the Saint himself, but since it is the product of

much human love—the commodity which he most valued—he would accept it smilingly.

Father Stanton was, I suppose, the most Romanist priest not in the Church of Rome, and as such was a thorn in the side of his own Church. But such was the sincerity of him, and the power of him, and beautiful helpfulness of him, that in spite of various storms consequent upon his Confessional and his Mariolatry, he remained in orders, and even lived to be offered a stall in St. Paul's. "If we love Christ, we should love His mother," he would say. Once being told that it was not "wise" to use incense and processional lights, he instantly replied, with his exquisite disarming wit, that only two sets of people were called "wise" in the Gospels—the Wise Men from the East, who offered incense, and the Wise Virgins, who carried processional lights!

It is as a friend of the poor—as a disseminator of joy in mean streets—in short, as "Father" Stanton —that he lived and will live. Few pastors can have had such influence. Of the many humorous stories of his experiences in this parish, which he told with wonderful effect and immense enjoyment, this is a good example:—One of his Sunday boys called at the clergy house on a certain occasion when Father Stanton had given word that he was too tired to see any more that day. "The housekeeper told the boy," said Father Stanton, "that I was tired, and could not see him, and I heard him say, 'That's a nice message to send a boy in the parish. You tell him I want to see him spiritual.' So, of course, I put on my biretta and came downstairs. When I got down the stairs the boy said

'Father, that's a nice message to send to a pore boy in the parish—to go away because you are tired. I want to see you private. I don't want to see you out in this 'all, where everybody can 'ear our business. Mayn't we talk somewhere quiet?' So I said, 'Come into the dining-room,' and took him there, prepared for fearful revelations and spiritual difficulties, naturally! And then he said, 'Father, you ain't got such a thing as a pair of trousers, 'ave yer?' So I said, 'Yes, old chap, I have; and I have got them on!'"

If we are to speak of a London Sainte Chapelle, it seems to me that the Temple church is the real claimant to that honour—not that it has any of the slender grace of that exquisite stone and glass casket, but there is something in the clean strong beauty of the Temple pillars and vaulting of grey polished marble that always reminds me of the lovely Paris sanctuary. It has indeed one advantage over Sainte Chapelle, it works. The array of devotional tomes in the pews—a little library to each worshipper—indicates that. And it has the impressive dignity of its bronze Knight Templars too, nine of them lying in their well-earned perpetual repose on the circular floor. There are no Templars in Sainte Chapelle.

The round and unique portion of the Temple church was built in 1185. The choir was added in 1240. Both have of course been restored, and they are now almost too spick and span for such venerable age to be credible. In some ways London has no more beautiful building.

CHAPTER IV

THE ROYAL MINT AND NEW SCOTLAND YARD

Minting and good looks—Human machinery — Money-making —An Italian philosopher—"Aladdin" and "The Tinder Box"—Ingots and furnaces—The master thief—Law versus lawlessness —Morbid relics—Criminal investigation—The deadly finger-prints —The detective's powder—The burglar and the bottle—The importance of gloves — London street names — Colonel Panton—Hugh Audley

A VISIT to the Royal Mint is interesting if only to see the Royal Minters, who are a fine set of men with a greater proportion of handsome heads among them than in any other assembly that I remember. Why the transmutation of metal into little discs, the love of which is said to be the root of all evil, should tend to good looks, I have no notion; but there it is. Can it be because these men have to do with money only when it is fresh and clean, before it has set to work?

Not so long since I was led through the Royal Mint by the Deputy Master himself, who did what was possible, above the din of minting, to instruct me in its mysteries; but I recollect little save two crystal facts. One was that the men had not only fine heads, and for the most part fine hair and

moustaches, but a fine frank bearing ; and the other, that there are machines in this place which are practically human. The linotype had hitherto seemed to me, who have seen little in this way, the most drastically capable of all metal intelligences ; but I don't know that it is really in advance of the gently reasonable creatures here that turn out hundreds of threepenny pieces a minute, and are equally willing to turn out shillings, half-crowns and sovereigns ; while there is a strange sprawling monster also here whose life is spent in counting pennies into bags, and who can safely be left to do this with perfect accuracy all day long ; which is more than any accountant, however chartered, could be. Some things I suppose the hand of man will always perform best, and indeed to my great surprise I learned of one only the other day when I was passing through that astonishing home of industry and thoroughness, Guinness's Brewery in Dublin, and coming to a vast hall of coopers, who were sawing, planing and hammering, was told that, so far at any rate as this great Irish firm is concerned, manual labour on barrels is considered to be more satisfactory than machinery, although machinery exists for the purpose. I confess to being very glad to hear it.

But how the Royal Mint managed to supply England with sufficient coins before machinery came in, I cannot imagine. There are astonishing contrasts in the machines, too ; for while one of them will brutally and noisily bite thick strips of bronze as though they were biscuits, another in almost complete silence is weighing coins with the utmost

delicacy, some score to the minute, and discarding into separate compartments any that are the faintest trifle too light or too heavy, and not a soul near it to interfere.

A visit to the Royal Mint is so like a dip into the Arabian Nights that anyone may be pardoned for bringing away only hazy impressions. For, to begin with, there is the strange incredible purpose of the place—to make money. Every one wants to make money; every one, that is, except the Italian waiter whom I met a little while since,—as it chanced, also in Dublin,—and who, when I asked him if he would not like to be rich, replied, "No, I don't want." "Why?" I inquired. "Because," he said, "I die if I get too much money." With the exception of this philosopher, all of us want to make money; and here, at top speed and with a superb carelessness, money is being made—actually made—in vast sums, for ever. We are in the very presence of the miracle. You not only see it being made, but hear it—a terrific uproar, the discord that is such music to Mammon's ear. You see the whole thing exactly as in the stories, not only the Eastern "Aladdin," but the European "Tinder Box," where the soldier passed from the room filled with coppers to the room filled with silver, and from the room filled with silver to the room filled with gold. The only thing that you do not see at the Mint is the room filled with paper notes; but that is no loss. Who wants paper? Metal is the stuff.

So far as my memory serves me, we entered first a room packed with ingots. Have you ever seen

an ingot? There is something in the very word that brings romance about you. Ingots and doubloons and pieces of eight. Well, here are ingots: great lumps of silver and bronze, piled on trestles to be wheeled into the furnace room. And then the furnace room, with its glowing fires and its cauldrons of boiling metal and its handsome, brawny fire-worshippers. Here everything is hot and liable to splutter, and the men must protect not only their eyes but their hands, so that every one has vast gloves. To anybody thinking of taking up minting as a home pastime I would say that the first thing to do with metal from which coins are to be made is to turn it into bars. These bars begin at, say, two feet six long and barely one inch thick, and a series of machines then take them into their maws and so deal with them that by the time they are finished with they are some yards long and of the thickness of whatever coin they propose to be. It is then that they are fed into the machine which stamps out the discs corresponding to the circumference of the desired coins; and then these discs are gently but firmly crushed between the two dies appertaining to those coins. Nothing could be simpler—now. Yet only by immense thought and engineering in the past has this simplicity come about. But I suppose that in a century's time minting will be simpler still.

I read in Wheatley and Cunningham's *London Past and Present*, which no student of the City can neglect, that in 1798 a bold fellow named Turnbull entered the Mint with a loaded pistol and came

out with 2804 guineas. It would puzzle him to do it now. Even with a letter from the Deputy Master in one's hand, one is scrutinized with painfully minute suspicion by the policeman at the lodge.

Having seen where money is made honourably, and with a speed and efficiency that fill the mind with confidence as to England's solvency, I was permitted to visit another Government institution, a large part of whose activities is concerned in tracking down and securing those ingenious persons who make it dishonestly—I mean New Scotland Yard. I have said that at the Mint every one is handsome. At Scotland Yard every one is big and robust and very courteous; while the atmosphere of the place is discretion absolute. I have always thought the police the best of men, but one must go to Scotland Yard for the very flower of their physical amplitude and ingratiating gravity.

Nor, as one passes along the countless corridors, each filled with offices where the machinery of law versus breakers of the law is at work, does one get the suggestion that there is any conscious feeling of virtue within, as against vice outside. The attitude is dispassionate. It comes to this, that there are in the world certain persons who, from this motive or that, like to commit felonies and burglaries, even murder; they are *there*, outside. There are also other persons, less numerous or less romantic, whose business is to catch them; they are *here*, inside. Ethics need not come into it at all. The general impression gathered in New Scotland Yard is one of bland humaneness and

sympathetic understanding, based on something horribly like iron.

The Black Museum, which I principally wished to visit, is no longer to be seen. The need for more space has led to its, I hope only temporary, dismantlement. Only a few cases in a dark passage remain to indicate its scope, but these are filled with sinister human interest. One of them is wholly devoted to those bank-notes which you or I would confidingly accept and innocently pass on, but which to the expert eye reveal such damning discrepancies. For the perfect forgery apparently does not exist; always there is some oversight. In the other cases are historic weapons by whose agency this or that famous murder was committed. But, as I say, for the time being, the Black Museum does not exist, nor, very properly, is writing about it encouraged. Moreover, one can see such relics, although not in such quantity, elsewhere.

That which one cannot see elsewhere is the finger-print department, where the system of identification of criminals by the agency of these tell-tale marks, which was brought to perfection by the present Chief of the Police, Sir Edward Henry, is carried on. Here are wonders indeed; and here I was privileged to receive a thousand answers to as many questions; and what is more delightful than that? Of the theory of finger-prints I knew vaguely a little. I knew that Sir Francis Galton had investigated the subject with his usual thoroughness and patience, and had come to the conclusion that there are not two sets of finger-prints alike in the world. On this assumption (which, never having been con-

STUDY OF A LION

STUDY OF A TIGER

AFTER DRAWINGS BV J. M. SWAN IN THE GUILDHALL

traverted, may be called a fact) the great finger-print department here, with its hundreds of thousands of records,—which are added to every day,—was reared. What I did not know was the means by which, within two or three minutes, the officials, after receiving a new set of finger-prints,—for every convicted criminal is compelled to make his mark in this way,—can ascertain whether or not their possessor has been convicted before. For of course names would be of no service: old criminals are always changing those. The system of classification which makes this rapidity possible was explained to me.

Another thing that I did not know, even after a fairly assiduous career as a reader of detective stories, from Gaboriau to Mr. Chesterton,—that is to say, from realism to fantasy,—is that the traces left even by the most casual touch of the fingers can persist so long. I was, for example, shown a cash box which a criminal had handled a full year before the record of the impression of his touch on it was taken, and it was still incontrovertible evidence.

The finger-print serves two purposes. It establishes the previous record of an old offender, and it helps to bring home the crime to suspected men who are guilty. The difference between the two sets of prints is that the old offender has to make his at the police station, in ink, as a matter of routine; whereas the suspected man, who often does not know that he is suspected, makes his unconsciously, usually on a letter handed to him by the detective and then taken back again and quickly powdered. I myself saw how effective this was, for

while talking to the Chief of the department I lightly touched a piece of paper and then watched the surface of it being powdered and brushed until there the damning record stood out, plain to the eye, with every papillary ridge testifying against me.

Wise thieves of course wear gloves; but there seems to be an almost inevitable loophole in every scheme of precaution that the lawless take. One burglar, for example, who, carefully gloved, had completed his raid, packed up the swag and got securely away, made one little slip; and in criminal investigation it is the little slips that tell. The detectives arrived and powdered everything that was likely to have been touched, but there were no results. They were in despair until a wine-glass was found that had had champagne in it; but here again there was no clue: the burglar had worn his gloves to drink. When, however, they at last found the bottle and powdered that, finger-marks came out, for he had been forced to remove his gloves to draw the cork. By these marks was he captured. I have seen the bottle. To would-be thieves or murderers I say, therefore, never leave off your gloves.

I came away impressed not only by the completeness of the net that surrounds every criminal who has once been caught, but conscious also of what an enormously amusing and exciting enterprise it would be to pit one's wits against those of this massive building.

And what, may very naturally be asked, have the London police to do with Scotland? Why Scotland Yard? Well, there is a reason for its name, as for

those of most other London streets and squares and courts. The Scotland Yard which this present headquarters succeeded—between Whitehall and Northumberland Avenue—had been the favourite lodging of the Kings of Scotland and their ambassadors.

While on this subject, I may say that inquiry into these names usually yields interesting results. Thus, Panton Street, off the Haymarket, owes its name to the famous Stuart gambler and gallant, Thomas Panton, a Colonel in Charles II's army, and an "absolute artist" at every game "either upon the square or foul." One night's hazard bringing him in a sufficient fortune to provide £1500 a year, he retired from the tables, married a wife, bought land in Herefordshire and that part of London on which Panton Street stands, and, when in 1685 he died, his bones were laid in the Abbey.

Cheyne Walk takes its name from Viscount Cheyne, Lord of the Manor of Chelsea in the seventeenth century.

Clarges Street was called after Sir Walter Clarges, nephew of General Monk.

King's Cross was so called because a statue of George IV was erected there in 1836. After serving as a butt for the wits for nine years, it was taken down and broken up.

All the Half-Moon Streets are so called because of a Half-Moon tavern in them. The various Hart Streets probably derive from a similar circumstance. The various Duke Streets may be traced to the ducal owners of their neighbourhood. Thus Duke Street, Buckingham Street, Strand, was named from

the illustrious George Villiers, or "Steenie," who was stabbed at Portsmouth—as all readers of *Twenty Years After* know. Duke Street, Portland Square, was named after William, Duke of Portland.

The various King Streets derive of course from kings—but from different ones; and the various George Streets from different Georges too: I, II, III and IV. Our own George may perhaps give his name also to a street, but only with his full style—George V.

The Gray of Gray's Inn was Lord Gray, in the fifteenth century. Staple Inn was named from the fact that the merchants of the Staple had their hostel there.

Lincoln's Inn was built on land belonging to the Earls of Lincoln.

Stratton Street takes its name from John Berkeley, afterwards Baron Berkeley of Stratton, the hero of Stratton Fight, in 1660, on the Royalist side.

The Audley Streets are named after the owner of the property on which they stand, Hugh Audley, the Stuart money-lender, who, possessing in 1605 £200, died in 1662 worth £400,000, a sum which represented then far more than it does now. And this in spite of a loss of £100,000 through the civil wars! Audley was a man of implacable shrewdness who, in the interests of his profession, made a great outward show of piety; keeping on his table, among all the horrid machinery of cent per cent, a book of devotion ostentatiously displayed. A guide to worldly success was subsequently compiled, with him as its hero.

I mention only these name derivations, more or

less at random, just to illustrate the richness of the subject. One of the million and one books to be written on London would certainly trace to their source as many street names as possible. But some would present great difficulties. How would one expect at this late day to penetrate to the original inwardness of Paradise Street and Nightingale Square and The Vale and Tranquil Passage?

CHAPTER V

THE STATUES OF LONDON

I. The City to Charing Cross

London and Paris—Sir Hugh Myddelton—The Royal Exchange—The City's highest ground—A new position for Queen Anne—Elizabeth Fry—The Smithfield Martyrs—Christ's Hospital—Early City worthies—Two mysterious obelisks—Cheap Queen Bess—The Griffin and Temple Bar—A white elephant—Charing Cross and Queen Eleanor—King Charles on horseback—An astute brazier—Le Sœur

LONDON has been accused of taking her memorial, or marmoreal, duties, at any rate by comparison with Paris, too lightly; and after a visit to the public statues which exist by the thousand in the French capital, one realizes the truth of the criticism. A list of great Englishmen who have, at any rate, no open-air monument in London would be more surprising than a list of those who are thus remembered; but apart altogether from the fact that the English mind does not tend much to this kind of celebration and that the French mind does, there is a further reason for our poverty of statues and the Paris profusion, in the circumstance that the open air of London and the open air of Paris are so very different. One makes for darkness and the other for light. Hence

a marble statue in London soon becomes a dreary and dingy thing, whereas in Paris it continues to dazzle.

In this and some following chapters I have attempted a complete list of the open-air statues and memorials that London has erected, at any rate in the more accessible parts. There may be some omissions, but not many. Under cover, of course, the memorials are countless: in the Abbey, in St. Paul's, in the National Portrait Gallery, in the Guildhall, and in churches everywhere. But of these I say nothing here. My list is for the pious pilgrim in the streets. It is based upon notes contributed to the *East London Advertiser* in 1903–4, and to *Notes and Queries* in 1908, by Mr. John T. Page, who kindly permits me to make use of them.

Mr. Page begins with the Martyrs' Memorial at Stratford, in honour of the Protestants burned in the reign of Queen Mary. But I think that our most easterly statue may be that of John Wesley (1703–1791) in the City Road, erected on the centenary of his death by the "Children of Methodism," in front of the City Road Chapel; while this is a convenient place to mention the statue of Sir Hugh Myddelton (1565–1613) on Islington Green, close to the reservoir to which he guided the waters of the New River, which the City of London still exclusively drinks, in 1613. Sir Hugh was a Welshman of great tenacity of purpose, persevering indeed with his rôle of Aquarius, in the face of opposition, until he had ruined himself. He then called in the assistance of James I, whose idea of help was to take

half the New River shares, thirty-six in number, while the other half were sold to "adventurers." All that Sir Hugh got from it was an annuity of £100, to be paid also to his heirs. Latterly an adventurer's share was worth six figures.

By the Royal Exchange are three statues. At the S.E. corner is Sir Rowland Hill (1795–1879), who founded uniform penny postage; at the N.E. corner is George Peabody (1795–1869), the American philanthropist and erector of industrial dwellings; and in front is the Duke of Wellington, this being the City's memorial of the great man.

King William Street has a statue of the monarch, William IV, who gave it his name.

In Bread Street, Cheapside, where Milton was born, is a bust of Milton.

At the west end of Cheapside is a statue of Sir Robert Peel (1788–1850), statesman, looking, in profile, very like Charles Lamb.

In Panyer Alley, which is the first narrow passage between Paternoster Row and Newgate Street, is a quaint piece of sculpture preserved under glass, with a quainter inscription. The figure is of a naked boy seated on a basket or pannier. Hence Panyer Alley. He has a bunch of grapes in his hand. The inscription runs thus:

> "When ye have sought the city round
> Yet still is this the highest ground.
> August the 27 1628."

Whether the statement is true, I cannot say. Messrs. Wheatley and Cunningham (who give the date as August 26th) make no comment. Mr. Page

A MANSION IN PARK LANE, FROM HYDE PARK

believes the highest point to be about Leadenhall Market.

In Postmen's Park, at St. Botolph's, Aldersgate, is a statue of a grave bearded man in a long robe, beneath the words "The utmost for the highest." This is George Frederick Watts, the artist, who inaugurated the Roll of Honour that is preserved here.

In St. Mary's churchyard, Aldermanbury, is a memorial to John Heminge and Henry Condell, friends of Shakespeare, who brought out the first collective edition of his works. A bust of the poet surmounts it.[1]

Another adjacent literary memorial is the statue of Milton in front of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in Fore Street, the poet having been buried in this church.

Opposite St. Paul's, which is, of course, a very treasure house of marble effigies and memorials, is a statue of Queen Anne. This was originally erected in 1712, but was so much at the mercy of any urchin with a defacing tendency (and all have it) that the first figure had to be removed and the present one set up in 1886. Queen Victoria is said to have been humorously annoyed when the exchange was made. "You'll be doing that to me some day," she remarked. The earlier statue was rescued from the rubbish heap by the late Augustus Hare, author of *Walks in London*, and moved to his grounds at Hastings, where probably it still is.

The statue of Elizabeth Fry being indoors, it does

[1] Other recent Shakespearean memorials are the tablet to Burbage at Shoreditch and the reclining figure of Shakespeare himself, in alabaster, in Southwark Cathedral, behind which the verger holds with much triumph a lighted taper, thus irradiating the poet with a gentle lambency.

not rightly come into this list; but as it is new, I mention it. It stands, larger than life, in the upstairs hall of the new Old Bailey, which is built on the site of Newgate, the scene of her ministrations to the prisoners—the representation chosen by the sculptor being that of Gibson's well-known portrait, in which the philanthropic Quakeress (who could also be something of a dictator) is seen placid and beneficent in her grey silk and bonnet. A bas-relief illustrating her work in the prison is on each side of the pediment.

At Smithfield, in an arch of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, is a memorial to the Martyrs burned in the great square there, in 1555, 1556 and 1557, and particularly to John Rogers, John Bradford and John Philpot; and I might have noted above that not only is Milton buried in St. Giles's, Cripplegate, but John Foxe too, who wrote the martyrs' golden book. But the real memorial of the Smithfield Martyrs is in the church associated with them in St. John Street, not very distant, where all the sixty-six "Servants of God" are commemorated within, and many of them by statues and medallions on the outside walls. There are also bas-relief representations of the terrible scenes. In fact, this church, which is quite modern, might be called an edition of Foxe in stone. To gain it one merely has to cross the Smithfield market through one of the avenues of carcases, in which flesh is almost less noticeable than the forests of steel hooks, and so into John Street. Memories of Edward FitzGerald may all unexpectedly arise as one proceeds into Clerkenwell, for more than one street is named after Woodbridge, and there is

a Sekforde Street too. Clerkenwell is now a city of small Early Victorian houses and the stronghold of watchmakers and carpenters. Once it was fashionable, and the garden of Northampton Square, close to the Martyrs' church, was the garden of Northampton House, the London mansion of the Compton family.

In Newgate Street, behind St. Bartholomew's Hospital, are new buildings belonging partly to the Hospital and partly to the Post Office, on an historic site where a statue or so might very reasonably have been placed. But not even a graven word did anyone think it worth while to inscribe, saying that here, until very recently, stood Christ's Hospital, the Blue Coat School, among whose scholars were Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Charles Lamb.

Four London worthies are to be seen on the buildings at the corners of the bridge which carries Holborn over Farringdon Street. These are Henry Fitz Aylwin (1189–1212), London's first Mayor; Sir Thomas Gresham (1519–1579), who founded the Royal Exchange; Sir William Walworth (d. 1385), who killed Watt Tyler at Smithfield in 1381; and our friend Sir Hugh Myddelton. The four commonplace statues on the Viaduct itself represent Art, Science, Agriculture and Commerce.

At Holborn Circus is an equestrian statue of Albert the Good, the Prince Consort. The basreliefs illustrate typical scenes in the life of the Prince. In one he lays the foundation stone of the present Royal Exchange; in the other the Great Exhibition of 1851, of which he was the parent, is celebrated.

Now, turning down St. Andrew's Street to Ludgate Circus, we find there two obelisks on which it is probable that not one out of every thousand of the ceaseless throng crossing here all day long could pass an examination. That on the southern island commemorates the notorious John Wilkes, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1775, and the other, Alderman Robert Waithman, M.P., a notable City Father, whose great shawl shop was close by.

Outside St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, in Fleet Street, is a statue of Good Queen Bess, removed from a niche on Lud Gate when, in 1829, old St. Dunstan's was pulled down and the two figures on the clock carried to St. Dunstan's House, Regent Park, where the blind soldiers now are. This statue of the Virgin Queen being then put up to auction fetched £16. 10s., and was presented to the new church. Such are the vicissitudes of monarchs in exile! Other royal statues known to have occupied London sites have been less fortunate. Thus, there was once a statue of Charles II in Soho Square. The last heard of it was that it had been moved to the grounds of the late Frederick Goodall, the R.A., at Harrow Weald. A statue of the Duke of Cumberland in Cavendish Square was taken down to be repaired in 1868 and never heard of again. The statue of George IV at King's Cross was, as I have said in the preceding chapter, broken up after nine years.

The Griffin in the centre of the road by the Law Courts marks the site of Temple Bar, which may now be seen, in its re-erected condition, in Theobald's

Park. On the sides of the memorial are life-size statues of Queen Victoria and of King Edward VII when Prince of Wales. There are also medallion portraits of Prince Albert Victor and of Sir F. Truscott, the Lord Mayor in the year 1880, in which the memorial was erected, who got there only by the skin of his teeth, as the ceremony occurred on November the 8th. The bas-reliefs represent the first Temple Bar, built of wood and destroyed in 1669; the last Temple Bar, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, finished in 1662–3 and removed in 1879; Queen Victoria's first visit to the City, through this gateway, in 1837; and the procession to St. Paul's on the Day of Thanksgiving for the Prince of Wales's recovery in 1872. How many Londoners have ever examined these bronze pictures?

At the back of St. Clement Danes Church is a statue of Dr. Johnson looking down Fleet Street; but it is insignificant, and unworthy as a memorial.

In front of the same church is a statue of William Ewart Gladstone, with some charming attendant figures.

If this record is to be complete, I shall mention here the ill-fated Opera House in Kingsway, on whose façade the features of the American impresario, Oscar Hammerstein, who came and saw and was conquered, are carved in stone. This fine building has been in turn opera-house, theatre, music hall, picture palace, the scene of public meetings, and the arena of a prize fight, and it is now a music hall again. One thing is very certain, and that is that London cannot afford two homes of grand opera.

It does not even support one in the way in which Paris does.

On the wall of Drury Lane Theatre is a bust of Sir Augustus Harris (1852–1896), for many years the lessee and manager of the theatre. In the lobby is a bust of that incomparable droll Dan Leno (1860–1904).

Outside Charing Cross Station is a copy of the cross which marked one of the resting-places of the body of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I, on its way to the Abbey. The original cross was built in 1291–94 of stone from Caen and marble from Corfe. Pulled down in 1647, the materials were used for paving Whitehall. A model at the London Museum shows how the cross looked in its isolation, before the days of ceaseless traffic and railways, some distance from its present site, at the head of Whitehall. Proclamations were then read before it. There were twelve Eleanor crosses in all, of which only three remain. The most perfect is at Geddington in Northamptonshire; another is at Northampton; the third, and the nearest to London, is Waltham Cross. Anyone visiting Temple Bar in Theobald's Park should see that cross too. Queen Eleanor, who died at Handley in Nottinghamshire, was brought to Westminster Abbey by way of Lincoln, Grantham, Stamford, Geddington, Northampton, Stony Stratford, Woburn, Dunstable, St. Albans, Waltham, Cheapside and Charing. The body resting at each of these places, each had a memorial. The new Charing Cross is only a conjectural replica of the old, for the data were not sufficient to make it exact. As a reconstruction of English thirteenth-

THE FIRST OF THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS

BY ERIC GILL IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL

century art, it is considered to be admirable. Each of the eight statues represents the Queen : in four as Queen, in four as an active Christian woman.

The fine equestrian statue of Charles I facing Whitehall — the work of a Frenchman named Herbert Le Sœur, a pupil of Giovanni di Bologna— has not lacked vicissitudes. Cast in brass in 1623, it was erected soon after, in the King's lifetime. But Parliament, having completed his execution, deemed itself the fitting owner of his statue and put it up for sale. It was bought by a brazier named John Rivet, who was told that as it had been sold merely as bronze, he must forthwith destroy it. This he promised to do ; but, being a crafty fellow, his first action was to bury it safely in the earth, and his second to display a mass of broken bronze, which he declared represented the scrapped effigy. From this material he made a vast number of knife handles, as souvenirs, not only for good Royalists, but also for triumphant Parliamentarians, and thereby amassed a fortune. At the glorious Restoration Mr. Rivet, as soon as he considered it safe and Charles II soundly established, bent his energies to the task of exhumation, and in 1678 the statue was again set up where it now is, on a site determined by Sir Christopher Wren, and upon a new pedestal designed by Grinling Gibbons. A small but resolute band of Legitimists now lay a wreath at the foot of this statue every January 30th—for that is the day on which Charles I was beheaded.

A story is told of Le Sœur to the effect that he was so confident of the perfection of the statue that he defied anyone to name a single omission. Upon

a critic pointing out that the saddle had no girth, he shot himself. Since a similar story has been told of the sculptor of the statue of George III in Cockspur Street, we need not believe this. The present sword is a new one, the other being stolen during Queen Victoria's Coronation procession, when one of the stands for spectators was built round the statue. Subsequently it found its way to a museum, where its origin was catalogued with unblushing candour.

CHAPTER VI

THE STATUES OF LONDON

II. Trafalgar Square and the Mall to Kensington

The Nelson Column—The one lion—The four reliefs—General Gordon — George IV on horseback — Boer War memorials—Wellington on "Copenhagen"—Lord Byron—The Poets' Fountain—The dogs' cemetery—Friends of women—Edward Jenner—"Peter Pan"—Queen Victoria—The Albert Memorial—The Great Exhibition—A little boy lost—Kensington statues

THE Nelson Column was erected in 1840–43, and the statue, which is of stone and is eighteen feet high, was placed in position on November 3–4, 1843. The sculptor was E. H. Bailey, R.A. The capital on which the statue stands is of bronze made from cannon recovered from the "Royal George" of which Cowper sang. The granite for the column and base came from Foggin Tor on the coast of Devon, the stone for the figure from Craigleith on the Buccleugh estate. A few days before the figure was set up, fourteen persons ate a dinner of rump steak on the summit.

The lions—or rather one lion multiplied four times—are the work of Landseer, and were added in 1868. The great bronze pictures at the base represent scenes in Nelson's life. That facing the

National Gallery has for its subject the Battle of the Nile, and Nelson is seen, after being wounded in the head, nobly refusing any preferential aid from the surgeon. "No, I will take my turn with my brave fellows," said he. On the west side, facing Pall Mall, is the Battle of St. Vincent, where we see Nelson receiving the sword of the defeated Spanish admiral. On the east side, facing the Strand, is the Bombardment of Copenhagen, when Nelson seals a dispatch, and in the distance the city burns. On the south, facing Whitehall, is the last sad scene of all —the Death of Nelson. Beneath are the famous words, "England expects every man will do his duty." Could there have been a more fitting background for the recruiting meetings which were held here daily during the War?

The statues in the square are of Sir Henry Havelock, the great Indian Mutiny hero (1795–1857), erected largely by cheerful contributions from soldiers; Sir Charles James Napier (1782–1853), the conqueror of Scinde; and General Gordon (1833–1885). The panels on the base of the statue of General Gordon, which is remarkable for its realistic ease of posture, so different from the ordinary stiffness of our bronze or marble figures, represent, on the east, Charity and Justice, and on the west, Fortitude and Faith.

Here also, quite out of place among such great men, is George IV, on horseback, without stirrups. This statue was intended for the Marble Arch, which at that time stood in front of Buckingham Palace, and was not, as now, a gate leading to nowhere. The King himself ordered the statue and paid one-third of the cost; but he did not live to

see it finished. The corresponding pedestal, at the north-west corner of the square, is still vacant. I make no suggestion as to a suitable occupant.

On the north side of the square are a series of standard measurements, from the land-chain of 100 feet down to inches. I have never seen anyone making any use of them, but I suppose that some do.

From Trafalgar Square we may take any of the roads and find statues in all of them. Let us go first along the new and imposing Mall, through the great gateway, known as the Admiralty Arch, which was erected as part of the memorial to Queen Victoria and King Edward. A little way along, on the left, we come to the group "erected by the officers and men of the Royal Marines in memory of their comrades who were killed in action or died of wounds or disease, 1899–1900," in the Boer War. A little farther is the recent statue of Captain Cook (1728–1779), the great navigator and explorer.

Behind this, at the left, at the back of the Admiralty, is the statue of James II which used to be in Whitehall and in profile is so like Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Next, in the Mall proper, opposite the Carlton steps, is a group "erected by officers and men of the Royal Artillery in memory of their honoured dead in South Africa, 1899–1902."

At the end of the Mall, opposite Buckingham Palace, is the memorial to Queen Victoria by Sir Thomas Brock with its attendant figures. The group representing motherhood, facing the Palace, is very sweet and natural, and I like the giant

blacksmith who may be said to guard it. On the surrounding gateway pillars are symbols of the Colonies.

Passing up Constitution Hill to Hyde Park, we come first to the new quadriga on the top of the arch at the west end of the Green Park. Here Peace, without any reins, drives her triumphal car. In the centre of the roadway opposite Hyde Park Corner is a statue of the Duke of Wellington, not the one originally made for this locality, which, after dominating the old Green Park arch, was moved to Aldershot, but a smaller one. The statue commemorates not only the Great Duke but his horse "Copenhagen." The attendant soldiers are a 42nd Highlander, an Irish Dragoon, a Welsh Fusilier and a British Grenadier. Khaki has thrown them all out of date.

Just inside Hyde Park, at the corner, is the Achilles statue, a memorial to the Iron Duke from the women of England, cast from cannon taken at Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse and Waterloo. The figure is not Achilles, but it will always be called so.

In Hamilton Gardens, to the right, is a statue of Lord Byron, who lived much in this neighbourhood. Trelawny, that sturdy old berserk, who had been intimate with Byron, went to see the statue and was disgusted with it. "It does not," he wrote, "in the remotest degree resemble Byron in face or figure."

We find more and better poets close by, in Park Lane, where there is a Poets' Fountain, with statues upon it of Shakespeare, Chaucer and Milton, and figures representing Tragedy, Comedy and History.

A figure of Fame surmounts the whole. (I might mention here that Chaucer has a memorial to himself in the Old Kent Road.)

At the head of Park Lane is that forlorn Marble Arch which, as I have said, was not only originally intended as a gateway to Buckingham Palace but was meant to be completed by an equestrian statue.

Turning to the left along the Bayswater Road, or remaining in the Park and taking the inner roadway parallel to that, we come in time to Kensington Gardens; but before entering them let us peep into a quaint little enclosure behind the lodge with the pretty window curtains at Victoria Gate, for this is a curious place—no less than the burial-place of hundreds of London's pet dogs. In *A Wanderer in Paris* I describe the dogs' cemetery at St. Ouen. The Bayswater Road cemetery is very different, for whereas the French tombs are often very costly and nearly always flamboyant, these are all to a minute pattern and of the simplest; but the same affection underlies both. When everything that can be urged against dog worship has been said of such a spectacle as these rows of marble graves with their tender inscriptions, and all the sarcasms have been levelled at the circumstance, in a city not unfamiliar with poverty and hunger, that they are often supplied with fresh flowers, something rather beautiful remains. And one cannot but reflect that these epitaphs at any rate are sincere. No Spoon River Anthologist, even with a microscope, could find cynical discrepancies; one does not go to the expense of a memorial to a dog unless one means it.

From the names on the headstones and the size of the tiny plots, one gathers that the lap dog, or toy dog, is the prevailing type, and that the love recorded is that rather of woman than man. This, however, is natural, for London is no place for the larger and more enterprising species. Five minutes under the trees in Kensington Gardens will, indeed, show what kind of little creatures lie here, for it is there that they frolic in life. To-day the companion is usually a Pekinese; yesterday it was a pug.

One stone has the single word "Scrapie," which is more vivid than much writing. I seem to see Scrapie as either an Aberdeen or a West Highlander, living up to his name as only those iniquitous Scots can do. "Kaiser" and "Schneider" also give away their breed; but for the most part the names tell nothing.

I note a few of the inscriptions. "My Ruby Heart: seven years we were such friends." "Zeno, a faithful and devoted companion for thirteen years; Clytie, a sweet and affectionate companion for sixteen years." "In sorrowing memory of our sweet little Jack, most loving and most fondly loved." "Here lie two faithful creatures, Snap and Peter. 'We are only sleeping, Master.'" "My Ba-Ba. Never forgotten, never replaced." "Joe Follett. Surely he was not a dog only: he was human." "Charlie and Bobs were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death were not divided." "To the dear memory of Buffer.

'Hearts growing older,
Love never colder,
Never forgotten shalt thou be.'"

"To our gentle, lovely little Blenheim, Jane. She brought the sunshine into our lives; but she took it away with her."

An odd commentary on life, these testimonies. Often, one feels, there must have been a lack of trust in human fidelity to have provoked such grief. The more some of these bereaved owners had seen of men . . .

On leaving, I was informed by the lodge-keeper that this little plot being now congested, he has an annexe in Huntingdonshire, where over four hundred graves already have been filled. What a country for the ghost of a terrier—Huntingdonshire! And this reminds me that among the Bayswater Road tombs is one at least of a cat—one cat among so many.

Overlooking the ornamental water at the head of the Serpentine, in Kensington Gardens, is a statue of Edward Jenner (1749–1823), the first vaccinator. There was much uncertainty about the site for this memorial. For a while it was in Trafalgar Square; then it was moved and hidden away pending a decision, which caused Shirley Brooks to write in *Punch*, in the person of the dead investigator:

> "England, ingratitude still blots
> The escutcheon of the brave and free;
> I saved you many million spots,
> And now you grudge one spot to me."

On the other side of this ornamental water, in the very place where it ought to be, where nursemaids and their charges are always to be found, is "Peter Pan," Sir George Frampton's charming fantasy in

bronze and stone from Sir James Barrie's book, *The Little White Bird*, an idyll of the Gardens. This is one of the prettiest statues in London, or anywhere. Note the little woodland creatures. While on the theme of fanciful sculpture, let me mention the naked imps riding sea horses on the top of the west façade of Somerset House. They are perfectly charming.

Taking the diagonal walk which lies between the spires of the church at Lancaster Gate and St. Mary Abbott's at Kensington, we see on our left the obelisk in memory of John Hanning Speke (1827–1864), the African explorer, and farther down the same cross-path George Frederick Watts's equestrian group called "Physical Energy."

Opposite the east side of Kensington Palace is a seated statue of Queen Victoria, by the Duchess of Argyll (Princess Louise), with this inscription: "Victoria R. (1887). Here, in front of the Palace where she was born and where she resided until her Ascension, her loyal Kensington subjects erected this statue, the work of her daughter, to commemorate fifty years of her reign."

Opposite the south front of the Palace is the statue of William III, presented to King Edward VII and the British nation by the Kaiser.

By the way, Kensington Palace now has, on the other side of the catenary hedge, a charming sunk formal garden with a rectangular pond in the midst and three most desirable old lead cisterns in that. But the most fascinating London garden is the new rock and water garden at Staple Inn, which is absolutely in the midst of offices. It speaks well

KENSINGTON PALACE, FROM THE GREEN

for London's resources that this wholly gracious pleasaunce should have been made during the War. For this pretty oasis the Society of Actuaries is to be thanked.

Kensington Gardens also contain the very ornate Albert Memorial, the work of the great ecclesiastical architect Sir George Gilbert Scott (1811–1878), who was knighted for it. Many sculptors and artists participated in the work. The Memorial was placed where it is, very carefully, in order to mark the site of the Crystal Palace, the great building of the 1851 Exhibition, for the success of which the Prince Consort toiled so enthusiastically. The whole conception of the memorial was based upon the desire to commemorate all the activities for which that Exhibition and its august promoter stood. Thus Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Poetry and Music are symbolized, as well as the four quarters of the globe, Agriculture, Commerce, Engineering and Manufactures. This was perhaps to try Art rather high, as the Americans say; but the Prince was eminently practical and direct, and his memorial fittingly perpetuates those qualities. The figure itself—which used to awe and fascinate the children of Kensington, and possibly their nurses, by being wholly of gold, but has lately been scoured to modest bronze—is by the sculptor John Henry Foley (1818–1874). Other of Foley's London statues are John Stuart Mill on the Embankment and Sidney Herbert in Waterloo Place.

The Great Exhibition was almost entirely the Prince Consort's project, and he wore himself out in his work upon it, for it produced insomnia, from

which he never recovered. As it happened, it was a triumph.

It is always too late to describe dead Exhibitions, but there is a passage in one of the letters of that great Londoner, Charles Dickens, which I should like to quote. Writing on July 11, 1851, he says: "I find I am 'used up' by the Exhibition. I don't say 'there is nothing in it'—there's too much. I've only been twice; so many things bewildered me. I have a natural horror of sights, and effusion of so many sights in one has not decreased it. I am not sure that I have seen anything but the fountain and perhaps the Amazon. It is a dreadful thing to be obliged to be false, but when anyone says, 'Have you seen ——?' I say, 'Yes,' because if I don't, I know he'll explain it, and I can't bear that.

"—— took all the school one day. The school was composed of a hundred 'infants,' who got among the horses' legs in crossing to the main entrance from the Kensington Gate, and came reeling out from between the wheels of coaches undisturbed in mind. They were clinging to horses, I am told, all over the Park. When they were collected and added up by the frantic monitors, they were all right. They were then regaled with cake, etc., and went tottering and staring all over the place; the greater part wetting their forefingers and drawing a wavy pattern on every accessible object. One infant strayed. He was not missed. Ninety and nine were taken home, supposed to be the whole collection, but this particular infant went to Hammersmith. He was found by the police at night, going round and round the turnpike, which

he still supposed to be a part of the Exhibition. He had the same opinion of the police, also of Hammersmith Workhouse, where he passed the night. When his mother came for him in the morning, he asked when it would be over? It was a great Exhibition, he said, but he thought it long."

In Kensington High Street (we are now moving westwards) is a memorial to Queen Victoria, with a portrait medallion on a column of granite. Kensington Town Hall has busts of Charles Keene (1823–1891), the *Punch* artist, who lived in the Hammersmith Road, and Leigh Hunt (1784–1859), who lived for a while in Edwardes Square, and wrote a history of Kensington under the title *The Old Court Suburb.*

Opposite Holland House, close to the road, is a statue of Lord Holland (1773–1840), the nephew of Fox, and friend of countless men of eminence. The statue has a peculiar interest in being the joint work of G. F. Watts, whose home was close by, at Little Holland House, and Sir J. E. Boehm.

CHAPTER VII

HOLLAND HOUSE AND SYDNEY SMITH

Cope's Castle—The first Earl of Holland—Vicissitudes of a great house—Addison—The first Lord Holland—Charles James Fox—The third Lord Holland—Macaulay's eulogy—Great talk — Lord Ilchester — Lady Holland — Hospitality and tyranny—Samuel Rogers—Lord Melbourne — Sheridan — Sydney Smith—Happy wit and sunny sagacity

HAVING seen this statue of the third Lord Holland, who, with his Lady, dispensed what was, I suppose, the most famous hospitality in England in the nineteenth century—and perhaps in any century,—let us pause a while and consider the unique scene of those breakfasts, lunches, dinners and, above all, conversations. For Holland House is not only remarkable historically but has a second claim to attention in being the nearest country mansion to London. Caen Wood is, I suppose, the next.

When we now say Holland House the words connote its great social period, the Holland House of the Whig leaders and the wits: of Sheridan, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Luttrell, Macaulay and Moore. That is the Holland House which we see as we peer through the iron gates of Holland Walk, where Mr. Livens finds his picture, for it is little altered; but Holland House has a longer story than that.

Built in 1607 by Sir Walter Cope, a Stuart courtier, and known as Cope's Castle, it was visited by James I in 1612, when Prince Henry lay dying. The King, it is recorded, found it very cold and slept badly. Cope's daughter married Henry Rich, son of the Earl of Warwick, who became Baron Kensington and Earl of Holland, and as a reward for being a good Royalist lost his head in 1649. At the London Museum we shall see the shirt of the man who beheaded him. Under this owner the house was enlarged and made magnificent.

The Earl's execution complete, the Parliamentary generals Fairfax and Lambert occupied Holland House in turn, but it was then restored to Earl Holland's widow, who let it to various tenants.

Literature comes in with Addison, who, marrying the widow of the Earl of Holland and Warwick, moved here in 1716, but is thought to have enjoyed neither matrimony nor the splendour of his wife's palace, for there is a story that he would creep away for simplicity and comfort to a neighbouring coffee house. At Holland House, in 1719, the great essayist breathed his last, after sending for his dissolute stepson and bidding him see how a Christian could die. After the death of this scapegrace Holland House was again let to one or several tenants at a time, until it was sold to Henry Fox, the politician and paymaster-general, who was made first Baron Holland in 1763.

Fox may not have been a scrupulous or very admirable man, and his career was anything but spotless; but his title to fame is secure in having become the father of Charles James Fox, by his wife

Lady Caroline Georgina, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, who was a grandson of Charles II. I mention the pedigree because it is interesting to keep in mind when one thinks of the great Whig statesman. The accident that Holland House was under repair prevented Charles James Fox from being born here, on January 24, 1749: the event occurred at a house in Conduit Street; but Holland House was his early home, and it was there that his fondly indulgent father paved the way to disaster by acceding to his every boyish caprice.

Alluring as the theme is, this is not the place for a memoir of the most engaging figure in English politics. Sufficient for us that in Holland House is preserved a scene of his youth, to visit which makes Sir George Trevelyan's biography of the statesman even more fascinating than before.

The first Lord Holland was succeeded in 1774 by his eldest son, Stephen Fox, Charles James's brother and fellow-gambler, who, however, died almost immediately, to be succeeded by his only son, Henry Richard Fox, third Lord Holland (1773–1840), who was then only one year old. The child was brought up by his uncle Charles and his grandfather the Earl of Ossory, partly here and partly in the country. Into Lord Holland's political career and foreign travels there is no need now to enter. He is interesting to us chiefly as a host; but I might say that he was consistently a Whig, like his uncle, and exercised more influence at the meetings of his party here than at Westminster. He held many offices, and acquitted himself adequately rather than brilliantly in all. His own view of his career was modestly summed up in

four lines found on his dressing-table after his death:

> "Nephew of Fox and friend of Grey,
> Enough my meed of fame
> If those who deigned to observe me say
> I injured neither name."

It is ridiculous for a writer at this date to attempt to reconstruct Lord Holland when from the glowing lucid pen of one who knew him and was a constant guest at Holland House there is such an admirable eulogy. I refer to Lord Macaulay, who some years later was also to make his home on the same Kensington hillside, at Holly Lodge. Macaulay writes thus in his *Essays*: "We have hitherto touched almost exclusively on those parts of Lord Holland's character which were open to the observation of millions. How shall we express the feelings with which his memory is cherished by those who were honoured with his friendship? Or in what language shall we speak of that house, once celebrated for its rare attractions to the furthest ends of the civilized world, and now silent and desolate as the grave? To that house, a hundred and twenty years ago, a poet addressed those tender and graceful lines, which have now acquired a new meaning not less sad than that which they originally bore.

> 'Thou hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
> Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
> Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
> O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears?
> How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
> Thy sloping walks and unpolluted air!

How sweet the glooms beneath thine aged trees,
Thy noon-tide shadow and thine evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore;
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
Thine evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.'

"Yet a few years, and the shades and structures may follow their illustrious masters. The wonderful city which, ancient and gigantic as it is, still continues to grow as fast as a young town of logwood by a water-privilege in Michigan, may soon displace those turrets and gardens which are associated with so much that is interesting and noble, with the courtly magnificence of Rich, with the loves of Ormond, with the counsels of Cromwell, with the death of Addison. The time is coming when, perhaps, a few old men, the last survivors of our generation, will in vain seek, amidst new streets, and squares, and railway stations, for the site of that dwelling which was in their youth the favourite resort of wits and beauties, of painters and poets, of scholars, philosophers, and statesmen. They will then remember, with strange tenderness, many objects once familiar to them, the avenue and the terrace, the busts and the paintings, the carving, the grotesque gilding, and the enigmatical mottoes.

"With peculiar fondness they will recall that venerable chamber, in which all the antique gravity of a college library was so singularly blended with all that female grace and wit could devise to embellish a drawing-room. They will recollect, not unmoved, those shelves loaded with the varied learning of many lands and many ages, and those portraits

WILLIAM HUNTER LECTURING ON ANATOMY

AFTER THE PICTURE BY ZOFFANY IN THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS

in which were preserved the features of the best and wisest Englishmen of two generations. They will recollect how many men who have guided the politics of Europe, who have moved great assemblies of reason and eloquence, who have put life into bronze and canvass, or who have left to posterity things so written as it shall not willingly let them die, were there mixed with all that was loveliest and gayest in the society of the most splendid of capitals. They will remember the peculiar character which belonged to that circle, in which every talent and accomplishment, every art and science, had its place. They will remember how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Sir Joshua's Baretti; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas to verify a quotation; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz.

"They will remember, above all, the grace, and the kindness, far more admirable than grace, with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed. They will remember the venerable and benignant countenance and the cordial voice of him who bade them welcome. They will remember that temper which years of pain, of sickness, of lameness, of confinement, seemed only to make sweeter and sweeter, and that frank politeness, which at once relieved all the embarrassment of the youngest and most timid writer or artist, who found himself for the first time among Ambassadors and Earls. They will remember that constant flow of

conversation, so natural, so animated, so various, so rich with observation and anecdote; that wit which never gave a wound; that exquisite mimicry which ennobled, instead of degrading; that goodness of heart which appeared in every look and accent, and gave additional value to every talent and acquirement. They will remember, too, that he whose name they hold in reverence was not less distinguished by the inflexible uprightness of his political conduct than by his loving disposition and his winning manners. They will remember that, in the last lines which he traced, he expressed his joy that he had done nothing unworthy of the friend of Fox and Grey; and they will have reason to feel similar joy, if, in looking back on many troubled years, they cannot accuse themselves of having done anything unworthy of men who were distinguished by the friendship of Lord Holland."

One quotes the above passage with particular pleasure because the evil day foreshadowed by the writer is fortunately not in sight. The present owner of Holland House, Lord Ilchester, who is so happy as to possess that lovely tropical garden at Abbotsbury, near Weymouth, and the great swannery under the Chesil Beach, where myriad white wings dazzle the eye, sees to that.

The famous Elizabeth Vassall Fox, Lady Holland, was a daughter of Richard Vassall of Jamaica and was born in 1770. She became the wife of Sir Godfrey Webster of Battle Abbey when she was only sixteen. Eleven years later, in 1797, Sir Godfrey obained a divorce, Lord Holland being the co-respondent, and three days later Lady

Webster became Lady Holland and began her splendid reign at Holland House, which had just been restored. It was this initial faux pas which to such a large extent determined the sex of the Holland House guests. Few women were to be found there.

Lord Holland was kindly and thoughtful: simpatico, as the Italians say. Lady Holland was arrogant and blunt, even at times rude; but she was generous and warm-hearted too, and she had the faculty of exciting her guests to be at their best, and there was a fascination about her which even those to whom she had been almost brutal could not forget. She could snub Macaulay and order Sydney Smith to ring the bell. ("And shall I then sweep the room?" he replied, as he rose to obey her.) Lord Melbourne, after having his place at dinner changed more than once, and always for the worse (a favourite foible of hers), left the room with the words, "I'll be damned if I'll dine with you at all." But every one came back.

Samuel Rogers said excellent things of both host and hostess. "Lord Holland," he once remarked—and it is a compliment that cannot often be paid, at any rate to gifted men—"Lord Holland always comes to breakfast like a man on whom some sudden good fortune has just fallen." Lord Holland, who returned the poet's regard, inscribed the following couplet on the summer-house in the garden:

"Here Rogers sat, and here for ever dwell
With me those 'Pleasures' which he sang so well"

—the Pleasures being, of course, those of Memory.

Of Lady Holland the old poet had not such a good opinion; and again the feeling was reciprocal. She once cut him short by the remark that since his poetry was bad enough, he might be more sparing of his prose; while to her, when once she complained that she was at a loss how to employ her time, he suggested that she might take up something novel —try to do a little good. Every one, however, like Lord Melbourne, forgave and came back, for Holland House was unique; and to have the entrée and not use it was to forgo too much.

In which room, one wonders, standing here, did Sheridan sleep?—always taking a bottle of wine and a book to bed with him: as Lady Holland told Moore, "the former alone intended for use." A servant had to be on duty outside the door all night to see that he did not set light to the bed curtains. In the morning, Moore tells us, he breakfasted in bed and had a little rum or brandy in his tea or coffee; made his appearance between one and two; and then, pretending important business, he used to set out for town, but regularly stopped for a dram at the Adam and Eve public-house, an inn opposite the grounds, where he ran up a long score which Lord Holland had to pay.

Of all its frequenters in these latter days I am personally most drawn to that wise, witty and very good man, Sydney Smith, who not only was a valued friend of both Lord and Lady Holland but some kind of connexion by marriage, his brother Bobus's wife being Lord Holland's aunt. Sydney Smith and Lady Holland also had their differences, but he understood her thoroughly, and some of his best

letters were written to her, from 1807 to the end. She survived him only a few months. From the letters to Lady Holland I take a few characteristic passages:

"My lot is now fixed and my heritage fixed,—most probably. But you may choose to make me a bishop, and if you do, I think I shall never do you discredit; for I believe it is out of the power of lawn and velvet, and the crisp hair of dead men fashioned into a wig, to make me a dishonest man; but if you do not, I am perfectly content, and shall be ever grateful to the last hour of my life to you and to Lord Holland."

"We have admitted a Mr. Baring, importer and writer, into the King of Clubs, upon the express condition that he lends £50 to any member of the Club when applied to. I proposed the amendment to his introduction, which was agreed to without a dissenting voice."

"My life for the summer is thus disposed of:—I walk up and down my garden, and dine at home, till August; then come my large brother and my little sister; then I go to Manchester, to stay with Philosopher Philips, in September; Horner and Murray come to see me in October, then I shall go and see the Earl Grey; then walk up and down my garden till March."

"I hear you laugh at me for being happy in the country, and upon this I have a few words to say.

In the first place, whether one lives or dies, I hold, and have always held, to be of infinitely less moment than is generally supposed; but if life is to be then it is common sense to amuse yourself with the best you can find where you happen to be placed. I am not leading precisely the life I should choose, but that which (all things considered, as well as I could consider them) appeared to me to be the most eligible. I am resolved, therefore, to like it, and to reconcile myself to it; which is more manly than to feign myself above it, and to send up complaints by the post, of being thrown away, and being desolate, and such like trash. I am prepared, therefore, either way. If the chances of life ever enable me to emerge, I will show you that I have not been wholly occupied by small and sordid pursuits. If (as the greater probability is) I am come to the end of my career, I give myself quietly up to horticulture, etc. In short, if it be my lot to crawl, I will crawl contentedly; if to fly, I will fly with alacrity; but, as long as I can possibly avoid it, I will never be unhappy. If, with a pleasant wife, three children, a good house and farm, many books, and many friends, who wish me well, I cannot be happy, I am a very silly, foolish fellow, and what becomes of me is of very little consequence."

"I shall be extremely happy to see ——, and will leave a note for him at the tavern where the mail stops, to say so. Nothing can exceed the dulness of this place; but he has been accustomed to live alone with his grandmother, which, though a highly moral life, is not an amusing one. There

are two Scotch ladies staying here, with whom he will get acquainted, and to whom he may safely make love the ensuing winter: for love, though a very acute disorder in Andalucia, puts on a very chronic shape in these northern latitudes; for, first, the lover must prove *metapheezically* that he *ought* to succeed; and then, in the fifth or sixth year of courtship (or rather of argument), if the summer is tolerably warm, and oatmeal plenty, the fair one is won."

"I have been long intending to write you a letter of congratulation. There is more happiness in a multitude of children than safety in a multitude of counsellors; and I, if I were a rich man, I should like to have twenty children."

"I am sure it is better for Lord Holland and you to be at Holland House, because you both hate exercise (as every person of sense does), and you must be put in situations where it can be easily and pleasantly taken."

"How very odd, dear Lady Holland, to ask me to dine with you on Sunday, the 9th, when I am coming to stay with you from the 5th to the 12th! It is like giving a gentleman an assignation for Wednesday, when you are going to marry him on the preceding Sunday,—an attempt to combine the stimulus of gallantry with the security of connubial relations. I do not propose to be guilty of the slightest infidelity to you while I am at Holland House, except you dine in town;

and then it will not be infidelity, but spirited recrimination."

Since I have taken the motto for this book from Sydney Smith, let me enrich these pages by giving a little more of his smiling wisdom here. For this purpose I quote some of the less known of his happy thoughts, from an assemblage brought together at the end of the memoir of him which his daughter (another Lady Holland, as it chanced: the wife of Sir Henry Holland, the physician) wrote. His wit, as some one said, was always fresh, always had the dew on it; and here are some of his home-circle jewels, for he was sunny and amusing also domestically, as not all brilliant people are:

"I think breakfasts so pleasant because no one is conceited before one o'clock."

"Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet, and if she has five grains of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth."

"Children are excellent physiognomists, and soon discover their real friends. Luttrell calls them all lunatics; and so, in fact, they are. What is childhood but a series of happy delusions?"

"When I hear the rustics yawn audibly at my sermons, it reminds me of that observation of Lord Ellenborough's, who, on seeing Lord —— gape during his own long and dull speech, said, 'Well, I must own there is some taste in that, but is not Lord —— rather encroaching on our privileges?'"

"We are told, 'Let not the sun go down on your wrath.' This of course is best; but, as it generally does, I would add, Never act or write till it has done so. This rule has saved me from many an act of folly. It is wonderful what a different view we take of the same event four-and-twenty hours after it has happened."

"Once, when talking with Lord —— on the subject of Bible names, I could not remember the name of one of Job's daughters. 'Kezia,' said he immediately. Surprised, I congratulated him upon being so well read in Bible lore. 'Oh!' said he, 'my three greyhounds are named after Job's daughters.'"

"It is like a Frenchman's explanation; they never give you credit for knowing the commonest facts. C'est toujours, 'Commençons au déluge.' My heart sinks when a Frenchman begins, 'Mon ami, je vais vous expliquer tout cela.' A fellow-traveller once explained to me how to cut a sandwich, all the way from Amiens to Paris."

"True, it is most painful not to meet the kindness and affection you feel you have deserved and

have a right to expect from others; but it is a mistake to complain of it, for it is of no use; you cannot extort friendship with a cocked pistol."

On some one of his guests lamenting they had left something behind: "Ah!" he said, "that would not have happened if you had had a screaming gate." "A screaming gate? what do you mean, Mr. Smith?" "Yes, everybody should have a screaming gate. We all arrived once at a friend's house just before dinner, hot, tired and dusty,—a large party assembled,—and found all the keys of our trunks had been left behind; since then I have established a *screaming* gate. We never set out on our journey now without stopping at a gate about ten minutes' distance from the house, to consider what we have left behind: the result has been excellent."

"'Did you ever hear my definition of marriage? It is, that it resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated; often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.'"

"'I see you will not believe it, but I was once very shy.' 'Were you indeed, Mr. Smith? how did you cure yourself?' 'Why, it was not very long before I made two very useful discoveries: first, that all mankind were not solely employed in observing me (a belief that all young people have); and next, that shamming was of no use; that the world was very clear-sighted, and soon estimated a

HOLLAND HOUSE, FROM HOLLAND WALK

man at his just value. This cured me, and I determined to be natural, and let the world find me out.'"

"'Oh yes! we both talk a great deal, but I don't believe Macaulay ever did hear my voice,' he exclaimed, laughing. 'Sometimes, when I have told a good story, I have thought to myself, Poor Macaulay! he will be very sorry some day to have missed hearing that.'"

"Oh, those sisters were all so beautiful, that Paris could not have decided between them, but would have cut his apple in slices."

"All gentlemen and ladies eat too much. I made a calculation, and found I must have consumed some waggon-loads too much in the course of my life. Lock up the mouth and you have gained the victory."

"I remember entering a room with glass all round it, at the French Embassy, and saw myself reflected on every side. I took it for a meeting of the clergy, and was delighted, of course."

"There is the same difference between their tongues as between the hour and the minute hand; one goes ten times as fast, and the other signifies ten times as much."

"I think no house is well fitted up in the country without people of all ages. There should be an

old man or woman to pet; a parrot, a child, a monkey:—something, as the French say, to love and to despise. I have just bought a parrot, to keep my servants in good humour."

"If you want to make much of a small income, always ask yourself these two questions:—first, do I really want it? secondly, can I do without it? These two questions, answered honestly, will double your fortune. I have always inculcated it in my family."

"Lady —— is a remarkably clever, agreeable woman, but Nature had made one trifling omission —a heart; I do like a little heart, I must confess."

"It is Bacon, I think, who says so beautifully, 'He that robs in darkness breaks God's lock.' How fine that is!"

"People complain of their servants: I never had a bad one; but then I study their comforts, that is one recipe for securing good servants."

"I destroy, on principle, all letters to me, but I have no secrets myself. I should not care if almost every word I have written were published at Charing Cross. I live with open windows."

On returning to the drawing-room, he usually asked for a little music. "If I were to begin life again, I would devote much time to music. All musical people seem to me happy; it is the most

engrossing pursuit; almost the only innocent and unpunished passion."

"Never give way to melancholy: nothing encroaches more; I fight against it vigorously. One great remedy is to take short views of life. Are you happy now? Are you likely to remain so till this evening? or next week? or next month? or next year? Then why destroy present happiness by a distant misery, which may never come at all, or you may never live to see it? for every substantial grief has twenty shadows, and most of them shadows of your own making."

"No man, I fear, can effect great benefits for his country without some sacrifice of the minor virtues."

"'I wish sometimes that I were a Scotchman, to have people care about me so much.'"

"'The Americans, I see, call me a Minor Canon. They are abusing me dreadfully to-day. They call me Xantippe; they might at least have known my sex; and they say I am eighty-four. I don't know how it is,' said he, laughing, 'but everybody who behaves ill to me is sure to come to mischief before the year's out. I am not angry with them; I only say, I pity you, you are sure to suffer.'"

"'Do you not like the country?' 'I like London a great deal better; the study of men and women, better than trees and grass.'"

CHAPTER VIII

THE STATUES OF LONDON

III. Waterloo Place and Leicester Square

The College of Physicians—Famous doctors—William Hunter—Captain Scott—The York Column—Soldiers of the Mutiny—The Crimea Memorial—Florence Nightingale—Sidney Herbert—Leicester Square—Baron Grant—Sir Henry Irving

AT the north-west corner of Trafalgar Square, in Pall Mall East, is the Royal College of Physicians, with three statues on its imposing portico. These are Thomas Linacre (1460?–1524), the physician and grammarian, who founded the College in 1518; Thomas Sydenham (1624–1689), one of its brightest ornaments; and William Harvey (1578–1657), familiar also in stone to visitors to Folkestone, where he was born, who holds in his hand a human heart to indicate his interest in the circulation of the blood.

Within this grave and dignified building are portraits of famous doctors, many of them by eminent hands. Thus, Hogarth's Dr. Fothergill is here. Here also is Pope's Dr. Arbuthnot by Mr. Jervas, to both of whom, physician and painter, the poet addressed an epistle. Harvey is here again; and here are five generations of the Monro family,

including the Dr. John Monro, the patron of Turner and Varley, whom we shall meet in the Adelphi; while more modern healers are Sir Richard Quain, by Millais, and Sir Andrew Clark, who kept Mr. Gladstone in good health.

The picture which I have chosen for reproduction is Zoffany's representation of William Hunter lecturing on anatomy in the Royal Academy, with Sir Joshua among his audience, holding the famous ear-trumpet. Reynolds also painted him, but the two portraits at the College of Physicians are both by Zoffany. William Hunter (1718–1783) was the elder brother of the more famous John, whom we meet in Chapter IX, and, like him, was a great anatomist and collector. John Hunter left his museum to the College of Surgeons; William left his to the University of Glasgow.

Farther along Pall Mall East we come to the little equestrian statue of George III in his tiny wig, such a contrast to his mammoth son and horse in the square we have just left.

Waterloo Place provides us with many memorials. Turning to the left from Pall Mall, we come first to the very recent statue of Captain Scott (1868–1912), the gallant and ill-fated Antarctic explorer, erected by officers of the Fleet and executed by Lady Scott. On the pediment are these words from the last entry in his diary: "Had we lived, I should have had a tale to tell of the hardihood and endurance and courage of my company which would have stirred the heart of every Englishman. These rough notes and our dead bodies must tell the tale."

We come next to Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde

(1792–1863), the Field-Marshal, who fought both in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny.

Next is John Laird Mair Lawrence, first Lord Lawrence (1811–1879), Ruler of the Punjab during the Mutiny, and later Viceroy. He is here asking the question, "Will you be governed by the sword or the pen?"

Then, at the end of Waterloo Place, at the head of the steps, is the York Column. This fine memorial to a Prince who did little to deserve it was erected by public, if not voluntary, subscription; for since the Duke of York, who was George III's second son, was Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, it was thought a tactful thing to stop every man's pay for one day in order to provide the funds. As a poet in *The Satirist* said, at the time of its completion:

> "Small reason have the Royal Family
> Their kinsman's new position to deplore:
> He now stands *higher* in the public eye
> Than he was ever known to stand before!"

The statue, of bronze, is fourteen feet high. Stairs lead to the gallery, but no one now ascends them. In 1850 a French musician flung himself over the railing and was killed.

On the other side of the square are statues of Sir John Fox Burgoyne (1782–1871), the great engineer commander in the Peninsula, in France and in the Crimea; and Sir John Franklin (1786–1847), the Arctic explorer, who, like Scott, perished amid the snows. On the panels are the names of his crews, and a bronze relief depicts his burial in the ice.

In the middle of the square is an equestrian statue of Sir Robert Cornelis Napier (1810–1890), Lord Napier of Magdala, one of the heroes of the Indian Mutiny.

On the other side of Pall Mall, also in Waterloo Place, is the memorial to the three regiments of Guards who fell in the Crimea, with some actual Russian guns stacked upon it. Referring to the wording of this memorial, *Punch* had, in 1861, a vigorous attack. After proving that the Guards lost altogether only 449 men by ordinary warfare, the remaining 1713 having died of disease, it suggested that instead of Alma, Inkerman and Sebastopol, should be inscribed Fever, Dysentery and Cholera. John Bright, passing the memorial, once pointed to the word Crimea, remarking that the last letter should be transposed to be the first.

Before the Crimea memorial now stands the statue of Florence Nightingale (1820–1910), "The Lady of the Lamp," only lately erected, at the end of her long and beautiful life. Beside her is Sidney Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea, whose statue has been moved here from the front of the old War Office. It could not be more fittingly placed, for as War Minister during the Crimea he was Miss Nightingale's close friend and associate. His administration of the War Office, during more than one period of control there, was thoughtful, humane and finely imaginative. Had he not died early, at only fifty-one, he might have attained a very high eminence in the country. Gladstone once remarked, in a letter to Lord Houghton, "I wish some one of the thousand who in prose justly celebrate Miss Nightingale

would say a single word for the man of 'routine' who devised and projected her going [to Russia]—Sidney Herbert." Well, the proximity of the two statues now says this word.

In St. James's Square, close by, prancing in silhouette before all wayfarers along Charles Street, is an equestrian statue of William III.

The statue of Shakespeare in Leicester Square, to which we may now turn, is connected with a strange character, Baron Grant, the prince of company-promoters. This astute person was the discoverer of those most susceptible and gullible of investors, the parson and the widow. Others have since exploited them, but Grant was the illustrious pioneer. In a few years he extracted as much as £4,000,000 from the public at large, his greatest coup being the Emma Silver Mine in 1871, which was to pay £800,000 a year on a capital of a million and was fully subscribed at a premium at £20 a share. Grant was paid £100,000 for his trouble, and the shareholders received one shilling each. It was with part of the Emma promotion money that Grant acquired Leicester Fields, a deserted and unsavoury area. This he converted into a trim garden, and in 1874 presented it to London, with Shakespeare in the middle—replacing there a battered statue of George II—and, at the corners, busts of former residents there or thereabouts—Sir Joshua Reynolds, William Hogarth, Sir Isaac Newton, and John Hunter, the surgeon. Meanwhile, in spite of the failure of various rosy schemes, Grant, such was the effrontery or persuasiveness of the man (he was born in Dublin), continued to take a high position in

public affairs, sat twice for Kidderminster, entertained lavishly, and owned a newspaper, *The Echo*, which as far back as 1874 he brought out every morning at a halfpenny.

It was shortly after the gift of Leicester Square that the tide of fortune ebbed from his doorstep. Lawsuits began, bankruptcy proceedings followed. His pictures were sold, his palace at Kensington was depleted, and he retired into seclusion, dying at Bognor in Sussex a forgotten man, in 1899. Such was the splendid Grant, whose real name was Gottheimer, and who acquired his Barony from the King of Italy.

A few steps from Leicester Square, down Green Street, is the fine statue of Sir Henry Irving (1838–1905) under the wall of the National Portrait Gallery.

A few steps beyond that, on an island between the Gallery and Chandos Street, the memorial to Nurse Edith Cavell, who was shot by the Germans in Brussels, will stand.

CHAPTER IX

JOHN HUNTER'S MUSEUM

"That Great Hunter"—Skulls from everywhere—A crowded life — Uncompromising dogmatism — The resurrection men — Charles Byrne, the Irish giant—Jonathan Wild—The Sicilian dwarf—The human form in detail

WE have seen John Hunter's bust; we have seen the picture of his brother William lecturing to the Royal Academicians; we have been very near his home.

In Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the southern side, or that opposite the Soane Museum, is that amazing Golgotha, the Museum of the College of Surgeons, which Hunter founded. As I entered, the sun was shining, and children were playing in the gardens. A few steps, and in the midst of life I was in death. On all sides were skulls and skeletons: skeletons by the hundred, skulls by the thousand. Skulls from every quarter of the globe in grinning rows. Skulls with all their teeth, skulls with half their teeth, skulls with no teeth. Skulls English and skulls Polynesian. What a railway terminus and a Babel will this be when the Last Trump blows!

Immediately on entering the room one is confronted by another bust of the genius of the place, "that great Hunter," the father of modern surgery and, I suppose,

the greatest surgeon of all time. Beside the bust is his death mask, and for once the two have resemblances. You see instantly the strength and purpose of the man; for it is the face of one who could hew his way to the top and would never be satisfied with hearsay. John Hunter's museum, formed by him patiently and with enthusiasm, in his own house and its dependencies, between 1763 and 1793, is the nucleus of the present collection, and that recurring problem which assails us when we contemplate the careers of great men: How could they find time to do it all? is here clamorous. For Hunter, an uneducated Scotch boy, not only rose to be the mightiest surgeon in history, but he wrote an immense number of monographs on various branches of research, all based on personal experiment; he gave countless lectures; he performed operations and carried out the duties of a member of the hospital staff; and he did not really begin the constructive part of his life until his return from soldiering in Portugal thirty years before his death.

Much of the secret is genius; the rest, as usual, is method, for he rose as early as five to begin dissecting, and at midnight was often still at work. At nine he breakfasted; he received patients till twelve; he visited patients till four; he dined at four; he slept an hour after dinner; and for the rest of the day he wrote, dictated, or made experiments. Somewhere or other he found odd minutes in which to carry on disputes; to be a husband and father; to crack a few very broad jokes and to damn the Radicals. "All rascals who are dissatisfied with their country ought to leave it," he would say. But what his

views would have been with regard to that bewildering creature the conscientious objector of our own day, who has no disinclination to participate in the benefits ensured to his country by an army and navy, while refusing to join either, I dare not imagine; but immensely vigorous, I am sure. He died in 1793, through excitement brought on by loss of temper at a debate at St. George's Hospital, his heart having long been affected. He lies in Westminster Abbey.

Hunter was born in 1728, and it illustrates the youth of surgery as a serious art, and the remarkable genius of this great investigator, practitioner and theorist, to recollect that it was not until 1745, when he was seventeen years old, that the surgeons and barbers, till then allied, parted company. Ever since then the surgeons have been rising in the social scale and the barbers descending. No barber is ever knighted; few surgeons of eminence escape the honour.

For the most part, the skeletons and skulls that throng here are those of unknown persons; and for the English ones at any rate Hunter was chiefly indebted to the resurrection men, without whose services the surgeons and medical scholars of his day would have had difficulty in pursuing their dissections. But now and then he bought a body during the lifetime of its owner. Thus, the huge frame of Charles Byrne, the Irish giant, in the case to the left as one enters, was acquired in this manner. Byrne, like most giants, was short-lived, two-and-twenty years representing his earthly span. But his end was not their usual natural decline due to the failure of the

THE SISTERS (THE DAUGHTERS OF SIR T. FRANKLAND)

AFTER THE PICTURE BY HOPPNER IN THE TENNANT GALLERY

organs to sustain so mighty a carcass—he was eight feet four inches high—but was brought about by potations immoderate even for him, and by grief at the loss of notes for £700, the proceeds, I imagine, of exhibiting himself either at fairs or on the stage. He was, for example, the sensation of London in 1782 at the Haymarket, where a pantomime was written round his many inches. Byrne's remains cost Hunter more than he had paid for anything in his collection, and even then he had to fight for his property, for Byrne, after agreeing to the bargain, made a will directing that his body was to be put on a ship and sunk at sea. Hunter, however, who was a difficult man to beat, bribed the undertaker, removed the body from the hearse, transferred it to his own carriage, and bore it triumphantly to his house at Earl's Court and an acid bath.

The most interesting thing about Jonathan Wild's skeleton, which stands next to Byrne's, is not so much that it is his, as that it is the skeleton of a man who was hanged. The body and head were long separated, but they are likely now to remain united for many years. The hanging of the famous thief, fence and informer was on August 24, 1725, at Tyburn. All Byrne's teeth are in his head; none of Wild's remain. Near Byrne, completing a strangely ill-assorted trio, is the skeleton of a little lady nine years of age and nineteen inches in height, the Sicilian dwarf, Carolina Grachami. Of such is the variety of human nature! But an even greater variety awaits one before the tour of the galleries is complete, in an assemblage of monstrous births, among which is the most perfect hobgoblin that even

the combined pencils of Fuseli and Blake could have devised.

It is a terrible place, this museum—downstairs, bones of every animal, from man to megatherium ; upstairs, jars by the million, or so it seems, each containing a human organ in spirits for the eager eye of the medical student to examine and remember. Once I could not have remained here without a feeling of sickness ; but now that death has become almost the rule, and our best and bravest are three a penny, it all seemed natural. I came away conscious, it is true, that there was not a sound inch in my body ; but that I have since forgotten.

CHAPTER X

THE STATUES OF LONDON

IV. Westminster and the Embankment

Four Prime Ministers—Queen Anne—Oliver Cromwell—Baron Marochetti — Boadicea — London's architects — Honour where honour is due—The Houses of Parliament—The National Gallery —The Record Office—The Westminster Guildhall—The Embankment Valhalla—Cleopatra's Needle—An eventful voyage

STARTING from Trafalgar Square and passing down Whitehall, we find, in the middle of the road, an equestrian statue of the late Duke of Cambridge (1819–1904), whom many persons will ever remember, in his military capacity, as the Field-Marshal who once hoisted an umbrella at a review.

At the corner of Horse Guards' Avenue is a statue of the late Duke of Devonshire (1833–1908), better known in politics as the Marquis of Hartington. A little farther down on the left is a new statue of Lord Clive (1725–1774), the great Indian Administrator.

In Parliament Square, in the centre garden, are statues to Sir Robert Peel (1788–1850), whom we also saw in Cheapside, Lord Palmerston (1784–1865), Lord Derby (1779–1869), with reliefs on the

pedestal of various oratorical or diplomatic triumphs, and Lord Beaconsfield (1804–1881) — all Prime Ministers and all very splendid either in robes or frock coats. George Canning (1770–1827) is in the garden between the Square and the Westminster Guildhall. The memorial at the corner of Great George Street, close by, marks the abolition of the British Slave Trade in 1807 and the further abolishing of slavery in the British Dominions in 1834.

If we were to go down Great George Street and come to Queen Anne's Gate, we should find, on the left, outside No. 13, a statue of the royal lady who gives this fascinating street of noble doorways its name, in a richly brocaded dress. Of this attractive work of art little is known, but Francis Bond is generally thought to be the sculptor. In the days when Westminster was a separate and superstitious city it was believed that on the anniversary of her death Queen Anne walked three times up and down the street. Personally I would, in spite of this haunting, as soon live in Queen Anne's Gate as anywhere in the more central parts of London. But Smith Square and North Street have begun to run it close as an abode of peace and preciosity.

I may mention here that the corner house, on the opposite side to Queen Anne, is that to which, before the War, Lord Glenconner invited persons who were interested in good pictures of the great days of the British school. That he will resume this pleasant hospitable custom when the world is itself again I most cordially hope. Two or three of the gems of the Tennant Gallery, as it was called, are reproduced in this book.

The memorial in Broad Sanctuary commemorates Lord Raglan and other old Westminster scholars who fell in the Crimean War. The statue of Cromwell, outside Westminster Hall, with the British lion at his feet, is by Hamo Thornycroft, and was the gift of Lord Rosebery, a Government plan for erecting one having failed. The House of Lords did not wish the Protector to be allowed so near the sacred precincts, but its opinion was disregarded.

Cromwell has his back to Westminster Hall, where Charles I was tried and sentenced. Before him is the Abbey, where he was first buried and then shamefully exhumed so that his bones might hang in chains at Tyburn.

Farther on, by the House of Lords, is a gigantic equestrian statue of Richard Cœur de Lion, with bronze reliefs of his death-bed and one of his victories. The sculptor was Baron Carlo Marochetti (1805–1867), an Italian, or rather Piedmontese, who fled to England in the revolution of 1848, was taken up by the Prince Consort, and became an R.A. The Cœur de Lion statue, in plaster, was a prominent attraction of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and it was cast in bronze by public subscription.

In the garden under the Victoria Tower is Rodin's famous bronze group of the Burghers of Calais. This powerful and pathetic work illustrates very vividly a story in the career of Edward III. During that king's war with France, and after he had won Crécy, he laid siege, in 1347, to Calais, and made his blockade so thorough that after some weeks the French army retreated and the garrison surrendered. On August 3rd a deputation—the burghers of Calais

—came from the town with bare heads, carrying the key of the citadel, and gave themselves up to the King in person. His intention had been to destroy the populace, but at the entreaty of his queen, Philippa of Hainault, their lives were spared. Their valuables, however, he confiscated.

If from Westminster we seek the Embankment we shall find at the corner of Westminster Bridge the great Boadicea in her chariot, by Thomas Thornycroft. Beside her are two retainers, and, without reins, she urges on her fiery steeds against the Roman invaders. The wheels have the famous scythes.

On the façade of New Scotland Yard is a bust of Norman Shaw (1831–1912), the architect who turned this building from an opera house into the headquarters of the Police. This bust distinguishes Shaw as one of the very few architects of whom London, which exists by virtue of them, takes any notice. There is no bust of Bentley in the Westminster Cathedral, although he died while working upon it; nor is there any bust of George Edmund Street (1824–1881) at the Law Courts, his minute labours on which are said to have hastened his end, and for which with his own hand he made no fewer than three thousand drawings. There is no outdoor statue of Wren, nor of Inigo Jones, nor of Gibbs, who built St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

This reluctance to give honour where honour is due is really rather ignoble. Who knows the name of the architect of these beautiful Houses of Parliament close by? How to find out except by a work of reference not too easily obtained? The

architect of the Houses of Parliament was Sir Charles Barry (1795–1860), and the jewels of oratory never had a richer casket. But the Reform Club in Pall Mall is, by some, considered to be Barry's masterpiece, none the less. The architect of the National Gallery was William Wilkins (1778–1839), who had previously built University College in Gower Street, which has a family resemblance to it. The portico came from Carlton House, the home of the Prince Regent, and the original idea was that steps should lead right down to the level of the fountains in Trafalgar Square. But the roadway in front of the Gallery being deemed a necessity, this fine effect had to be sacrificed. The building was subsequently modified by Edward Middleton Barry, son of Sir Charles.

Who was the architect of what, to me, is one of the most stately and beautiful of London's buildings, which, were it anywhere but hemmed in by Chancery Lane and Fetter Lane, would be famous among visitors—the Record Office? Sir James Pennethorne (1801–1871), whose design provided for a better site, with one of those vistas which London so grudges. Who was the architect of what is, to me, the best of the many new buildings of London erected in these last ten years—the Westminster Guildhall, which is adjacent to us as we stand here fighting for justice? None has to my eyes such charm as this civic stronghold, of which Mr. Livens has made a drawing. As a whole and in detail it is a most satisfying work of art. Here the answer is simpler, for by a curious chance the name of the architect has found its way to the tablet of municipal

magnates beside the south door—Mr. J. G. Gibson. The reliefs and statues are the work of Mr. Henry C. Fehr. Note the quaint figures who sprawl over every lower window, trying to peep in.

For a long while to come it can hardly be our civil benefactors that will receive public honours. The military must come first. But I hope that a day may dawn when the builders of London are properly recognized.

In the Victoria Embankment Gardens, which are between the Houses of Parliament and Charing Cross Bridge, are three statues. The first is of William Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament into English from the Greek. He was strangled to death and then burned, at Brussels, in 1536. The printing press in this work of art, which is by Boehm, was copied from one in the Plantin Museum at Antwerp. The second statue here is that of Sir Bartle Frere (1815–1884), the South African and Indian Administrator; and the third is that of Sir James Outram (1805–1863), who was called the Bayard of the British Army and ought really to be in Waterloo Place with other heroes of the Indian Mutiny.

Opposite the Outram statue, on a pier beside the Charing Cross Bridge, on the river side, is a medallion of Sir Joseph Bazalgette (1819–1891), engineer of the London main drainage system and of the Embankment. On the corresponding pier on the other side of the Bridge is a memorial to Sir William Schwenck Gilbert (1836–1911), author of the Savoy operas and the *Bab Ballads*. Charming figures of Comedy and Tragedy attend, and the

A TYPICAL LONDON DEMOLITION SCENE

inscription says, "His foe was folly and his weapon wit." Sir George Frampton was the sculptor.

In the gardens between the Charing Cross underground station and Waterloo Bridge are to be found a statue of Robert Burns the poet, seated rapt; a statue of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the temperance advocate (1829–1906); and one of Robert Raikes (1735–1811), the founder of Sunday Schools. Here are busts of Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842–1900), the composer of the Savoy operas, attended by a weeping woman; and Henry Fawcett (1833–1884), the blind statesman. Another memorial of Henry Fawcett, a statue, is in Vauxhall Park, near his old home, now demolished.

On a pier to the west of Waterloo Bridge, opposite Savoy Street, is a medallion of Sir Walter Besant (1836–1901), the novelist and London topographer. And somewhere hereabouts is a memorial to William Thomas Stead (1849–1912) the journalist, who went down with the "Titanic," but I have not seen it. Just past Somerset House is a statue of Isambard K. Brunel (1806–1859) the engineer, son of the designer of the Thames Tunnel and himself the constructor of the Clifton Suspension Bridge.

In the gardens between the Temple Station and the foot of Essex Street are a seated statue of John Stuart Mill (1806–1873) the philosopher, and a standing statue of William Edward Forster (1818–1886), the Irish Secretary. On the railings of the Temple Gardens is a tablet bearing a medallion portrait of Queen Victoria, marking the western boundary of the city. At the end of the Embank-

ment, by Blackfriars Bridge, is a statue of Queen Victoria.

Finally, there is Cleopatra's Needle, which never thought, we may be sure, to find a resting-place beside the Thames. Its original home was at Heliopolis, where Thothmes III set it up about 1500 B.C. With Cleopatra it had nothing to do. From Heliopolis the monolith was taken to Alexandria, still in the B.C. period, and there again set up, outside a heathen temple. British soldiers found it lying in the sand in the Egyptian Campaign a century and more ago, and Mehemet Ali presented it to us, just as he presented a similar obelisk in the Place de la Concorde to the French; but although great efforts were made by the troops under Sir David Baird, when they had nothing else to do, to move it to the vessel prepared for it, they could not manage it.

Little more was done to claim the gift until forty years ago, when a public-spirited enthusiast arose in the person of William James Erasmus Wilson (1809–1884), the famous surgeon and skin-specialist, who offered to pay the cost of bringing it to England—a matter of some £15,000. The business was not simple, and the means adopted was to rivet an ironclad around the Needle where it lay, and then drag it to the water and tow it to London. A vessel called the "Olga" acted as tug, and the voyage began on September 21, 1877. In the Bay of Biscay, the usual weather prevailing, the Needle had to be cut adrift, but not until six lives were lost. It would be safe to offer a prize of any magnitude to that person who could name these

six heroes. Let me give them: William Askew, James Gardiner, Joseph Benbow, Michael Burns, William Donald and William Paton. I know them because they are writ in brass on the river façade of the Needle's pediment.

Not only were these men drowned, but the Needle was lost too. Some while later, however, the strange craft was sighted and secured, and on January 16, 1878, another start was made, and on January 28 the Thames was safely entered and the Needle docked. Eight months afterwards it was in its present position, and not long afterwards a worthy City Father was delivering an oration upon it, in which he delighted his hearers first by referring to the great Queen always as Cleopatrick, and next by deriving "monolith" from two Greek words, namely *mono*, a stone, and—and—*lith*.

The two attendant sphinxes, which are male, are of course modern.

CHAPTER XI

THE OVAL

The Surrey side—The Oval and Lord's: a contrast—The last match of the year—Lord Harris's cherries—Surrey's beginnings—A parson poet—Lumpy to the rescue—The Montpelier Club—Mr. William Denison—The first Surrey Club match—Two scores—The cement banks—Weather lore—Famous cricketers

THESE are sad days in which to write of cricket. For cricket was the first English pastime to be hit by the Kaiser's arrogance and ambition; and Surrey was, if I am not mistaken, the first county in that fateful August of 1914 to abandon its further matches and cease to think of play. But no book on London can neglect the Oval; and a good time is coming; and every one who loves cricket loves also cricket's past. So let us, in spite of War and that melancholy and ever-increasing death-roll of stalwart batsmen and bowlers whom we have rejoiced so recently to see in their prowess, and shall never see again—let us linger a little in the famous Kennington ground where Surrey plays the great game, and the loyal Surrey crowd flinches neither from sun nor wind as it watches and applauds.

To thousands of Londoners who live north of the river the only transpontine resort is the Oval. I am

of this number. How rarely we cross the river, except in trains on our way to the coast or to the southern counties, it is absurd to think. But to the Oval, in one of the great County Council dreadnought trams, which start from the Embankment (where we now are), or in the friendly taxi after lunch, or by that convenient Tube which disgorges its eager passengers only a few yards from the chief gates, how often do we hasten!

The difference between an Oval crowd and a Lord's crowd is immense. Being nearer the fashionable areas, and having the Eton and Harrow match and the Oxford and Cambridge match, those favoured opportunities for the modiste, Lord's has not only a cricket public but a butterfly public. And this means not only awnings and comfort but a more careful standard of male attire too. The Oval crowd is far liker a football crowd. It is almost wholly composed of men, and men who must earn their living, and their keenness is not only far more articulate than any at Lord's, but greater too. Indeed it must be so, or they would not stand for hours, as they can in August, on the surrounding cement banks, with no shade whatever, or welcome in the new season on an Easter Monday, as I have seen them, in a breeze direct from the North Pole; and how some of them can see at all is a mystery, for the Oval is far larger than Lord's, there being a possibility (I have often seen) of making 5, all run, in at least two parts of the ground. But, as I say, the Oval crowd is not to be dissuaded, either by weather or by discomfort, and the packed roof of

the neighbouring inn, between the overpowering gasometers and the Pavilion, gives the scene just that old-fashioned touch that is so agreeable. Something of the kind one has noticed in old prints of prize fights in the days of Cribb, or of Newmarket Heath before all the modern mechanical devices came in and S.P. were still meaningless initials.

The pavilion is different too; which is only natural, for the pavilion at Lord's is the Houses of Parliament of cricket, whereas the pavilion at the Oval is merely the pavilion of a county ground. But hardly less interesting are its pictures and records; and one of the pictures, a fascinating early match painted by George Morland, I am glad to be able to reproduce in this book.

One reason which endears the Oval to me is that the season dies harder there than elsewhere. That last big match of the year, when the September hazes have begun, between the champion county and the rest of England, is always played on the Surrey ground, and I always try to be present. I have too the pleasantest recollections of Gentlemen v. Players matches at the Oval, because Lord Harris always sends a huge basket of Kentish Whitehearts to cheer this event, and these, through a fortunate acquaintance with two or three famous hands who have of late been participators, I have had the felicity of tasting. There are notoriously no cherries like them.

Kennington Oval existed long before it was a cricket ground, and Surrey existed as a cricket county long before that. Surrey indeed took to

cricket as early as any county, except, I suppose, Hampshire, where the Hambledon Club was. One of the first matches recorded in Lillywhite's *Scores and Biographies* (the best of all books) is between Surrey and Kent on the Laleham-Burway ground at Chertsey in 1773. The match was so memorable that the Vicar of Sundridge, the Rev. J. Duncombe, celebrated it in ballad in the manner of Chevy Chase. No other literature of the game gives a better idea of the fun and want of scientific precision about the game in those early days. To a large extent the interest seems to have centred in wagers on the result, between the Earl of Tankerville, who played for Surrey, and Sir Horace Mann, who played for Kent. Surrey won. Says the reverend poet:

"Of near three hundred notches made
By Surrey, eight were byes;
The rest were balls which, boldly struck,
Re-echoed to the skies."

At the end of his poem the Vicar reverted to type and worked in a moral:

"God save the King, and bless the land
With plenty and increase;
And grant henceforth that idle games
In harvest-time may cease."

Surrey seems to have been beaten in the return match, this time at Sevenoaks; but Lillywhite does not give it. Later in the year they met yet again, at Canterbury, and Surrey again won. On the first and third occasions, at any rate, Surrey had the

famous Lumpy to help them; and a poem composed on the third conflict said roundly that

> "Surrey did the victory gain
> By Lumpy, fortune, art and rain."

After this the next mention of Surrey by Lillywhite is on July 20, 1774, when, with the assistance of the borrowed Minshull, they played the Hambledon Club and lost—this borrowing of one or two men, to equalize the sides, being very common in those days. In the next recorded match, Surrey, against the Hambledon Club, again at Chertsey, on July 6, 7 and 8, 1775, had the services of Miller as well as Minshull. Surrey won. On the 13th of July a return began, at Hambledon, which Hambledon won by 296 runs. J. Small was the hero; for in the second innings he carried his bat for 136.—So much for the beginnings of Surrey cricket.

The present ground dates from 1845, when, in March, the first turf of the ground that we now know was laid. Before that it had been for long an open space, partly field and partly market garden.

The Montpelier Club, the principal South London Cricket Club, which had played its matches on the Bee-Hive Ground, in Walworth, being turned out by the builders, decided in 1844 to move to the Oval. Early in 1845 a meeting was called to consider the future, over which Mr. William Ward, whom we meet in the Lord's chapter, presided. Among those present was the great Felix. Another of the company was William Denison, who wrote an in-

forming book entitled *Sketches of the Players.* At this meeting it was decided that the Montpelier Club should disappear and a Surrey Club be formed. Later in the year a second meeting was held at the Horns Tavern, which is still a famous house, preceded by a dinner. On this occasion the late Lord Bessborough, who is known in cricket annals as the Hon. Frederick Ponsonby, took the chair; and the merging of the Montpelier Club into the Surrey Club was practically settled, seventy members of the old club enrolling themselves in the new.

For a while the Surrey Club did not prosper, owing to various difficulties with the lessees of the ground, but in 1857 a smoother course was secured and thenceforward all went well. The first real pavilion was built in 1858, and in that year Surrey, with Sussex to help, beat England twice. One of the players, William Caffyn, is still living as I write (April, 1916). Of more recent history it is unnecessary to speak.

A word or two of William Denison, the first secretary of the Surrey Club, whose *Sketches of the Players* appeared in 1846. A cricket enthusiast of the deepest dye, he was described by Lord Bessborough, in a letter to Bishop Montgomery, whose *History of Kennington* has some most attractive chapters on cricket and Surrey cricket, as "the best bowler in the Montpelier Club, the first man who had the pluck to bowl round arm slows in good matches." Denison was otherwise a *Times* reporter on law and parliament, and a cricket journalist, and so busy a man could hardly do justice to the requirements of a new club in not too prosperous circum-

stances. From the dedication of his book to the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the M.C.C. one gathers that he had his feuds. He writes: "It has, I hear, been asked, how it comes to pass that I should have *presumed* to *arrogate* to myself, as the parties have termed it, the privilege of suggesting alterations in the rules by which the game is regulated, thus assuming a knowledge of their working superior to the majority of those who have for many years taken an active part in its practice; and therefore I shall, I trust, be pardoned, if I state the position I have held in cricket since 1813. In that year it was solicited that I (at the period a lad) should be permitted, in the absence of a good player, to play in a match at Richmond between the 'Counties of Middlesex and Surrey.' The permission of the Reverend Gentleman under whose tutelage I then was, having been accorded, I made my appearance, then, as now, a *slow bowler*, in the 'Surrey Eleven.' From that day to the present I have devoted the largest portion of my unoccupied time to cricket, and from the year 1816 there has been no season in which I have not witnessed nearly every match of importance, nor in which I have not been a *playing* member of *four* and frequently of *nine* clubs, and even at the present moment I remain an active participator in *five*. The consequence then was, that being attached to the game, and compelled, by the state of my health, to resort to strong out-of-door exercise, I have probably witnessed, played in, and contributed to, in a pecuniary sense, a greater number of matches than anyone who is now to be found in the cricket ranks. The result has been, that there is no class of

A CRICKET MATCH AT CHERTSEY

AFTER THE PICTURE BY GEORGE MORLAND IN THE PAVILION AT THE OVAL

match, high or low, in which I have not constantly been engaged. Moreover, it has been a portion of my public duty to contribute articles on cricket, and to attend and write notices of matches for the Press, since 1820."

As an afterthought to the dedication comes this amusing P.S.—"In answer to a remark which I overheard at Lord's last summer, 'that Mr. Denison could not know much about the game, because he obtained so few runs,' I beg to suggest that the dislocation of an elbow, met with at cricket, and an impaired vision, arising not merely from surgical operations, for I have had eleven on one eye, but an average of bed of not quite *four* hours per night, for twenty-six years, are somewhat calculated to spoil a man's sight for hitting. Some years back, and for many years, there were few gentlemen whose batting or bowling average stood better."

Although the turf had been so recently laid—about four acres in the middle—the Oval was played on in 1845. The first recorded match is that between the Montpelier Club and Clapton on July 17. It was unfinished. The second Oval match recorded by Lillywhite, between the Montpelier Club and Lingfield, on July 28, 1845, was a draw. A match with a more modern sound is that on August 21 and 22, 1845, Gentlemen of Surrey v. Players of Surrey, which was also a draw. On September 24, 1845, a Surrey Eleven played Middlesex. The first Surrey Club match was on May 25 and 26, 1846, at the Oval, against the M.C.C. The M.C.C. won. I give this score, as it is of historic interest:

AT KENNINGTON OVAL, IN SURREY
May 25 and 26, 1846

MARYLEBONE

First Innings		*Second Innings*	
A. K. George, Esq., c Strahan, b Brockwell	0	l b w, b Lewis	12
A. Haygarth, Esq., b Martingell	4	b Martingell	0
W. Hillyer, c and b Brockwell	12	c Baker, b Lewis	0
R. Kynaston, Esq., b Martingell	0	b Martingell	6
W. Lillywhite, b Martingell	5	run out	6
W. Nicholson, Esq., b Martingell	4	not out	13
F. L. Currie, Esq., b Martingell	13	c Denison, b Lewis	2
W. B. Trevelyan, Esq., c Strahan, b Brockwell	11	b Martingell	4
L. H. Bayley, Esq., not out	2	b Lewis	13
E. Banbury, Esq., b Martingell	4	b Brockwell	0
W. Franks, Esq., absent	0	b Brockwell	0
B 2, w 0, n 1	3	B 4, w 1, n 2	7
Total	58	Total	63

SURREY CLUB

First Innings		*Second Innings*	
J. Spencely, Esq., l b w, b Hillyer	5	c Nicholson, b Lillywhite	3
T. C. Lewis, Esq., st Nicholson, b Hillyer	4	b Hillyer	0
W. Baker, Esq., b Hillyer	0	c George, b Lillywhite	11
N. Felix, Esq., c and b Hillyer	9	b Hillyer	6
C. Coltson, Esq., not out	9	b Hillyer	1
W. Martingell, c Currie, b Hillyer	1	st Nicholson, b Hillyer	1
G. Brockwell, b Hillyer	5	b Hillyer	0
C. H. Hoare, Esq., b Lillywhite	1	c Lillywhite, b Hillyer	5
C. Meymott, Esq., c and b Hillyer	0	not out	4
W. Strahan, Esq., b Lillywhite	0	b Lillywhite	0
W. Denison, Esq., c Nicholson, b Lillywhite	2	c Currie, b Hillyer	1
B 1, w 0	1	B 4, w 0	4
Total	37	Total	36

M.C.C. winning by 48 runs.

It may here be mentioned that Mr. Lewis played in this and several other matches about this time under the name of Courtney, Mr. Meymott also under that of Marles, and Mr. Banbury under the name of Edmonds.

Umpires—J. Bayley and W. Caldecourt.

The A. Haygarth, Esq., was the editor of Lillywhite's *Scores and Biographies.*

The Oval, belonging as it does to the Duchy of Cornwall, and therefore to the Prince of Wales, such servants of the Crown as soldiers, sailors and postmen are admitted free. In 1851 a very serious attempt was made to get the ground for building purposes, but it was resisted mainly through the action of the Prince Consort, who was administering the estate for his son. This fact should be emblazoned on the Albert Memorial.

I have mentioned the raised cement banks that surround the Oval and give a view to all. They were made by the contractors who undertook the draining, or rather hiding within pipes, of the river Effra, which, until 1880, ran by the side of the Oval into the Thames at Lambeth. When it was removed from sight the excavated earth was piled all round the ground and cemented over. The Chelsea football ground, whither the King and a vast number of his loyal subjects, including myself, journeyed a few winters ago to see an American baseball match, obtained its high banks in a similar way, for they are made of the earth excavated for the London Tube railways.

The first County match at the Oval which Lillywhite gives is on June 25 and 26, 1846. Here we meet more great names:

AT KENNINGTON OVAL, IN SURREY

June 25 and 26, 1846

KENT

First Innings		*Second Innings*	
A. Mynn, Esq., l b w, b Day	8	b Martingell	0
C. G. Whittaker, Esq., b Martingell	0	c Martingell, b Day	5
T. Adams, c Bayley, b Martingell	38	c and b Martingell	8
F. Pilch, b Day	4	c Heath, b Day	3
W. Dorrinton, b Martingell	1	c Heath, b Day	0
W. Hillyer, b Day	5	c Martingell, b Day	3
E. Hinkly, l b w, b Martingell	6	not out	8
W. Carter, b Day	0	c Day, b Martingell	0
E. Banks, Esq., not out	13	c Heath, b Day	24
L. Hollingworth, Esq., b Day	3	c Bayley, b Martingell	0
W. Banks, Esq., c Martingell, b Day	0	b Day	0
B 4, w 0, n 1 (Martingell 1)	5	B 3, w 2 (Day 2), n 0	5
Total	83	Total	56

SURREY

First Innings		*Second Innings*	
G. Brockwell, run out	7	not out	1
A. M. Hoare, Esq., c Hinkly, b Mynn	59		
T. Sewell, c Carter, b Mynn	3		
N. Felix, Esq., c Adams, b Mynn	0		
W. Martingell, c W. Banks, b Hinkly	7		
J. Heath, hit w, b Hillyer	15		
R. Groom, run out	2	not out	2
D. Day, b Hillyer	19		
E. Garland, Esq., b Mynn	0		
C. H. Hoare, Esq., not out	0		
J. Bayley, b Mynn	6		
B 13, w 6 (Mynn 4, Pilch 2)	19	B 1, w 0	1
Total	137	Total	4

Surrey won by ten wickets.

One little piece of special Oval lore I can impart. Near Vauxhall Bridge Station there is a church, and this church has an open space, or unglazed window,

in its spire. If the light through this window, as seen from the Pavilion, is clear, there will be no rain ; but if one can only just see through it, rain is likely.

Every one has his favourite county ground memories. Among the later ones of mine, at the Oval, is that innings of deadly resistance and care by Mr. Fry which saved England from Australia in the last test match rubber. Another is a hit by Mr. V. F. S. Crawford on to the roof of the pavilion. And I can see again Richardson sending down one of his terrific bailers, and Hobbs's effortless boundaries, where the bat became a shining blade, and Hayward's gentle strokes for one as he grew older and found running less to his taste. But the most inspired cricketer of the Oval in our time was George Lohmann.

CHAPTER XII

THE LONDON MUSEUM

Stafford House—A Zeppelin bomb—The conserving soil—Old wines — Sir William Pickering — A Tudor plutocrat — Cromwell relics — Brandon the headsman — Old costumes — Victorian jewels —A royal parasol—Signboards—Old London in cardboard—Two Thomsons—A visionary's London

WHEN *A Wanderer in London* was published, in 1906, there was no London Museum. Shortly afterwards a collection of relics was brought together in Kensington Palace, and these have now been permanently arranged at Stafford House, given to the nation for that purpose by Sir William Lever.

Stafford House, one of the private palaces between the Green Park and St. James's, was built for the Duke of York, son of George III, the not too illustrious Prince to whom English flunkeyism erected the column at the foot of Waterloo Place. At his death, before the house was ready, the Duke of Sutherland bought it, and here were hung the famous Stafford House pictures, now distributed. As a home for London curiosities the building is admirable but not very elastic; already it seems to be fully stocked. By a nice stroke of irony the first thing that one sees in the fine hall at the foot of

the imposing staircase, up and down which so many notable men and beautiful women have passed, is a Zeppelin bomb aimed at the destruction of the very city whose history is here celebrated.

The course of the pilgrimage through the Museum is prescribed by the regulations, and one must follow it. We are first in the city prehistoric, what time mastodons were its principal inhabitants; and instantly we realize how flexible a term London is, for the mammoth's bone, which is one of the most exciting relics here, comes from as far afield as Ilford. Then we pass to the ages of stone and bronze and are assisted towards the realization of those early eras by Mr. Forestier's drawings, wherein Londoners in skins and Londoners in woad are seen earning their livelihood more picturesquely, if not with less determination, than Londoners in black coats and tall hats at the present day. One thing is certain, and that is that modern London is built on ancient London, and ancient London was built on a London still older; for it is the soil that has yielded all the treasures. Mother Earth is the best archæologist. From foundations at Copthall Court, for example, the home to-day of stockbrokers, comes a bronze shield; from the Old Bailey a rhinoceros's tooth; from Lombard Street a Roman wine jar. A little statuette of Hercules hails from Grocers' Hall Court, nor was it mislaid there by a modern collector, but was brought thither from his home in Italy by one of our conquerors under Julius Cæsar—possibly in the capacity of what our modern soldiers call a mascot.—Such relics as these make the long history of London very vivid.

The assemblage of articles gathered at Stafford House is so diverse that every visitor must find something of interest as one leaps backwards and forwards among the centuries. And interest can be capricious too. A case of wine labels in the wonderful silver room, for example, by reason of the unfamiliarity of the vintages may remain in the memory longer than many more intrinsically worthy matters. Among these are Red Nice, Bucella, Mischianza, Calcavella, Sercial and Gooseberry. All, so far as London is concerned, are obsolete, with the exception of the last, and that, although one may still drink it, at fabulous prices, now goes under an alias. In another case is some Venetian glass which may cause one to wonder what its connexion with the Mother of Cities can be, until one reads that similar articles were used by London citizens in the sixteenth and seventeenth century: a pretty illustration of how wide a net the director, Sir Guy Laking, casts. I remember hereabouts too a pedlar's pack, which turns out to be very like a portable cupboard and must have been a burden not much less cumbersome than Christian's. Often too must it have held copies of Bunyan's allegory.

From St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, that very charming little ancient church, come certain effigies of historical interest which must be greatly surprised to find themselves in this West End mansion. One is that from the sumptuous tomb of Sir William Pickering (1516–1575), the courtier and diplomatist under Henry VIII, Edward VI and Mary, who, after some questionable intrigues abroad, was spoken of as a possible and even probable consort of Good Queen

THE WESTMINSTER GUILDHALL

Bess herself. Another effigy is of a gallant citizen and haberdasher who, becoming a captain, trained men to resist the Armada in 1588; and a third is from the tomb of Sir John Spencer, Lord Mayor of London, who gave great feasts at Crosby Hall, that fine Elizabethan palace removed in 1909–10 from Bishopsgate Street to Cheyne Row, Chelsea. Spencer was a man of great commercial shrewdness and strength of will, who had he lived to-day would be a financial magnate and own thirty cars and very likely a newspaper. As it was, he left a fortune of nearly a million. Early in his career he narrowly escaped capture in the Thames by a Dunkirk pirate whose plan was to hold him for ransom for £50,000. Later he was thrown into prison, on the ground of ill-treating his daughter, at the instance of Lord Compton (afterwards Earl of Northampton), who wished to marry that lady but could not get her father's consent. This ruse failing, the ardent peer contrived to smuggle the object of his desire from her father's house in a bread basket, and marry her; but the marriage portion was withheld. The result was that when Sir John at length died and his daughter became his heiress, Lord Compton, in excess of joy under realization, went out of his mind.

In Cromwellian relics the Museum is rich. Here are his gun; his death mask, revealing a vast face with the famous wart over the right eye; a bronze bust of him with the wart carefully eliminated; a marble bust with the wart *in situ*; his Bible and his watch. Close by is a shirt worn by Richard Brandon, who beheaded Charles I.

That this Brandon, who had succeeded his father as public executioner, really performed the office is now accepted, but for a while one Hewlett was thought guilty, and in 1660, when the pendulum had swung back, he was even condemned to death for the offence. Brandon executed not only the King, but earlier Laud and Strafford. He received for beheading Charles thirty pounds, all paid in half-crowns within half an hour of the deed. He also was given an orange stick full of cloves and a handkerchief from His Majesty's pocket.

In justice to Brandon, it must be said that he came to the task very unwillingly: in fact, he had to be fetched by force; and he was so much the victim of remorse that he died in the same year, not, however, until he had dispatched the Earl of Holland (the first owner of Holland House), the Duke of Hamilton, and Lord Capel, with the same axe.

After passing cases of Chelsea porcelain, Bow porcelain and Battersea enamel (why does not London any more make charming things like this?), we reach the pictures, not all of which are strictly Londonian but are mostly of great interest. In the middle of the room is a Georgian dolls' house so minutely solicitous as to the requirements of its occupants as to supply a punch bowl and glasses.

For most visitors the most popular room is the large gallery in which the late E. A. Abbey's collection of costumes and those brought together by Sir Seymour Lucas are to be seen and copied and coveted. They range from Stuart days to

Victorian, and a little Dolly Varden bonnet is by no means the least desirable thing among them. The Georgian dinner party in the glass apartment at the end would be the better if heads had been supplied to the revellers. Could not a few pounds be set aside for a wax modeller? In another case is a collection of Victorian jewellery presented by that generous friend of the Museum, Mr. J. G. Joicey (but for whose munificence it would be almost as poor as the Guildhall Gallery without Mr. Gassiot), which again causes one to marvel at the wave of execrable taste that overwhelmed this country in the middle of the last century. Have the reasons for it ever been rightly explained? These jewels are an object lesson indeed. Who was to blame? Who suddenly decided that the slender elegance of Chippendale and Heppelwhite was bad form, and that jewels were of no account unless surrounded by gold ramparts burnishing like Tottenham Court Road bedsteads? Was it all the fault of Albert the Good?

From ordinary costume we pass to royal costume, —since Buckingham Palace is in London,—on the way noticing one or two famous histrionic robes, such as Wolsey's as worn by Phelps, and a case of dolls dressed by Queen Victoria as a child. Some of the royal garments are so recent as almost to give one a shock, one in particular uncannily suggesting its late wearer. In the cases are various royal relics, including the Duke of Kent's medicine chest, and a sumptuous umbrella, or more probably sunshade, in blue and gold, belonging to George IV. Some painter of fantastic imagination—say Mr. Pryde—

should give us the First Gentleman of Europe conserving his complexion beneath this gorgeous canopy.

The basement is of sterner stuff. Here are prison cells with models of felons and their original pathetic or scornful writings on the wall; here is a dreadful door from Newgate; here are broadsides upon murderers, last confessions and Catnach ballads. A hansom cab makes one feel old; a high bicycle makes one feel prehistoric. A row of Highlanders from tobacconists' shops recall a past that might still be a present, for why should they be obsolete? A few, however, are still to be found in their true place, and there is one in a tobacconist's in Kingsway that I often glance at. Hereabouts too are a number of signs from ancient places of business; and that signboards need never have gone out is now being very agreeably demonstrated by a firm of lamp-makers in Hanover Street, whose good taste ought to re-set the fashion. The Duke of Wellington's post-chaise is also on this alluring basement floor, and here is a Roman galley from the bottom of the Thames, still in fair preservation. An old inn parlour has furthermore been reconstructed, to revivify our ancestors' tavern joys; but here again the art of Tussaud might well have been invited, for the roysterer who is to drink, and the serving-girl who waits upon him, equally lack a head.

Finally, I must mention the bow window with small panes, till lately the front of a toy shop in Holborn, which has been brought bodily here. This is one of the most genuine London exhibits

and by no means the least interesting. Incidentally it shows that there has been no real advance whatever in toy-making; rather the reverse. In the old days the devisers of toys were rightly intent upon detail; their excellent idea, based on sound principles of juvenile psychology, was that a child wanted real things but wanted them in miniature.

The most popular part of the basement is the narrow passage on each side of which are models of old London, made with the skill that seems to belong naturally to all exponents of this pleasant hobby. The subjects include Bankside with its Shakespearean theatres and a frost fair on the ice of the Thames. Why does the Thames freeze no more? Why is everything amusing a thing of the past? Another and very fascinating model is that of Old London Bridge. Others are the Fire of London with old St. Paul's in flames and a realistic effect of smoke; Cheapside in 1580, showing a cross at the corner of Wood Street, where later Poor Susan was to reconstruct her native countryside; the Fleet River, that mysterious stream of which, in spite alike of models, pictures and maps, it is so difficult to get a definite idea; the Royal Exchange in 1600; Charing Cross in 1620, with a pillory in view; and old St. Paul's, that fine cruciform church whose beauty was, I always feel, so much greater than its substitute's.

Another model, but this time built up and not of cardboard, represents a fair in St. James's Park on August 3, 1814, to celebrate the glorious peace. Something of this kind must happen again. . . .

Coming away from Stafford House one has the feeling that London could do with more museums, each specializing in its own branch. Stafford House touches a myriad subjects so lightly; it exhausts none. Moreover, one finds elsewhere so many things that should be here, and one finds here so many things that might with advantage to the student be elsewhere. There are, to give an example, three or four pictures at the Guildhall that ought to be at Stafford House—a Daniel Turner, clearly one of a series of which Stafford House has several, and a painting of the burning of Drury Lane Theatre in 1809. And then, what does a bust of James Thomson, the poet, in a London museum? He was no conspicuous Londoner, and his best-known poem is of the country. A bust of that later James Thomson who wrote "The City of Dreadful Night" would be fitting enough. And there is that later poet still, and, in spite of calamity, far happier and greater—Francis Thompson, whom fate transformed to a Londoner and who could write thus wonderfully and ecstatically of his second home, which had not been too kind to him:

"The angels keep their ancient places;—
Turn but a stone and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Genesareth, but Thames."

A bust of the poet who wrote those lines would be more fitting here than that of the author of *The Seasons.*

CHAPTER XIII

THE CIRCUS

Modern taste in amusement—Feats of strength and skill—A good time coming—The great London circuses—"The Flemish Hercules"—An infant phenomenon—Andrew Ducrow's career—The Henglers—A florid tomb—Kensal Green—The illustrious dead — An immortal counsel — Philip Astley — "The Spanish Horse" — A war worker — The Prince's recognition — A great trainer—A water pageant

LONDON has to-day no circus, and the recent fashion for revue has cut off from the variety theatres nearly every acrobat, juggler and "strong man." A few trick-cyclists remain, but for the most part singers, chorus-girls and low comedians hold the stage and seem likely to hold it. A reaction may set in, but it is hardly in sight; and the standard of criticism on the part of the public, never high,—hissing, for example, has been voted bad form for years,—has sunk during the War to zero or below it, so that anything has of late been tolerated and even applauded.

This is a pity, for the spectacle of highly-trained muscle and eye was always interesting and it made for public health; which is more than can be said of certain present-day popular forms of entertainment. With the circus it would naturally come back, and I for one deplore the absence of the magic

ring, and indeed marvel at it in a city so vast as ours, with so many tastes to please and so many children to amuse. For whatever may be the thrill which the theatre can impart to a child, it is as nothing compared with the excitement of being in a circus.

Since what man has done man will do, and what man has enjoyed man will enjoy, one may look confidently to the day when a permanent circus will again be established in London, as well patronized as any of the old ones, from the days of Astley and Ducrow to Hengler, or as Sanger's travelling shows still are in the more fortunate provinces. If Paris can maintain two circuses why should not London support one?

The line of descent among the great London circus-proprietors is very direct. Philip Astley (1742–1814) was the first, and he was succeeded by one of his best performers, Andrew Ducrow (1793–1842), while Frederick Charles Hengler (1820–1887), who built the last London circus to hold out, was the son of a tight-rope dancer to whom Ducrow taught his glorious business.

To the great Astley we will turn later, by way of crescendo, even though he is earliest in point of time. Ducrow, born in Southwark, was the son of a Belgian "strong man," who could lift with his teeth a table on which four or five of his children were seated; while lying on his back it was nothing to him to support on his hands and feet a platform bearing eighteen Grenadiers. Is it any wonder that Astley, engaging the father for his circus, billed him as "The Flemish Hercules"? At three years

of age young Ducrow began to be a Hercules too, and then, in the fine thorough versatile way of circus performers, proceeded to master all the other branches of the profession—acrobatics, vaulting, riding, tight-rope walking, contortionism, and possibly even humour, although the clown of the family was his brother John—so that when only seven he was fit to perform before the King, George III.

At the age of fifteen the boy Ducrow was taking £10 a week from Astley as chief horseman and tight-rope dancer, and five years later he became his own manager, at the Royal Circus, Blackfriars Road, where the Surrey Theatre now stands. After a successful tour in Belgium and France, he settled down in London as the joint-proprietor of Astley's amphitheatre, and in his maturer years he was so popular with William IV that he fitted up a private circus ring for him in the Dome at Brighton. In 1841 his Amphitheatre was destroyed by that great enemy of circuses, fire, and he never rallied from the blow, dying in 1842, and being followed to Kensal Green by half London.

Among Ducrow's assistants was a tight-rope dancer named Henry Hengler, who had three sons to whom he passed on the mysteries of the circus craft. All of these developed circuses in various parts of England, Scotland and Ireland, and in 1871 Frederick Charles, the most energetic of them, built a circus in Argyle Street, which remained open until quite recent times. The Palladium Music Hall now stands on the site.

Reverting for a moment to Ducrow, before we turn to his great predecessor, discoverer and em-

MISS RIDGE

AFTER THE PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS IN THE TENNANT GALLERY

ployer, Philip Astley, I might say that for a long time his mausoleum was one of the sights of Kensal Green cemetery. Designed under his own supervision, the structure is pseudo-Egyptian in form, with guardian sphinxes. An owl broods over all, and a riot of broken columns and fallen capitols symbolizes mortality. The epitaph says that Ducrow's death "deprived the arts and sciences of an eminent professor and liberal patron." And so it did.

Ducrow being one of the earliest of the notable men to be laid here, his tomb remained for long a spectacle; but it is now overshadowed. Many are the imposing habitations of the dead; but there is nothing here, amid all this exuberance of stone, that so impresses the eye and the imagination as those plain, massive, majestic sarcophagi of the Rothschilds in the Jewish cemetery at Willesden.

After the order and legibility of Père-la-Chaise, Kensal Green is rather a shock. It is a forlorn necropolis indeed, and nothing is done to assist the pious pilgrim. The gate-keeper, it is true, lends a numbered chart, but never have I been at the capricious mercy of so incompetent a document. Better perhaps to wander idly among the tombs and trust to chance for the trend of one's Harveyan meditations. My own peregrinations in this way brought me to the graves of John Smeaton, the engineer; C. R. Leslie, the painter; William Mulready, lying beneath a recumbent effigy of himself, more like a bishop than an artist; John Cam Hobhouse, Byron's friend; John St. John Long, the notorious patent-medicine-man, who invented a remedy to cure consumption, but refusing to take it

himself when threatened by that complaint, died at the early age of thirty-six; George Cruikshank, the satirical draughtsman; George Birkbeck, the founder of mechanics' institutes; Richard Valpy, the famous schoolmaster, and members of his family, all of whom were bent upon getting the classics into the British schoolboy; the Princess Sophia, fifth daughter and fourteenth child of George III (1777–1848); her brother, the Duke of Sussex (1773–1843), who preferred to be buried here rather than at Windsor with the rest of the Royal Family; Jean François Gravelet Blondin, the tight-rope walker; and Allan Gibson Steel, who bowled better than any amateur of his day.—Such was my harvest.

What, however, I should also have seen had there been a lucid map, was the grave of Thomas Hood, the grave of Thackeray, and the grave of Anthony Trollope. But I could not find them.

Ducrow, as we have seen, was a man of parts, and Hengler had enterprise; but the great Astley was more than that—he was a character and the author of one of the immortal English sayings. After a recent visit to the House of Commons, I have come again to the conclusion that few of the sententiæ of the world have more virtue than this, his growled command to his stage manager, "Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses." There is hardly a moment of the day when this rule of life could not profitably be remembered. Every child should work it on a sampler and read it on his mug; copy-books should prefer it to the usual run of more arguable maxims; patriotic plutocrats should pay for its insertion at the top of *The Times*' personal column;

and wherever there is an empty space on hoarding or wall, in omnibuses or tubes, it should be emblazoned in letters of gold. In all French railway carriages during the War the passengers were warned to be silent and suspicious, for the ears of the enemy were everywhere; so that "*Taisez-vous! méfiez-vous!*" became a catch-phrase in that country where catch-phrases have ever prospered. Astley's deathless sentence should be equally popular here, for never was the recognition of its importance more necessary. "Cut the cackle and come to the 'osses."

To Newcastle-under-Lyme belongs the honour of Philip Astley's birth, in 1742, his father being a cabinet-maker there. At the age, however, of seventeen (which would horrify some of our head-masters, however much it pleased others) the boy turned his back on chisel and plane and enlisted in General Elliott's Light Horse, became remarkable as a rough-rider and breaker-in, and so distinguished himself at the battles of Ensdorf and Friedberg that his general presented him with a favourite charger. With this noble companion, known as "The Spanish Horse," Astley toured England, to exhibit the tricks that he had taught him, which comprised unsaddling himself, washing his feet, removing a boiling kettle from a flaming fire, and impersonating a waiter at a tavern.

Never had a man a better friend. "The Spanish Horse" (to anticipate a little) remained in Astley's service for forty-two years, and, on passing to Astley's successor at the Royal Amphitheatre, was carefully tended, two quartern loaves a day being provided for a toothless mouth that could no longer

manage corn; and when death at last came, his hide (in order to perpetuate his memory) was tanned and made into a thunder drum for the prompt side of the theatre. I wonder if it exists still. Why is there no museum of such old theatrical relics?

From touring, Astley turned to circus and theatre management in London. His first circus was at the Lambeth end of Westminster Bridge, which grew from humble unroofed beginnings into the Royal Grove Amphitheatre. With various ups and downs of fortune, he continued in this business to the end, both in London and Paris (where he established the cirque known afterwards as Franconi's), though on the breaking out of the French Revolution he again joined the Army, under the Duke of York, and not only fought but was invaluable as a horse-transport officer. He behaved also in a way that marks him out especially as a forerunner of present-day methods, for he was thoughtful as to supplies of clothing and other comforts to the troops. In the words of one who knew him: "When he left this country he took with him a very large strong chest, with bits of broad-cloth, thread, needles, leather, bristles, wax, in fact everything useful in camp in that way; besides five hundred flannel jackets, and at the corner of each of them was sewed in a shilling, that in case they [the soldiers] should be in want of money for refreshment they would know where they might find a 'friend in need.' Previous to its being got together, like a good tactician he called his company to the theatre and asked them what they would yield as contents for the chest? The ladies

instantly offered their services in making the jackets, which was received very good-naturedly."

After this campaign he came back to a new Royal Amphitheatre, on the site of the Lyceum Theatre, in time to dress in the Windsor uniform and sit his horse at the door of his establishment when the King and Duke of York rode by in triumphant procession. The Duke and Mr. Astley saluting each other, "the King was pleased to say to his son, 'Who is that, Frederick?' to which His Royal Highness immediately replied, 'Mr. Astley, Sir, one of our good friends, a veteran, one that fought in the German War.' Upon this the King turned towards Mr. Astley and made a most courteous assent to him." The incident, the chronicler continues, was "a theme of exultation to Mr. Astley, and it was constant in his remembrance for a long while."

Astley's houses of entertainment were famous not only for horses but for the gigantic spectacles which he devised and elaborated. Among his inventions I rather fancy that "real water" has to be included. In his circuses he reigned supreme, a vain and choleric martinet, who was, however, beloved by his employees. In all his adversity—and through fire alone he had more than his share—he remained steadfastly honest. His name throughout England became synonymous with whatever was most daring and exciting in horsemanship. Not only the best showman, but the best horse-tamer of his time, he never gave more than five pounds for a horse, nor did he care what colour, shape or make it was: temper was his only consideration. But when he

had done with the horse fifty pounds probably could not buy it.

A contemporary account of the great man by one of his company, from which I have already quoted, calls him "very facetious and liberal." It adds that "he was obstinate at times and would not give up his opinion to anyone, but very forgiving the moment after." He was inclined (like so many autocrats) to be a little deaf now and then. Riding was naturally—since he was a circus genius—not his only accomplishment. "One day, for a considerable wager, he floated on his back in the Thames, from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars, with a flag erect in each hand." Brave times! Theatrical managers never do these sporting things nowadays.

Philip Astley died in Paris in 1814, and was buried in Père-la-Chaise. His son, "Young Astley," who had long assisted and then succeeded him, lived only for seven years after, and Père-la-Chaise guards his dust too.

The great Astley built altogether nineteen amphitheatres; and what the old fellow's ghost can think when he visits London now and finds not a single circus for all her millions, who shall say? 'Twixt revue and revue no room for a charger to put even his nose in! Could his reflection be other than that in cutting the 'osses to come to the cackle we have not changed for the better?

CHAPTER XIV

THE STATUES OF LONDON

V. Miscellaneous

William Pitt—The University of London—Sages in stone—A ducal agriculturist—Charles James Fox—Captain Coram and the Foundlings—King George and Saint George—Pinnacled figures—Reminders of Athens—The Father of Reform—Mrs. Siddons—Paddington Church and its dead—St. Mary Le Bone and its dead—Hogarth relics—A noble sportsman—From racing to politics—Sir Thomas Clayton—Chelsea memorials—Thomas Guy, miser and philanthropist

IN previous chapters I have shown how far the statues of London can be visited on any definite plan. There are many others, but they are scattered. I now enumerate all or most of these, but in no particular order.

In Piccadilly Circus is Alfred Gilbert's memorial fountain to Lord Shaftesbury, the philanthropist, with its charming Cupid on the top.

In Golden Square is a statue of George II dressed as a Roman.

In Hanover Square is a statue of William Pitt by Chantrey. Although Pitt died in 1806, it was not until 1831 that this statue was erected. A party opposed to the policy and achievements of that great man even then tried to pull it down. This

has been called the best statue in London. It is certainly fine, but I personally should bracket with it for excellence the Gordon in Trafalgar Square, the Henry Irving in Charing Cross Road, and the Beaconsfield in Parliament Square.

Such incidental busts as those, for example, upon the façades of the National Portrait Gallery and the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours I have disregarded; but the full-length statues at the London University come perhaps within our scheme. They also cover a wide field of human learning and achievement. On the façade of this building, in Burlington Gardens, are, on the top, beginning at the left, Galileo, La Place and Goethe. Then, in the middle, Galen, Cicero, Aristotle, Plato, Archimedes and Justinian. Then, on the right, David Hume, John Hunter and Sir Humphry Davy; but all are so high that they have no significance as portraits.

In the middle, on a lower level, are Sir Isaac Newton, Jeremy Bentham (whom we are to meet later under very peculiar circumstances), Milton and Harvey. In lower niches to the left and right of the façade are Cuvier, Liebnitz, Linnæus, Locke, Bacon and Adam Smith.

In Russell Square is a statue of one of the great family which owns the property hereabouts—Francis, the fifth Duke of Bedford (1765–1802). This Duke, who never married, succeeded in 1771, and took to politics as a Whig and Foxite. He was the "Noble Lord" to whom Burke wrote the open letter in defence of his pension, which the Duke had opposed, and in which the scorn levelled at the House of Russell for its participation in royal grants was

EUSTON STATION, MAIN ENTRANCE

blistering. "Everything of him and about him," said Burke, "is from the throne." It was this Duke who demolished Bedford House in Bloomsbury, which Inigo Jones had built, in order that Russell Square and Bedford Square might come into being. His tastes were in agriculture, and he spent huge sums at Woburn in the improvement of stock and the encouragement of husbandry. Hence the symbolism of this statue, which sets one of his hands on a plough and in the other places ears of corn. The attendant children represent the four seasons, and there are bas-reliefs in honour of rural occupations.

In Bloomsbury Square, almost within hailing distance, is the Duke's political leader, Charles James Fox, erected in 1816. The great Whig is seated, and his right hand holds Magna Charta. He is dressed like a Roman senator.

Opposite the Foundling Hospital, at the end of Lamb's Conduit, is a statue of Captain Thomas Coram (1668–1751), the sturdy philanthropist who, after some years spent in building ships and in sailing ships and in studying emigration and the American plantations, walking one day in the city of London was struck by the number of infants exposed in the streets in a dying condition. Thereupon he decided that something must be done for them, and, after seventeen years' agitation, he interested sufficient persons to obtain a charter for a Foundling Hospital. The first refuge for these undesired castaways was in Hatton Garden; then, in 1742, the present building was begun. Later in life the Captain, coming upon difficulties, was the re-

cipient of charity, which he accepted without any loss of his fine independence, saying that since he had never wasted his money in self-indulgence he was not ashamed to be poor.

In South Square, Gray's Inn, is a statue of Bacon.

On the summit of the tower of St. George's Church, in Hart Street, is a statue of George I. By what freak of folly it was possible to set a Hanoverian where a saint should be, no one can understand; but leave having been obtained, a brewer M.P. named William Hucks hastened to provide the money, and the King went up.

The architect of St. George's Church, a pupil and assistant of Wren, named Nicholas Hawksmoor (1661–1736), succeeded Gibbs as the superintendent of the fifty new churches which were commissioned at the close of Anne's reign, and he designed five or six himself. St. Mary Woolnoth is considered his best, while St. George's is certainly his most striking. The steeple was intended to reproduce Pliny's description of the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, where King Mausolus was buried.

Another church in this neighbourhood I might mention here as having also an ancient origin—St. Pancras in the Euston Road, the exterior of which is an adaptation of the Ionic Temple of the Erectheion or the Acropolis at Athens, while the tower is modelled from the Temple of the Winds, also in Athens. The building with the caryatides, at the side, is borrowed from the Pandroseion at Athens. Thus do the faiths ancient and modern touch hands.

In Euston Square is a statue of Robert Stephenson (1803–1859), the engineer. In the station itself, of whose impressive portico Mr. Livens has made a picture, is the greater Stephenson, George, the father of the steam horse, and therefore destroyer of the Tantivy Trot, for which I find it hard to forgive him. At the south end of High Street, Camden Town, on the site of the turnpike gate, is a statue of Richard Cobden (1804–1865), the Free Trader. The principal subscriber to the fund for this memorial was Napoleon III.

In Burton Crescent, Somers Town, is a statue of Major John Cartwright (1740–1824), who died in the contiguous house. Cartwright, who, after being in the Navy, became a Major in the Militia, was an energetic, far-sighted man in advance of his time. He urged upon the country better home defence and a stronger Navy, and was called the Father of Reform from his activities to improve the political representation of the people. He was privately a friend of man too: on four occasions saving lives from drowning, at the risk of his own.

In Park Crescent, Portland Place, is a statue of the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria.

In the centre of Paddington Green is a seated statue not of Pretty Polly Perkins but of Mrs. Siddons (1755–1831), whose grave is in the vast cemetery behind the church. Most of the graves have been removed, as is the case also in the great God's Acre off the Bayswater Road; but that of the famous actress remains. This church, one of the many St. Marys that London owns, is a quaint

little building, enisled amid traffic. Dating only from 1791, it has many tablets to eminent persons, not a few of them artists. Old Nollekens, the sculptor and miser, lies here; William Collins, the painter of the pretty scenes of rural life which we saw at the Guildhall; B. R. Haydon, the luckless, whose ambition so far transcended his powers; Schiavonetti, the engraver; and Michael Bryan, who was the painters' and engravers' biographer. Curran was buried here in 1817, but his remains were carried to Dublin in 1840. Hogarth was married in the church which preceded the present one.

We find another Hogarthian relic at the finer white stone church of St. Mary Le Bone in the Marylebone Road, close to Dickens's Devonshire Terrace house; for on one of the gallery pews are the remains of an inscription which is to be read also in the fifth scene of "The Rake's Progress," where the Rake marries the wealthy old maid. In those days, early in the eighteenth century, this church was sufficiently far from London to be a kind of convenient Gretna Green. The present building is a new one, dating from 1741, and in its burial-ground were many artists also laid: Allan Ramsay, the portrait painter; Francis Wheatley, who designed the famous "London Cries," which now, in their engraved form, fetch such vast sums at Christie's; George Stubbs, who studied and painted horses as none since has done. And here Sheridan was married to the lovely Maria Linley; here Lord Byron was baptized.

I might mention that St. Mary Le Bone is not, as some have thought, a corruption of La Bonne, but

it has reference to the Bourne, the stream also called the Tybourn, which once flowed here.

In Cavendish Square is a statue of Lord George Bentinck (1802–1848), son of the fourth Duke of Portland, on whose estate the square is situated. Lord William George Frederick Cavendish Bentinck, to give him his full name, was also nephew, by marriage, of Canning. He was proficient at all sports, but the passion of his life was racing. The Derby never fell to him, but his mare Crucifix in 1840 won the Oaks, the Thousand Guineas and the Two Thousand Guineas. It nearly broke his heart when a colt out of Crucifix, under other colours, won the Blue Ribbon. Lord George not only raced, but worked zealously to reform the race-course, and undoubtedly did much towards that improbable end. He once fought a duel with Squire Osbaldeston, whom we meet in the chapter on Lord's, over a bet. Lord George, firing first and missing, remarked, "It's now 2 to 1 in your favour." "The bet's off," said the Squire, and discharged his pistol into the air. In 1845 Lord George, suddenly becoming serious, took to politics against Free Trade. To the end of his short life he remained a vigorous Protectionist. Disraeli wrote his biography.

At the head of Regent Street is a statue of Quintin Hogg (1845–1903), who founded the adjacent Polytechnic.

At Knightsbridge is an equestrian statue of Hugh Henry, Lord Strathnairn (1801–1885), one of the heroes of the Indian Mutiny.

Outside the Brompton Oratory is a statue of Cardinal Newman (1801–1890).

Opposite the Westminster City Schools in Palace Street is a statue of Sir Sydney Hedley Waterlow (1822–1906), who was chairman of the Board of Governors. Another statue of Sir Sydney is in Waterlow Park, Highgate, which he presented to London.

At St. Thomas's Hospital are statues of Edward VI and of Sir Robert Clayton (1629–1707), a city merchant and Lord Mayor, who helped to rebuild the Hospital and left it a handsome legacy. He was also a patron of Christ's Hospital.

At the London Hospital is a statue of Queen Alexandra.

Outside the Tate Gallery at Millbank is a statue of the painter Sir John Everett Millais, P.R.A. In the garden of the Brixton Library is a bronze bust of Sir Henry Tate (1819–1899), who presented the Tate Gallery to the nation.

On the Chelsea Embankment there are three memorials. One is a statue of Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881) near his house in Cheyne Row; while on the house itself, No. 24, is a medallion of him. One commemorates the officers and men of the 6th Dragoon Guards who fell in South Africa; and the third is a drinking fountain in honour of Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882), the artist and poet, who lived in the opposite house for many years. In the Chelsea Physic Gardens is a statue of Sir Hans Sloane (1660–1753).

At Guy's Hospital, in the courtyard in Lant Street, is a statue of Thomas Guy (1644–1724), the founder. It is a common error to think of Guy as a physician; on the contrary, he was a bookseller.

CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN

AFTER THE RELIEF BY J. FLAXMAN AT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

He made his fortune chiefly by the sale of the Bible, and increased it with more shrewdness than that book might have sanctioned. Notoriously niggardly, he is said to have cancelled his design of marrying his servant girl because, after he had given her directions as to the repair of the pavement before his shop, "she thoughtlessly desired the paviors to extend their operations beyond the stone he had marked." Terrified of what might happen with such a spendthrift as a helpmeet, he prudently remained single, or wedded only to his wealth.

Fortunately, however, Guy was philanthropically bent. For many years he maintained some almshouses at Tamworth, where his childhood was spent, and in 1701 he gave the place a Town Hall; while he was also kind in a private capacity to many deserving persons. In 1704 he began to be interested in St. Thomas's Hospital, which in those days was not opposite the Houses of Parliament but at Southwark, and it was the realization of how many more sick people existed in the neighbourhood than could be relieved by this institution that led him to found a separate but adjacent one. The sale of his South Sea stock at an enormous profit provided the funds, and in 1721 he began his operations and Guy's Hospital gradually arose. His fortune, at his death, turned out to be immense, sufficient not only to endow this Hospital with £200,000, but also to assist other charities, to leave ninety cousins about a thousand pounds apiece, and to make numerous persons not related to him happy, at any rate momentarily.

Finally, let me note there is a statue of Col. Samuel Bourne Bevington (1832–1907), first Mayor of Bermondsey, almost opposite St. Olave's School, one of the most charming of London's modern red brick buildings, at the south end of the Tower Bridge.

No doubt I have omitted some memorials, and of course others are always in course of erection. In new editions of this book these will be added.

CHAPTER XV

SERMONS IN STONES

The Geological Museum — A house of few visitors — When England was a zoo—The romance of geology—Treasures beneath the foot—Matlock spar—A Jurassic thrill—Serpentine workers—The lovely Cuillin Hills—Nuggets and jewels—The solar system

HOW many times I have walked along Jermyn Street and passed the portals of the Geological Museum, I cannot say. Thousands, for certain. And now, for the first time, I have entered them, not because I am geologically bent, and not (which is, I am told, one of the chief uses of the building) to meet a lady in a quiet spot; but solely from a sense of duty to readers of this book. In, as I say, I went, and in a few minutes I knew more about the stratifications of Great Britain than I had ever thought possible, and, wandering without method and unembarrassed by even a little knowledge of the science to which this temple is dedicated, I was wholly entertained.

But what a curious place! I was the only visitor. There were no assignators; no gay or morose deceivers; no ladies in thick veils fittingly discovering here that in place of a heart the man had (like all men) a stone; nothing but dejected attendants, two or three workmen, and a brace of portly

members of the constabulary force. A confirmed pessimist had taken away my stick lest I should do damage with it, but I was conscious that the eyes of the law were none the less on me all the time. As innocent as a war baby, I yet felt a guilty rash creeping over me. So it is to be alone in a geological museum in spy-time and look unlike a geologist.

No museum, I hold, can be uninteresting, and the Geological Museum is more interesting than many. The galleries of the spacious light top room are fascinating, for they contain fossils from English soil by the aid of which one can repopulate our island with strange creatures no longer in existence. As an example I will mention the remains of a hippopotamus found at Barrington, Cambridge; and not a member of a travelling menagerie, either, but a genuine denizen of the neighbourhood æons ago, before trunks had fallen from horses' noses. Near by, from Kentish ground, is a prehistoric Briton's skull so flat as to make it certain that Mr. Hall Caine is at any rate of a later formation. Geologists, you see, have more fun than we others. All that we do is to walk about upon the surface of the earth, on roads and paths and meadows. But they dig or chip, compelling the clay and the rock to tell them secrets and reveal the past. They are the resurrection-men of genius; and busts of them are to be seen in Jermyn Street by the score: venerable and gifted men with beards and impressive names. They do not look as if their lives were one long romance and thrill; but so it was, none the less, any moment being capable of yielding a treasure.

In the old fable, whenever Antæus, the son of the earth, fell, and thus touched his mother, he gained strength; so that in a wrestling match his antagonist, perceiving this, held him high until he was exhausted. I think of these geologists as each an Antæus. Could one of them ever bring himself to aviate? Surely not.

One of the first thoughts to strike the visitor concerns the unexpected riches of our own country. One has naturally come to suppose that anything in a museum that is beautiful or gloriously coloured must come from a foreign land. That is the general rule. But here are delicate quartzes and prismatic stones, transparent or opaque, all in their own way mysteriously beautiful, whether purple fluorites or agates or stalbites, and all English: all found in our own unromantic country. Ordinarily, it is understood, beauty and romance begin at Calais, Boulogne or Dieppe, but here it is proved that the visitor to Matlock, for instance, if he only knew it, always has his feet just above exquisite treasure. Matlock seems to be builded upon subterranean loveliness. This museum, indeed, makes England a new place. Five or six summers ago I was cruising about Poole Harbour, bathing in Studland Bay, rambling about Corfe Castle, and never thinking of what was below. But a model of the Isle of Purbeck, here in Jermyn Street, shows me that all the time there were beneath me not merely peat and moss and macadam, but tertiary rocks, or upper cretaceous rocks, or lower cretaceous rocks, or even jurassic rocks. Exciting thought! Never before have I associated my own life with anything jurassic.

Again, not very long ago I was looking into the windows of serpentine workers all about the Land's End and the Lizard, and wondering how they got their living, and if one was any better than another, and why they all so punctiliously made exactly the same things; and here, in Jermyn Street, I found a case filled with specimens of all the serpentines there are, except the one in Hyde Park. In another case are samples of the stones and sand and gravel and pebbles to be found under St. Paul's, that threatened fane, and not far away is the head of a stone prophet from the edifice itself, all weather-worn into furrows of thoughtfulness and despair, placed here to instruct the student as to the detrimental effects of London's soot and wind and rain upon ecclesiastical sculpture.

In another place I found a delightful patchwork of rainbow tints, which anywhere else would represent the more picturesque internal regions of the human frame to illustrate a medical treatise, but is here the Island of Skye, with all its varied formations beyond mistake; and the beautiful Cuillin Hills, which I saw not so long ago from one of David MacBrayne's steamers, on my way to Harris, are here all kinds of hues, according to their stratification. Hitherto I have thought of Skye as a fairy island, with a hotel in it where a most admirable whisky is to be obtained and a very needful night's rest; but henceforward I shall see it also as a marvellous assemblage of rocks and soils.

What else do I remember? I remember a model of the Welcome nugget from Ballarat, valued with intense precision at £8376. 10s. 10d., and who

would have thought there could be ten pennyworth of gold? I remember dazzling jewels in cases N and O: here frostily ticketed, and destined, I suppose, unless they should be looted, never to repose on warm bosoms or to grace slender fingers or depend from pretty ears; and I remember a series of little glass cases, placed apparently capriciously, but really with most thoughtful precision, here and there by the railings of the top gallery, to illustrate the bewildering and indeed ungraspable immensity of the solar system. By means of pins' heads of varying sizes, to the scale of one foot to a million miles (nothing more difficult to realize than that!) and a gilt globe the size of a football at the far end of the room, the visitor is playfully put in possession of a fit of cosmic dizziness, and reminded more forcibly than usual that this planet on which we fret our little lives away for seventy years or so is not precisely all.

CHAPTER XVI

THE ADELPHI AND JAMES BARRY

The Society of Arts—An Irish painter—Mural allegories—"The Death of Wolfe"—Dr. Burney and the Thames—Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Montagu—A scene in the Elysian Fields—International immortals—Hanway's impulse—Barry at work—Barry at play—A firebrand at the Academy—Dr. Monro and his artists—Garrick's house—Boswell at his happiest—Dr. Johnson at his best—The Adelphi to-day

THE most imposing of the original Adelphi houses that still remain is that of the Society of Arts in John Street; and into this we will wander, for here are Barry's mural decorations which once were the wonder of London. The Society, I should say, was founded in 1754 to encourage the Arts, Manufactures and Commerce of Great Britain. At first its offices were in Crane Court; and then later, after two or three removals, it came, in 1774, to this house, built by the brothers Adam.

James Barry was born in Cork in 1741. He was discovered and brought from Ireland by Edmund Burke, who introduced him to Reynolds. Both these great men did what they could for him; but being of unruly disposition, always trailing his coat and spoiling for a fight, Barry was a difficult man to help. On returning from Rome, whither his two

friends sent him to study, he painted with great vigour and uttered his opinions with greater; and it was by sheer force of determination and belief in himself (for after a while men who are persistent enough can be taken at their own valuation) that he induced the Society of Arts to permit him to cover the walls of this, their new, building in the Adelphi with a series of paintings in the manner of the Vatican. The task occupied six years; all London went to see it, and Barry, had he wished it and behaved accordingly, could have done anything. But he was born angular, and remained so.

The six pictures, which may be seen at this day by the courtesy of the Society, were (in the painter's own words, for he himself wrote an explanation and eulogy of them) designed to illustrate the truth that "the attainment of happiness, individual as well as public, depends on the development, proper cultivation and perfection of the human faculties physical and moral." How did Barry perform this task? He began with a representation of Orpheus with his lute reclaiming mankind from savagery. Orpheus, I may say, is nude. Barry was indeed so partial to the nude that, as a satire on Benjamin West's famous picture of the "Death of Wolfe," where every one is almost fashionably arrayed, he sent to the Academy a "Death of Wolfe" in which nobody had anything on at all.

The second picture shows us a Grecian harvest-home, in which we discern the processes of agriculture, or husbandry, the second stage in civilization.

The third picture is larger: "The Victors of Olympus." Here we see both brawn and brain in

the highest, for not only do athletes receive their prizes, but Pericles, painted by Barry to resemble the great Chatham, is a prominent figure, while the musician who accompanies the children as they chant one of the odes of Pindar, is Pindar himself. The figure at the base of the statue of Hercules is Mr. Barry.

Then comes the Thames picture, which, whatever the intention, is only comic. In the car, which Father Thames is driving or steering along himself, or at any rate upon the surface of his own river, are Drake, Raleigh, Cabot, and the circumnavigating Captain Cook, who was just in time to be included among them. The four figures represent the four continents. Actually in the water, among nereids and tritons appropriate enough to that element, is an elderly gentleman in the ordinary clothes of an elderly gentleman in London in the seventeen seventies: none other than the musician Dr. Burney. "The sportive appearance" of some of the nymphs is explained by Barry to be due, not to the presence of Dr. Burney among them, but to the artist's wish to give variety to the picture and "to show that an extensive commerce is sometimes found subversive of the foundations of virtue." Without this assistance no spectator might have thought so. The odd tower on the rock is explained by Barry to be "a naval pillar, mausoleum, observatory, and lighthouse, all of which are comprehended in the same structure." This "by a flight of imagination, no less classically happy than singularly original" (I am still quoting the artist's words), "the tritons or sea gods themselves appear to have erected as a com-

pliment to the first naval power." How necessary it is to be provided with a key when inspecting allegories, these pictures abundantly prove.

Allegory, however, has a breathing space in the next picture, which represents the Society of Arts in Barry's day and some of the recipients of their awards. The President is Lord Romney. Near him is that model of the virtues, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. The founder, Mr. Shipley, holds a manuscript; the secretary, Mr. More, holds a pen. In the centre is one of Dr. Johnson's blue-stockings, Mrs. Montagu, and the Doctor himself (who sat for this portrait but has left us nothing very illuminating about Barry) "seems to be," in the artist's phrase, "pointing out the example of Mrs. Montagu" to the attention of the Duchess of Rutland and the Duchess of Devonshire. The picture within the picture is not by Benjamin West or Sir Joshua or any of those other fellows, but is Barry's own "Fall of Lucifer," a work which, had he obtained his way, he would have contributed to the decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The next, another large picture, is a contrast with the preceding one. In that the Society made its earthly awards; in this the immortals are honoured in the Elysian Fields. I quote an analysis of this scene by Sir Henry Trueman Wood, a late secretary to the Society: "The first group on the left consists of Roger Bacon, Archimedes, Descartes, and Thales; behind them stand Sir Francis Bacon, Copernicus, Galileo, and Sir Isaac Newton; near these is Columbus with a chart of his voyage; and close to him Epaminondas with his shield, Socrates, Cato the

younger, the elder Brutus, and Sir Thomas More. Behind Brutus is William Molyneux, holding his book of the Case of Ireland; near Columbus are Lord Shaftesbury, John Locke, Zeno, Aristotle and Plato; and in the opening between this group and the next are Dr. William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and Robert Boyle. King Alfred is leaning on the shoulder of William Penn, who is showing his code of laws to Lycurgus; standing round them are Minos, Trajan, Antoninus, Peter the Great of Russia, Edward the Black Prince, Henry the Fourth of France, and Andrea Doria of Genoa. Then come patrons of genius, Lorenzo de Medici, Louis the Fourteenth, Alexander the Great, Charles the First, Colbert, Leo the Tenth, Francis the First, the Earl of Arundel, and the illustrious Monk Cassiodorus; behind the archangel are Pascal and Bishop Butler, behind whom again is Bossuet, his hand resting on the shoulder of Origen. Behind Francis the First and Lord Arundel are Hugo Grotius, Father Paul and Pope Adrian."

"Near the centre" (here the description from the Society's "Transactions" is followed), "towards the top of the picture, sits Homer; on his right hand Milton, next him Shakespeare, Spenser, Chaucer, and Sappho; behind her sits Alcæus, who is talking with Ossian; near him are Menander, Molière, Congreve, Bruma, Confucius, Mango Capac, etc. Next Homer, on the other side, is the Archbishop of Cambray, with Virgil leaning on his shoulder; and near them Tasso, Ariosto, and Dante. Behind Dante, Petrarch, Laura, Giovanni, and Boccaccio. In the second range of figures, over Edward the

BERKELEY SQUARE, EAST SIDE

Black Prince and Peter the Great, are Swift, Erasmus, and Cervantes; near them Pope, Dryden, Addison, and Richardson. Behind Dryden and Pope are Sterne, Gray, Goldsmith, Thomson, and Fielding; and near Richardson, Inigo Jones, Sir Christopher Wren and Vandyke. Next Vandyke is Rubens, with his hand on the shoulder of Le Seur; behind him is Le Brun; next are Giulio Romano, Domenichino, and Annibale Carrachi, who are in conversation with Phidias, behind whom is Giles Hussey. Nicolas Poussin and the Sicyonian maid are near them, with Callimachus and Pamphilus; near Apelles is Correggio; behind Raphael stand Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci; and behind them Ghiberti, Donatello, Massachio, Brunalleschi, Albert Dürer, Giotto, Cimabue, and Hogarth. In the other corner of the picture the artist has represented Tartarus, where, among cataracts of fire and clouds of smoke, two large hands are seen; one of them holding a fire-fork, the other pulling down a number of figures bound together by serpents, representing War, Gluttony, Extravagance, Detraction, Parsimony, and Ambition; and floating down the fiery gulph are Tyranny, Hypocrisy, and Cruelty, with their proper attributes."

It will be agreed that Barry spared no pains to be thorough.

The pictures being finished in 1784, the public was invited, and Barry became a lion. The Society generously gave him, in addition to his money, a bonus of £200 and the proceeds of the exhibition, which we know were not inconsiderable. Jonas Hanway, for example, who introduced the umbrella

into England, was so pleased with the pictures that he made up his sixpence or shilling entrance fee to a guinea. Barry was also allowed to etch the series, and his work in that way may be seen on the Society's staircase. It is rather harsh and suggests indifferent Blake, but it brought him in a certain additional revenue. The Society's housekeeper told Haydon, himself not the most amenable of men and painters, that Barry's violence while on his task was dreadful, his oaths horrid, and his temper like insanity. He sometimes arrived with his etching tools at five in the morning and remained till eleven at night. But when, she said, he was coaxed and in a good humour his conversation was sublime. There is also, to the credit side of Barry's account, a most agreeable description by Allan Cunningham of the painter as host in his lodging, and Burke as guest. "'Sir,' said Barry, 'you know I live alone; but if you will come and help me to eat a steak, I shall have it tender and hot from the most classic market in London—that of Oxford.' The day and the hour came, and Burke, arriving at No. 36 Castle Street, found Barry ready to receive him. The fire was burning brightly, the steak was put on to broil, and Barry, having spread a clean cloth on the table, put a pair of tongs in the hands of Burke, saying, 'Be useful, my dear friend, and look to the steak till I fetch the porter.' Burke did as he was desired; the painter soon returned with the porter in his hand, exclaiming, 'What a misfortune! the wind carried away the fine foaming top as I crossed Titchfield-street.' They sat down together; the steak was tender, and done to a moment. The

artist was full of anecdote, and Burke often declared that he never spent a happier evening in his life."

Barry, while still at work on his Society of Arts series, was appointed Professor of Painting at the Royal Academy; but he did not distinguish himself in that post, except as a critic of his fellow-painters, not excluding Sir Joshua, the President, himself. In fact, Barry was the kind of man who is always right, while others, and particularly those in his own profession, were always wrong: a type not yet extinct. His eccentricities were endless, even to placing on the table whenever he dined out a sum of money (never exceeding two shillings) to pay what he considered to be the price of the meal, so that he might thus flatter himself that he had retained his independence. Things came to such a pass in his growing hostility to other artists that when his lodgings were broken into and £400 were stolen, Barry posted a notice on his door stating that the theft was committed by the remaining thirty-nine R.A.s. His venom becoming unbearable, he was expelled from the Academy in 1799.

The unhappy man lived for only seven years more, unkempt and solitary, brooding on his wrongs, consumed with bitterness at the thought of successful rivals, and projecting various grandiose schemes of painting which never came to anything. He is described by Sir Martin Archer Shee as "a little ordinary man, not in the most graceful deshabille, a dirty shirt, without any cravat, his neck open, and a tolerable length of beard; his stockings, not of the purest white in the world, hanging about his

heels." As he grew older he retired farther and farther from human society. The Society of Arts remained his friend, not only calling a meeting at which £1000 was subscribed for him, but providing a place for his poor body to lie in state in after his miserable death. He was buried in St. Paul's.

At the foot of the stairs of the Society of Arts is the statue of a florid Meredithian figure named Dr. Joshua Ware, of whom I should like to know more.

The most beautiful house in the Adelphi is Alliance House in Adam Street, looking down John Street. The most famous house, now transformed into the Little Theatre, is that built for Mr. Coutts at the back of his bank in the Strand. Robert Street was arranged to lie as it does in order that Mr. Coutts, standing at his southern windows, might have a view over the river to the heights of Sydenham.

The Adelphi has had many illustrious inhabitants and frequenters; but what to my mind is the most interestingly haunted of its houses is unmarked by a tablet. This is No. 8 Adelphi Terrace, where Dr. Thomas Monro (1759–1833), that admirable physician, acted as host and patron to the more promising of the young water-colour artists of his day, and particularly the youthful Turner, the youthful Girtin (who, alas! did not live long enough to be more than youthful), and the ill-fated John Robert Cozens, that great water-colour pioneer. Hither also came Cotman, Peter de Wint and Varley, all welcomed by the Doctor and helped by him.

One Adelphi memory I feel cannot possibly be excluded from this book, since it involves several of the best of Londoners, makes No. 5 Adelphi Terrace a more vital spot, records one of the happiest days in Boswell's life, and shows Dr. Johnson at his best. No book on London can have too much about Johnson in it.

The day was Friday, April 20, 1781. Garrick was no more; but Mrs. Garrick still lived in the house where he had died two years earlier. Says Boswell: "On Friday, April 20, I spent with him one of the happiest days that I remember to have enjoyed in the whole course of my life. Mrs. Garrick, whose grief for the loss of her husband was, I believe, as sincere as wounded affection and admiration could produce, had this day, for the first time since his death, a select party of his friends to dine with her. The company was, Miss Hannah More, who lived with her, and whom she called her Chaplain; Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Burney, Dr. Johnson, and myself.

"We found ourselves very elegantly entertained at her house in the Adelphi, where I have passed many a pleasing hour with him 'who gladdened life.' She looked well, talked of her husband with complacency, and while she cast her eyes on his portrait, which hung over the chimney-piece, said, that 'death was now the most agreeable object to her.' The very semblance of David Garrick was cheering. Mr. Beauclerk, with happy propriety, inscribed under that fine portrait of him, which by Lady Diana's kindness is now the property of my

friend Mr. Langton, the following passage from his beloved Shakespeare:

> '. . . A merrier man,
> Within the limit of becoming mirth,
> I never spent an hour's talk withal.
> His eye begets occasion for his wit;
> For every object that the one doth catch
> The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
> Which his fair tongue (Conceit's expositor)
> Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
> That aged ears play truant at his tales,
> And younger hearings are quite ravished;
> So sweet and voluble is his discourse.'

We were all in fine spirits; and I whispered to Mrs. Boscawen, 'I believe this is as much as can be made of life.'

"In addition to a splendid entertainment, we were regaled with Lichfield ale, which had a peculiar appropriate value. Sir Joshua, and Dr. Burney, and I, drank cordially of it to Dr. Johnson's health; and though he would not join us, he as cordially answered, 'Gentlemen, I wish you all as well as you do me.'

"The general effect of this day dwells upon my mind in fond remembrance, but I do not find much conversation recorded. What I have preserved shall be faithfully given. One of the company mentioned Mr. Thomas Hollis, the strenuous Whig, who used to send over Europe presents of democratical books, with their boards stamped with daggers and caps of liberty. Mrs. Carter said, 'He was a bad man: he used to talk uncharitably.' JOHNSON. 'Poh! poh! Madam; who is the worse for being talked of

THE ELECTION—SOLICITING VOTES

AFTER THE PICTURE BY HOGARTH IN THE SOANE MUSEUM

uncharitably? Besides, he was a dull poor creature as ever lived: and I believe he would not have done harm to a man whom he knew to be of very opposite principles to his own. I remember once at the Society of Arts, when an advertisement was to be drawn up, he pointed me out as the man who could do it best. This, you will observe, was kindness to me. I however slipt away and escaped it.' Mrs. Carter having said of the same person, 'I doubt he was an Atheist.' JOHNSON. 'I don't know that. He might perhaps have become one, if he had had time to ripen, (smiling). He might have *exuberated* into an Atheist.'

"Sir Joshua Reynolds praised *Mudge's Sermons.* JOHNSON. 'Mudge's Sermons are good, but not practical. He grasps more sense than he can hold; he takes more corn than he can make into meal, he opens a wide prospect, but it is so distant, it is indistinct. I love *Blair's Sermons.* Though the dog is a Scotchman, and a Presbyterian, and every thing he should not be, I was the first to praise them. Such was my candour' (smiling). MRS. BOSCAWEN. 'Such his great merit, to get the better of your prejudices.' JOHNSON. 'Why, Madam, let us compound the matter; let us ascribe it to my candour, and his merit.'

"In the evening we had a large company in the drawing-room; several ladies, the Bishop of Killaloe, Dr. Percy, Mr. Chamberlayne of the Treasury, etc. etc. Somebody said, the life of a mere literary man could not be very entertaining. JOHNSON. 'But it certainly may. This is a remark which has been made, and repeated, without justice; why should the

life of a literary man be less entertaining than the life of any other man? Are there not as interesting varieties in such a life? As *a literary life* it may be very entertaining.' BOSWELL. 'But it must be better surely, when it is diversified with a little active variety—such as his having gone to Jamaica:—or—his having gone to the Hebrides.' Johnson was not displeased at this.

"Talking of a very respectable author, he told us a curious circumstance in his life which was, that he had married a printer's devil. REYNOLDS. 'A Printer's devil, Sir! Why, I thought a printer's devil was a creature with a black face and in rags.' JOHNSON. 'Yes, Sir. But I suppose he had her face washed, and put clean clothes on her. (Then looking very serious and very earnest). And she did not disgrace him;—the woman had a bottom of good sense.' The word bottom thus introduced, was so ludicrous when contrasted with his gravity, that most of us could not forbear tittering and laughing; though I recollect that the Bishop of Killaloe kept his countenance with perfect steadiness, while Miss Hannah More slyly hid her face behind a lady's back who sat on the same settee with her. His pride could not bear that any expression of his should excite ridicule, when he did not intend it; he therefore resolved to assume and exercise despotick power, glanced sternly around, and called out in a strong tone, 'Where's the merriment?' Then collecting himself, and looking awful, to make us feel how he could impose restraint, and as it were searching his mind for a still more ludicrous word, he slowly pronounced, 'I say the *woman was*

fundamentally sensible;' as if he had said, hear this now, and laugh if you dare. We all sat composed as at a funeral.

"He and I walked away together; we stopped a little while by the rails of the Adelphi, looking on the Thames, and I said to him with some emotion, that I was now thinking of two friends we had lost, who once lived in the buildings behind us, Beauclerk and Garrick. 'Ay, Sir, (said he, tenderly,) and two such friends as cannot be supplied.'"

The Adelphi is still a favourite abode of men of letters, for it is central yet retired, and the brothers Adam planned rooms of peculiar comfort. At this moment were a Zeppelin to destroy this secluded district and all its inhabitants, the world would be poorer at any rate by the loss of its most fanciful and freakishly humorous playwright and of its most iconoclastic and provocative playwright. There are others too; but I name no names.

CHAPTER XVII

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' TABLETS

The houses of the illustrious—Byron's various London dwellings —Madame d'Arblay and Sir Walter—The Flaxman Gallery—Jeremy Bentham—A strange will—Every man his own statue —Life in death—A University College reception—Hogarth's house at Chiswick—Richard Brinsley Sheridan

SINCE it was the Society of Arts which in 1866 began the laudable practice of setting up memorial tablets on London houses famous as the homes of eminent persons, let us now see to what extent the work has been carried out.

Taking the Society's tablets in alphabetical order, we come first to that of Joanna Baillie (1762–1851) the playwright, at Bolton House, Windmill Hill, Hampstead. Joanna is no longer read, I fear. Indeed, I should be surprised to find that any of her writings are in print.

Next, at 36 Castle Street, where he had his deplorable lodgings, is a tablet to the Society's own painter, James Barry, of whom I have said enough.

50 Wimpole Street, where Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806–1861) once lived, and where Browning courted her. From here she ran away to be married.

19 Warwick Crescent, Paddington, the later home of Robert Browning (1812–1889) after his wife's death. The canal reminded him of Venice.

37 Gerrard Street, Soho, where Edmund Burke (1729–1797) lived. This house is now a restaurant.

16 Holles Street, Oxford Street, where Lord Byron (1788–1824) was born. The house being pulled down in 1889, the occupiers of the business premises now occupying its site, Messrs. Lewis & Sons, erected the bronze relief that now marks the place. Another memorial to Byron, also erected privately, is to be seen at No. 8 St. James's Street, over Pope Roach's, the chemist. In that memorial his romantic bust is seen, and beneath are the words "The Pilgrim of Eternity." He was at this address at odd times from 1808 to 1814, for when in London he preferred to move about in a very pilgrim-like way and was often at hotels—Gordon's and Dorant's in Albemarle Street, for example,—rather than in rooms. Among his other lodgings was No. 2 The Albany. After his marriage he took 13 Piccadilly Terrace, later 139 Piccadilly, where, by courtesy of its present owner, the poets now meet to read their works in public. Two houses that are still practically as they were when Byron used to visit them are Mr. Murray's, at 50A Albemarle Street, and 22 St. James's Place, where Rogers lived.

37 Conduit Street, a home of George Canning (1770–1827) the statesman and satirist.

263 Hampstead Road, the home of George Cruikshank (1792–1878) the illustrator.

11 Bolton Street, Piccadilly, where Fanny Burney, afterwards Madame d'Arblay (1752–1840), dwelt on

settling down in London as a widow in 1818. It was here that Sir Walter Scott, with Rogers, visited the famous old lady and, to his great pleasure, was told by her that she wished to meet but two persons, himself and Canning.

Furnival's Inn, since pulled down, the first home of Charles Dickens (1812–1870) after his marriage. Here he wrote part of *Pickwick*, but nothing remains to mark the real spot. A little later I shall have more to say about Dickens's London homes.

43 Gerrard Street, Soho, where John Dryden (1631–1700) lived. It is now rebuilt. The street has become a stronghold of the Cinema industry, and the poet's house is a film producer's offices.

2 Blandford Street, Portman Square, where Michael Faraday (1791–1867), the great chemical investigator, was apprenticed to a bookseller.

7 Burlington Street, Fitzroy Square, the home of John Flaxman (1755–1826) the sculptor. Of Flaxman little is heard to-day; but no one can visit the Flaxman collection at University College without an enrichment of vision. There are, in the upper corridors of that building, let into the wall, a large number of Flaxman's casts, many of them of great beauty, and all marked by his fine qualities of sincerity. I reproduce one in this volume. There are also a number of his drawings.

While we are at University College let me say that here is to be found the oddest thing in London. We have seen, on the façade of the London University, in Burlington Gardens, a statue of Jeremy Bentham, the jurist and philosopher; well, we may

see here Bentham himself. But first a word as to that curious creature of pure intellect.

Jeremy Bentham, who was born in Houndsditch in 1748, the son of an attorney and the great-grandson of a pawnbroker, began to study Latin at four, read Rapin's *History of England* while still unbreeched, and at five was known as "The Philosopher." At seven he went to Westminster, and at twelve to Oxford. At sixteen he took his degree and began to read for the Bar; at nineteen he left Oxford, which he had found chiefly the home of "insincerity and mendacity," and began his career as a social inquirer. The rest of his long life, spent chiefly in London and lasting until 1832, was occupied almost exclusively in ponderings for the good of the State. His works are numerous, and in the strong room of University College are notes for yet myriad more, and all of them have this altruistic purpose. Perhaps the best is *The Introduction of Principles of Morals to Legislation*, an avowed attempt to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number of the community.

Bentham's home was in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, which is still one of the quietest of London's backwaters, having no thoroughfare into Guildford Street. Here he dwelt in a house which he called The Hermitage, reading, meditating, discussing, and dictating to his "disciples." A description of him in very old age runs thus: "His apparel hung loosely about him, and consisted chiefly of a grey coat, light breeches, and white woollen stockings, hanging loosely about his legs; whilst his venerable locks, which floated over

the collar and down his back, were surmounted by a straw hat of most grotesque and indescribable shape, communicating to his appearance a strong contrast to the quietude and sobriety of his general aspect. He wended round the walks of his garden at a pace somewhat faster than a walk but not so quick as a trot." He never married, but there was one lady whom he approached, with a measure of romance, more than once.

During his last illness Bentham asked his physician, Southwood Smith, if there was any hope. "No," said the doctor. "Very well," said the old man, "then minimize pain." He died on June 6, 1832.

I should not in this book be writing about Bentham at all but for the curious circumstance that, although eighty-four years have passed since that day, the old man still can be visited in the flesh; still receives guests.

Let me give that statement the amplification which it demands. One of Bentham's by-ways of speculation led to the question of the preservation of the human frame after dissolution, so that posterity might know what kind of men had toiled for it. The ordinary means for imparting such knowledge, the art of the sculptor and the painter, seeming to him inadequate, he therefore in all gravity outlined a scheme for securing what he called an "auto-icon." The head of the deceased was to be so treated that it retained its conformation; the body was to be reduced to a skeleton; the skeleton was then to be articulated and attired in characteristic clothes and the head replaced upon it.

Bentham, whose ideal, we must always remember, was the greatest happiness of the greatest number, even went so far as to suggest that "a country gentleman," filled with that admiration for his ancestors which should animate all good citizens of the state, might set up the auto-icons of his family alternately between the trees in the avenue leading to his dwelling. "Copal varnish," he added, "would protect the face from the effect of rain, and caoutchouc the habiliments." To what extent the squires of England adopted this cheerful idea may be guessed; but had they done so the advertisements of manor houses in *Country Life*, for example, would be far more entertaining even than they are.

Bentham, however, being a consistent man, was careful himself to practise what he preached. He made a will (one draft of which I have read) instructing his executors to deal with his body in this way. It was to be dressed in his ordinary clothes and placed in his favourite chair, in a case or box, and the attitude was to illustrate him in the act of thought between two sentences of a treatise. Then, on certain occasions when his disciples met to discuss his philosophy, their revered master was to be borne from his box and set at the head of the table in the midst of them, so that they might be cheered by the stimulus of his presence.

Everything that Bentham required was done, except that the last genial suggestion was not carried out. In the Anatomical Museum at University College you may see, if you can obtain the right authority, a large cupboard, which, when unlocked,

discloses the sage. The swiftest way to describe the figure is to say that it resembles the well-known advertisement of Quaker Oats. There he sits in his favourite chair, although not precisely as the will directed, for he is engaged not in writing, but has his gloves on and his trusty stick in one hand. In another particular also there is a change, but that is due to the ravages of time, for his head, instead of being on his shoulders, is now under a glass shade between his feet, a new wax head, modelled after Pickersgill's portrait, taking its place beneath the astonishing hat. The features of the real head have somewhat fallen away, but the long straggling grey locks remain, and with its grey-glass eyes it would be sufficiently terrifying, to any but a Benthamite of strong nerve, if suddenly encountered. Between the conformation of the original physiognomy and the waxen one there seem to me to be great divergences; but whether they destroy the theory of the auto-icon or support it, it is too late to say.

And so we resume our list of the Society of Arts' tablets.

7 Craven Street, Strand, where Benjamin Franklin (1706–1790), the American diplomatist and philosopher, lodged for some years on one of his missions to Europe.

Schomberg House, Pall Mall, where Thomas Gainsborough (1727–1788) the painter lived. This house was transformed into the War Office, and then was pulled down to make room for the Automobile Club; so that its present association with Gainsborough is remote indeed. Not only did Gainsborough reside here, but it was in this building that Lady

DICKENS' HOUSE, DEVONSHIRE TERRACE
(ST. MARY-LE-BONE IN THE DISTANCE)

Hamilton, as the loveliest of girls, assisted the quack doctor Graham in his Temple of Hygieia.

4 Adelphi Terrace, W.C., where David Garrick (1717–1779) lived and entertained and died. The house was No. 5 in Garrick's day.

7 Bentinck Street, W., where Edward Gibbon (1737–1794), the historian of Rome, lived for some years and began his great work.

25 Brook Street, one of the lodgings of George Frederick Handel (1685–1759) the composer.

Bertram House, Hampstead, the home of Sir Rowland Hill (1795–1879), who introduced penny postage.

30 Leicester Square, the home of William Hogarth (1697–1764), now the Tenison School. Hogarth's other home was at Chiswick, in a house, still preserved, of which I write in another chapter.

17 Gough Square, Fleet Street, the home of Dr. Johnson (1709–1784) from 1748 to 1758. This house, where the *Dictionary* was compiled, is now promised to the nation. The house in Bolt Court, in which he died, no longer exists. I describe the Gough Square house in a later chapter.

Lawn Bank, John Street, Hampstead, where John Keats (1795–1821) lived.

Bunhill Row, the later home of John Milton (1608–1674), where *Paradise Lost* and his other great poems were written and where he died. The house is no longer standing.

3A King Street, St. James's, where that King in exile, Napoleon III (1808–1873), lodged.

147 New Bond Street, one of the lodgings of Lord Nelson (1758–1805).

35 St. Martin's Street, a home of Sir Isaac Newton (1642–1727). Madame d'Arblay (then Fanny Burney) wrote some of *Evelina* in the same house. It is now demolished.

15 Buckingham Street, Strand, the English lodging of Peter the Great (1672–1725). This house no longer exists.

47 Leicester Square, the home of Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723–1792). This is now largely merged in the auction rooms of Messrs. Puttick & Simpson.

54 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, where John Ruskin (1819–1900) was born.

14 Savile Row, W., where Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751–1816), author of *The School for Scandal*, died. It was to this house that his friend the Prince Regent should have sent the help for which the improvident dramatist appealed; but, as Moore's scathing lines tell us, he did not. The body had to be removed secretly to another place for fear the creditors might snatch it and hold it to ransom.

17 Upper Baker Street, where Mrs. Siddons (1755–1831) the great actress lived. The house has been pulled down and rebuilt.

Kensington Palace Green, the last home of Thackeray (1811–1863), built by himself with money which he earned chiefly as editor of *The Cornhill Magazine*. It has recently been much altered. Mr. Livens' drawing of Kensington Palace depicts a view which Thackeray had from his windows.

24 Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, the rooms of John Thurloe (1616–1668), Secretary of State.

Belmont, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, the home of

Sir Harry Vane (1613–1662), another Secretary of State, who was executed on Tower Hill.

5 Arlington Street, W., the residence of Sir Robert Walpole (1676–1745), Prime Minister.

That completes the Society of Arts' tablets—erected at the rate of one a year.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE COUNTY COUNCIL'S TABLETS

Charles Dickens's London homes—1 Devonshire Terrace—The Philosophic Mr. Topping — Advice to Macready — The perils of London — Bogus tomes — A Dickens museum — Disraeli and London—Kensington Gardens—A comparison of cities—Charles Lamb's birthplace—Heinrich Heine in London—Unpopular tablets

IN 1901 the Society of Arts handed over its task to the London County Council, and since that date a great number of new tablets have been erected. I append a full list to date (1916), in the order in which they were set up.

Holly Lodge, Campden Hill, where Lord Macaulay (1800–1859) died.

No. 48 Doughty Street, a residence of Charles Dickens (1812–1870).

In addition to this one, tablets were placed on three other of the residences of Dickens: Furnival's Inn, as we have seen; 13 Johnson Street, N.W.; and 1 Devonshire Terrace, of which Mr. Livens has made a drawing. At 48 Doughty Street Dickens wrote *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. He moved to Devonshire Terrace in 1839 and remained there until 1851. At Devonshire Terrace he wrote *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield* and

some of the *Christmas Books.* A characteristic description of it is given by Dickens in a letter to Professor Felton on his return from America: "I date this from London, where I have come, as a good profligate, graceless bachelor, for a day or two; leaving my wife and babbies at the seaside. . . . Heavens! if you were but here at this minute! A piece of salmon and a steak are cooking in the kitchen; it's a very wet day, and I have had a fire lighted; the wine sparkles on a side-table; the room looks the more snug from being the only *un*dismantled one in the house; plates are warming for Forster and Maclise, whose knock I am momentarily expecting; that groom I told you of, who never comes into the house, except when we are all out of town, is walking about in his shirt-sleeves without the smallest consciousness of impropriety; a great mound of proofs are waiting to be read aloud, after dinner. With what a shout I would clap you down into the easiest chair, my genial Felton, if you could but appear, and order you a pair of slippers instantly!

"Since I have written this, the aforesaid groom—a very small man (as the fashion is), with fiery red hair (as the fashion is *not*)—has looked very hard at me and fluttered about me at the same time, like a giant butterfly. After a pause, he says in a Sam Wellerish kind of way: 'I vent to the club this mornin', sir. There vorn't no letters, sir.' 'Very good, Topping.' 'How's missis, sir?' 'Pretty well, Topping.' 'Glad to hear it, sir. *My* missis ain't wery well, sir.' 'No?' 'No, sir; she's a goin', sir, to have an hincrease wery soon, and it makes her

rather nervous, sir; and ven a young voman gets at all down at sich a time, sir, she goes down wery deep, sir.' To this sentiment I replied affirmatively, and then he adds, as he stirs the fire (as if he were thinking out loud): 'Wot a mystery it is! Wot a go is natur'!' With which scrap of philosophy, he gradually gets nearer to the door, and so fades out of the room."

It was from the same house that in 1851 Dickens wrote to Macready, the actor, who had then retired to the country, telling him of the joys and dangers of London. "Ah! you country gentlemen, who live at home at ease, how little do you think of us among the London fleas! But they tell me you are coming in for Dorsetshire. You must be very careful, when you come to town to attend to your parliamentary duties, never to ask your way of people in the streets. They will misdirect you for what the vulgar call 'a lark,' meaning, in this connection, a jest at your expense. Always go into some respectable shop or apply to a policeman. You will know him by his being dressed in blue, with very dull silver buttons, and by the top of his hat being made of sticking-plaster. You may perhaps see in some odd place an intelligent-looking man, with a curious little wooden table before him and three thimbles on it. He will want you to bet, but don't do it. He really desires to cheat you. And don't buy at auctions where the best plated-goods are being knocked down for next to nothing. These, too, are delusions. If you wish to go to the play, to see real good acting (though a little more subdued than perfect tragedy should be), I would recommend you to see —— at

the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Anybody will show it to you. It is near the Strand, and you may know it by seeing no company whatever at any of the doors.

"Cab fares are eighteen pence a mile. A mile London measure is half a Dorsetshire mile, recollect. Porter is twopence per pint; what is called Stout is fourpence. The Zoological Gardens are in the Regent's Park, and the price of admission is one shilling. Of the streets, I would recommend you to see Regent Street and the Quadrant, Bond Street, Piccadilly, Oxford Street, and Cheapside. I think these will please you after a time, though the tumult and bustle will at first bewilder you. If I can serve you in any way, pray command me. And with my best regards to your happy family, so remote from this Babel."

On leaving Devonshire Terrace in 1851 Dickens moved to Tavistock House, which still stands but has no tablet. It was for the library here that he made his list of dummy books, among which were:

Toots's Universal Letter-Writer. 2 vols.

Jonah's Account of the Whale.

Kant's Ancient Humbugs. 10 vols.

The Gunpowder Magazine. 4 vols.

Steele. By the Author of "Ion."

Lady Godiva on the Horse.

Hansard's Guide to Refreshing Sleep. As many volumes as possible.

Dickens's first letter from Tavistock House was to the binder of these jests. In this house he wrote *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, and the *Tale of Two Cities*; but it must be remembered that

he was a restless man, often moving about, while his occupation of Gad's Hill coincided with part of the Tavistock House period.

Dickens left Tavistock House in 1860 and never again had a London residence. Other transitory abodes of the great novelist in London were 9 Osnaburgh Terrace, in 1844; Chester Place, Regent's Park, in 1847; and, later, 3 Hanover Terrace, 57 Gloucester Place, 5 Hyde Park Place, and 26 Wellington Street, over the office of *All the Year Round*.

It is to be hoped that if ever their existence is threatened, either 1 Devonshire Terrace or Tavistock House will be secured for the nation, as Johnson's and Carlyle's houses have been. London at present has no Dickens museum beyond the Dyce and Foster room at South Kensington. There is an odd little collection of rather indifferent relics in his birthplace at Portsmouth; but of course he should be rightly honoured in London too.

No. 4 Whitehall Gardens, where Sir Robert Peel (1788–1850) the Prime Minister died.

No. 56 Devonshire Street, the residence of Sir John Herschel (1792–1871) the astronomer.

No. 67 Wimpole Street, a residence of Henry Hallam (1777–1859) the historian and father of Arthur Hallam, Tennyson's friend.

No. 22 Theobald's Road, the birthplace of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield (1804–1881). The place of Disraeli's death is also marked: No. 19 Curzon Street; and here we might pause for a moment because, among epicures of London, Disraeli stands high, and it is interesting to collect a few

of his dicta on the city in which this dazzling Oriental rose to power.

This is from *Tancred*: "It seems to the writer of this history that the inhabitants of London are scarcely sufficiently sensible of the beauty of its environs. On every side the most charming retreats open to them, nor is there a metropolis in the world surrounded by so many rural villages, picturesque parks, and elegant casinos. With the exception of Constantinople, there is no city in the world that can for a moment enter into competition with it. For himself, though in his time something of a rambler, he is not ashamed in this respect to confess to a legitimate Cockney taste; and for his part he does not know where life can flow on more pleasantly than in sight of Kensington Gardens, viewing the silver Thames winding by the bowers of Rosebank, or inhaling from its terraces the refined air of graceful Richmond.

"In exactly ten minutes it is in the power of every man to free himself from all the tumult of the world: the pangs of love, the throbs of ambition, the wear and tear of play, the recriminating boudoir, the conspiring club, the rattling hell; and find himself in a sublime sylvan solitude superior to the cedars of Lebanus, and inferior only in extent to the chestnut forests of Anatolia. It is Kensington Gardens that is almost the only place that has realized his idea of the forests of Spenser and Ariosto. What a pity, that instead of a princess in distress we meet only a nursery-maid! But here is the fitting and convenient locality to brood over our thoughts; to project the great and to achieve

the happy. It is here that we should get our speeches by heart, invent our impromptus; muse over the caprices of our mistresses, destroy a cabinet, and save a nation."

This also is from *Tancred*: "What is most striking in London is its vastness. It is the illimitable feeling that gives it a special character. London is not grand. It possesses only one of the qualifications of a great city, size; but it wants the equally important one, beauty. It is the union of these two qualities that produced the grand cities, the Romes, the Babylons, the hundred portals of the Pharaohs; multitudes and magnificence; the millions influenced by art. Grand cities are unknown since the beautiful has ceased to be the principle of invention. Paris, of modern capitals, has aspired to this character; but if Paris be a beautiful city, it certainly is not a grand one; its population is too limited, and, from the nature of their dwellings, they cover a comparatively small space. Constantinople is picturesque; nature has furnished a sublime site, but it has little architectural splendour, and you reach the environs with a fatal facility. London overpowers us with its vastness.

"Though London is vast, it is very monotonous. All those new districts that have sprung up within the last half-century, the creatures of our commercial and colonial wealth, it is impossible to conceive anything more tame, more insipid, more uniform. Pancras is like Marylebone, Marylebone is like Paddington; all the streets resemble each other, you must read the names of the squares before you

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS—ARRESTED FOR DEBT

AFTER THE PICTURE BY HOGARTH IN THE SOANE MUSEUM

venture to knock at a door. This amount of building capital ought to have produced a great city. What an opportunity for Architecture suddenly summoned to furnish habitations for a population equal to that of the city of Bruxelles, and a population, too, of great wealth! Marylebone alone ought to have produced a revolution in our domestic architecture. It did nothing. It was built by Act of Parliament. Parliament prescribed even a façade. It is Parliament to whom we are indebted for your Gloucester Places, and Baker Streets, and Harley Streets, and Wimpole Streets, and all those flat, dull, spiritless streets, resembling each other like a large family of plain children, with Portman Place and Portman Square for their respectable parents. The influence of our Parliamentary government upon the fine arts is a subject worth pursuing. The power that produced Baker Street as a model for street architecture in its celebrated Building Act, is the power that prevented Whitehall from being completed, and which sold to foreigners all the pictures which the King of England had collected to civilise his people."

No. 14 York Place, Portman Square, a residence of William Pitt (1759–1806).

No. 12 Clarges Street, a residence of Edmund Kean (1787–1833), the great tragic actor.

No. 48 Welbeck Street, a residence of Thomas Young (1773–1829) the physician.

No. 14 Hertford Street, Park Lane, a residence of Edward Jenner (1749–1823), the discoverer of vaccination.

Holly Lodge, Wimbledon Park Road, a residence

of "George Eliot" the novelist, Marian Evans (1819–1880).

No. 34 Gloucester Square, where Robert Stephenson, the engineer (1803–1859), died.

No. 10 Upper Cheyne Row, a residence of Leigh Hunt (1784–1859).

No. 12 Savile Row, where George Grote (1794–1871), the historian of Greece, died.

No. 16 Young Street, Kensington, a residence of W. M. Thackeray (1811–1863). It was then No. 13. Thackeray was here from 1847–1853, and here wrote *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *Esmond* and part of *The Newcomes*, in fact his best works.

No. 56 Great Queen Street, a residence of Boswell (1740–1795). Demolished by the Freemasons.

No. 6 Frith Street, where William Hazlitt (1778–1830) died.

No. 27 Upper Baker Street, where Mrs. Siddons died. A supplementary tablet.

No. 71 Berners Street, a residence of S. T. Coleridge (1772–1834). Now demolished.

No. 23 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, where Richard Cobden (1804–1865), the statesman, died.

No. 110 Gower Street, a residence of Charles Darwin (1809–1882).

No. 18 Stamford Street, where John Rennie (1761–1821), the Scotch engineer, died.

No. 110 Hallam Street, where Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882), the poet and painter, was born.

No. 76 Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, where John Constable (1776–1837), the painter, died.

No. 14 Doughty Street, a residence of Sydney Smith (1771–1845).

No. 31 Baker Street, the birthplace of Edward Bulwer-Lytton, Lord Lytton (1806–1873), the novelist.

No. 111 Broomwood Road, Clapham, which stands on the site of Broomwood House, a residence of William Wilberforce (1759–1833), the emancipator.

No. 144 Kensington High Street, a residence of Sir David Wilkie (1785–1841), the Scotch painter.

No. 22 St. James's Place, where Samuel Rogers (1763–1855), the banker poet, lived and died.

No. 33 Ampton Street, a residence of Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881).

No. 1 Orme Square, a residence of Sir Rowland Hill.

No. 54 Great Marlborough Street, a residence of Mrs. Siddons.

No. 28 Bennett Street, Stamford Street, where John Leech (1817–1864), the great *Punch* artist, was born.

No. 21 Queen Square, a residence of F. D. Maurice (1805–1872), the theologian.

No. 88 Mile End Road, a residence of Captain Cook (1728–1779).

No. 64 Duncan Terrace, a residence of Charles Lamb (1775–1834). This is the house known as Colebrooke Cottage, whither Lamb moved in 1823, remaining until 1827. He had other London homes, but this is the only one that is marked. Anyone wishing to trace him through London must begin at 2 Crown Office Row in the Temple, which still stands but has probably been refaced. According

to a little post-card map of the Temple's historic sites, sold in the Temple, he lived at Lamb House too, but this is an error. The houses at Enfield and Edmonton in which Lamb lived are much as they were. So is Colebrooke Cottage.

No. 4 Carlton Gardens, a residence of Lord Palmerston (1784–1865).

No. 31 Golden Square, a residence of John Hunter (1728–1793), the great anatomist.

No. 28 Broad Street, Golden Square, where William Blake (1757–1827) was born.

No. 39 Rodney Street, a residence of James Mill (1773–1836), and the birthplace of John Stuart Mill (1806–1873), both philosophers.

No. 18 Kensington Square, a residence of J. S. Mill.

No. 70 Knightsbridge, a residence of Charles Reade (1814–1884), the novelist.

No. 23 Great Ormond Street, a residence of John Howard (1726–1790), the philanthropist.

No. 73 Harley Street, a residence of Sir Charles Lyell (1797–1875) the geologist, and W. E. Gladstone (1809–1898).

Holly Bush Hill, Hampstead, a residence of George Romney (1734–1802), the painter.

No. 87 Jermyn Street, a residence of Sir Isaac Newton. Rebuilt.

No. 34 Arlington Road, where Charles Dibdin (1745–1814), the song writer, died.

No. 17 Elm Tree Road, a residence of Thomas Hood (1799–1845), the poet.

No. 14 Buckingham Street, where lived Samuel Pepys (1633–1703), Robert Harley (Earl of Oxford)

(1661–1724), William Etty (1787–1849), the painter, and Clarkson Stanfield (1793–1867), also a painter.

No. 4 Beaumont Street, a residence of John Richard Green (1837–1883), author of *A Short History of the English People.*

Pitt House, Hampstead, a residence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham (1708–1778).

No. 1 Moreton Gardens, a residence of Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) (1820–1887).

No. 28 Herne Hill, a residence of John Ruskin.

No. 12 Hanover Square, a residence of Mary Somerville (1780–1872), a scientific writer.

Macartney House, Blackheath, a residence of General Wolfe (1727–1759).

No. 61 Greek Street, a residence of Thomas De Quincey (1785–1859), the "English Opium Eater."

St. Philip's Vicarage, Newark Street, a residence of John Richard Green.

No. 16 Serjeants' Inn, a residence of J. T. Delane (1817–1879), Editor of *The Times.*

No. 4 Marlborough Place, a residence of T. H. Huxley (1825–1895), the great biologist.

No. 10 St. James's Square, a residence of three Prime Ministers: William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; Edward Geoffrey Stanley, Earl of Derby (1779–1869); and W. E. Gladstone.

The Grove, Hampstead, a residence of Sir George Gilbert Scott (1811–1878), the architect.

No. 32 Soho Square, a residence of Sir Joseph Banks (1743–1820), the botanist.

No. 37 Chesham Place, a residence of Lord John Russell (1792–1878), the statesman.

No. 5 Great Stanhope Street, a residence of Lord

Fitzroy James Henry Somerset, first Baron Raglan (1788–1855), the field-marshal.

No. 22 Hereford Square, a residence of George Borrow (1803–1881), the author of *Lavengro.*

No. 17 Red Lion Square, a residence of Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882), William Morris (1834–1896), and Sir Edward Burne-Jones (1833–1898).

No. 28 Newman Street, W., a residence of Thomas Stothard (1755–1834), the book illustrator.

No. 8 Canonbury Square, a residence of Samuel Phelps (1804–1878), the actor.

No. 88 Paradise Street, S.E., a residence of T. H. Huxley.

No. 12 Seymour Street, W., a residence of M. W. Balfe (1808–1870), the composer of *The Bohemian Girl.*

No. 32 Craven Street, a residence of Heinrich Heine (1797–1856), the German poet and critic. Heine came to London in April 1827, and left in August of the same year, his chief object being to study our parliamentary system. He stayed first at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, and then moved to Craven Street. Heine did not like London or Londoners, but his verdict was not wholly unfavourable, and his visit produced some admirable literature, notably the episode of the mountebanks in *Florentine Nights.*

Heine entered the city by the Thames, and here is a passage from his description of the end of the voyage: "While the steamboat, and our conversation with it, advanced up the river, the sun had gone down, and its last beams lighted the Hospital of Greenwich,

an imposing edifice like a palace, which consists of two wings, between which there is an empty space, which allows one to see a hill green with trees and crowned with a handsome tower. The crowd of ships went on continually increasing on the stream, and I wondered at the dexterity with which the great vessels made way for each other. One greets thus many a friendly face which one has never seen and never will see again. We passed so close by each other, that we might have shaken hands for welcome and departure at the same time."

Of London's streets and houses Heine wrote thus: "I had made up my mind not to be astonished at the vastness of London—of which I had heard so much. But it was the same with me as it was with the poor schoolboy who had made up his mind not to feel the flogging which he was to have received. The explanation of his affair was that he had expected to receive the ordinary blows with an ordinary cane on his back, as usual, and, instead of that, he received extraordinary blows on an extraordinary place, with a number of extraordinary little twigs. I expected big palaces and saw nothing but little houses. But it was their uniformity and their incalculable number which imposed upon me so forcibly."

Heine wrote with some admiration of Brougham and Cobbett, but for the Duke of Wellington he had nothing but scorn. He thought him a small man, and could not forgive him for defeating his darling Napoleon. The most amusing incident in this brief London sojourn was connected with the Duke, for to save his life from an irascible barber

the poet had to affect an esteem for the great soldier. Let me tell the story in his own (translated) words.

"My barber in London was a radical named Mr. White, a poor small man, in a coat so threadbare that it had a white glow upon it. He was so thin that his front face seemed like a profile, and the sighs of his breast were visible before they reached his lips. He used to sigh especially over the misfortunes of Old England, and the impossibility of her ever paying her national debt. 'Alas!' I heard him perpetually sighing, 'what need had the English people to trouble themselves about who ruled in France and what the French did in their land? but the high nobility and the High Church feared the principles of the French Revolution, and to put down these principles must John Bull spend his blood and his money and incur a mass of debts. The end of the war has been obtained; the Revolution has been put down; the wings of the French eagle have been clipped. The high nobility and the High Church can now feel secure that not an eagle can fly over the Channel, and the high nobility and the High Church should at least pay the debts made for their interest, and not for that of the poor people. Alas! the poor people——!'

"Always Mr. White when he came to the 'poor people' sighed deeper and complained anew that bread and porter were so dear, that the poor people must die of hunger to feed sleek lords, packs of hounds, and priests, and that there was only one help for it. At these words he used to sharpen his razor, and while he drew it backwards and forwards

THE INNER TEMPLE HALL, FROM THE CORNER OF CROWN OFFICE ROW, WHERE, AT NO. 2, CHARLES LAMB WAS BORN

over his razor-strop, he murmured savagely and slowly, 'Lords, dogs, priests.'

"But it was against the Duke of Wellington that his radical anger seethed the most vehemently. He properly spat poison and gall as soon as he began to speak of him; and when he lathered me at such times he did so in a foaming frenzy. Once I was verily in fear, as he was shaving me close to the neck, while he passionately abused Wellington and muttered continually between whiles: 'If I had him now under the razor, I would spare him the trouble of cutting his throat, like his colleague and countryman Londonderry, who has cut his at North Cray in the county of Kent. Curse him!'

"I felt then how the hand of the man trembled and, out of fear that he might, in his passion, fancy that I was the Duke of Wellington, I sought to tone down his passion and to soothe him gently. So I appealed to his national pride, and represented to him that Wellington had added to the fame of Englishmen; that he was but an innocent instrument in the hands of third parties; that he ate beef-steaks; and that in fine—heaven knows what I tried to say in favour of Wellington when the razor was at my throat."

No. 28 Finchley Road, where Thomas Hood (1799–1845), the poet, died.

No. 36 Onslow Square, a residence of W. M. Thackeray.

No. 9 Arlington Street, a residence of Charles James Fox (1749–1806).

No. 20 Soho Square, a residence of Speaker Onslow (1691–1768).

No. 93 Cheyne Walk, where Mrs. Gaskell (1810–1865), the novelist, was born.

Nos. 59 and 60 Lincoln's Inn Fields, a residence of Hon. Spencer Perceval (1762–1812), the statesman.

Carlisle Place, a residence of Cardinal Manning (1808–1892).

No. 39 Montagu Square, a residence of Anthony Trollope (1815–1882).

No. 225 Hampstead Road, a residence of Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809–1892).

No. 75 Great Dover Street, a residence of C. H. Spurgeon (1834–1892).

No. 4 Adelphi Terrace, a residence of Robert Adam (1728–1792) and James Adam (d. 1794), who built the Adelphi.

No. 36 Craven Street, Strand, a residence of Benjamin Franklin. Supplementary tablet.

No. 25 Highbury Place, N., a residence of Joseph Chamberlain (1836–1914).

No. 12 Park Crescent, a residence of Lord Lister (1827–1912), the physician and great experimenter with anæsthetics.

Of the privately erected tablets I can give no list; but there are not a few. One, for example, may be seen on Florence Nightingale's house, 10 South Street. Nor can I state how many efforts to commemorate houses have been frustrated. Some householders do not care to have their residences marked in this way. The objection is perhaps natural, for a tablet must involve a certain amount of notice, while it often leads—such is hero-worship—to strangers asking to be allowed to enter the historic portals and even the rooms.

No house in London bears a Shakespeare tablet. But let me say here that Miss Mabel E. Wotton has just pointed out, in her admirable contribution to a vast volume of homage to the Poet, on the Tercentenary of his death, that the Lord Raglan in Aldersgate, which has been continuously an inn longer than any other hostelry in the metropolis, was, as the Mermaid, often visited by Shakespeare and his friends, and may safely be visited by the pious pilgrim as a genuine haunt of the Swan. The cellars are as they were in his day.

CHAPTER XIX

GOUGH SQUARE AND ST. CLEMENT DANES

Mr. Cecil Harmsworth's gift—The houses of great men—Johnson in Gough Square—The *Dictionary* attic—Johnson's bereavement—Gough Square visitors—An evening's conversation—St. Clement Danes—Pretty glass—The Doctor's window—The Doctor's pew—Conversations after church—The universal authority—Hogarth's house—The stolen gravestone—The mulberry tree—Old Chiswick

DR. JOHNSON moved to 17 Gough Square from Holborn in 1748, when he was thirty-nine, carrying with him the materials for his *Dictionary* and his staff of helpers. There he remained for ten years; and his house, now almost exactly as it was then, has been preserved for the nation by the liberality and public spirit of Mr. Cecil Harmsworth. Those people—and they are not a few—who dislike to visit such homes of great men as have been set apart as museums and memorials should make a point of looking over Gough Square before they express their final opinion on this subject; for Johnson's house differs vastly from some of the others. Personally I should like to see not only more statues but more of these residences. I should like, as I have said elsewhere in this book, to see one of Dickens's London houses filled with

Dickens lore and relics. I should like to see Lamb's cottage at Islington, which is still very much as it was, preserved for pilgrims. But I never felt so strongly on the question as I did in Johnson's house, when I observed with what taste and care the work of restoration and refurnishing has been done. Ordinarily there is too much in such places. Here there is very little ; one can move about.

To a certain extent this distinguished frugality of trappings is, I suppose, an error, for I will wager that one could not thus move about in Johnson's day ; and I will wager too that there was never, between 1748 and 1758, a vase of daffodils on the table, such as I saw on my visit. The Great Lexicographer and daffodils do not seem quite to go together. But although a modern openness and light have come in, the spirit has not been disturbed ; one is conscious that in this very house one of the noblest and bravest of Englishmen once lived and worked and suffered ; and the few pictures on the walls being wholly of himself and his friends, one can re-people the rooms too. So thorough has Mr. Harmsworth been, that in order that every inch of the house should be accessible to Johnsonians (who are allowed to give tea-parties here) the caretaker, a most informative and loyal lady, has been provided, close by, with one of the prettiest little new homes in London. Here, in this quiet creek off the rushing river of Fleet Street, she dwells with the great ghosts.

Interest in the Gough Square sanctuary will, for most visitors, centre in the *Dictionary* attic—a room under the roof extending right across the

house. Boswell, who unfortunately for us did not know it—in 1748 he was only eight years old—has nothing at first hand to tell of this historic apartment or of the house at all. But he touches upon it. In this room, he says, which was "fitted up like a country house," Johnson gave his copyists their task. "The words, partly taken from other dictionaries, and partly supplied by himself, having been first written down with spaces left between them, he delivered in writing their etymologies, definitions, and various significations. The authorities were copied from the books themselves, in which he had marked the passages with a black-lead pencil, the traces of which could easily be effaced. It is remarkable that he was so attentive in the choice of the passages in which words were authorised, that one may read page after page of his dictionary with improvement and pleasure. The necessary expence of preparing a work of such magnitude for the press must have been a considerable deduction from the price stipulated to be paid for the copyright. I understand that nothing was allowed by the booksellers on that account; and I remember his telling me, that a large portion of it having, by mistake, been written upon both sides of the paper, so as to be inconvenient for the compositor, it cost him twenty pounds to have it transcribed upon one side only."

A copy of the first edition of the *Dictionary*, 1755, in two folio volumes, lies on the table; and it is well worth while in this room again to read its noble preface. In Dr. Johnson's time the attic had four windows, one of which has been bricked up. The heavy balustrade of the stairs is as it was, save

for invisible steel supports, and one can hear, with the inward ear, the great man creaking up.

In this house Johnson also wrote and edited *The Rambler* and began *The Idler*. Here he wrote *The Vanity of Human Wishes* and the tragedy of *Irene*. It was here too that, on March 17, 1752, his wife died, and in one of these rooms he wrote the pathetic note to his friend Dr. Taylor the next day.

"DEAR SIR,—Let me have your company and instruction. Do not live away from me. My distress is great.

"Pray desire Mrs. Taylor to inform me what mourning I should buy for my mother and Miss Porter, and bring a note in writing with you.

"Remember me in your prayers, for vain is the help of man.—I am, dear Sir, &c., SAM. JOHNSON"

"*March* 18, 1752"

According to a note given to Boswell by Francis Barber, Johnson's servant, his master's affliction was great. As a second companion the Doctor had the blind Mrs. Williams. Barber's account describing his early widowerhood runs thus: "He was busy with the Dictionary. Mr. Shiels and some others of the gentlemen who had formerly written for him, used to come about him. He had then little for himself, but frequently sent money to Mr. Shiels when in distress. The friends who visited him at that time were chiefly Dr. Bathurst, and Mr. Diamond, an apothecary in Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, with whom he and Mrs. Williams generally dined every Sunday. There was a talk of his going to Iceland with him, which would probably have

happened, had he lived. There was also Mr. Cave, Dr. Hawkesworth, Mr. Ryland, merchant on Tower-hill, Mrs. Masters, the poetess, who lived with Mr. Cave, Mrs. Carter, and sometimes Mrs. Macaulay; also, Mrs. Gardiner, wife of a tallow-chandler on Snow-hill, not in the learned way, but a worthy good woman; Mr. (now Sir Joshua) Reynolds; Mr. Miller, Mr. Dodsley, Mr. Bouquet, Mr. Payne, of Paternoster Row, booksellers; Mr. Strahan, the printer; the Earl of Orrery, Lord Southwell, Mr. Garrick."

The only record of a conversation in Gough Square which Boswell gives was sent to him by Dr. Burney, whom we last saw floating in the stream in Barry's cartoon. It is written in the third person thus: "Soon after this (1758) Mr. Burney, during a visit to the capital, had an interview with him in Gough-square, where he dined and drank tea with him, and was introduced to the acquaintance of Mrs. Williams. After dinner, Mr. Johnson proposed to Mr. Burney to go up with him into his garret, which being accepted, he there found about five or six Greek folios, a deal writing desk, and a chair and a half. Johnson giving to his guest the entire seat, tottered himself on one with only three legs and one arm. Here he gave Mr. Burney Mrs. Williams's history, and shewed him some volumes of his Shakespeare already printed, to prove that he was in earnest. Upon Mr. Burney's opening the first volume, at the Merchant of Venice, he observed to him, that he seemed to be more severe on Warburton than Theobald. 'O poor Tib.! (said Johnson) he was ready knocked down to my hands; Warburton

ANDREA ODONI

AFTER THE PICTURE BY LOTTO AT HAMPTON COURT

stands between me and him.' 'But Sir, (said Mr. Burney,) you'll have Warburton upon your bones, won't you?' 'No, Sir; he'll not come out: he'll only growl in his den.' 'But you think, Sir, that Warburton is a superior critick to Theobald?'—'O, Sir, he'd make two-and-fifty Theobalds, cut into slices! The worst of Warburton is, that he has a rage for saying something, when there's nothing to be said.'—Mr. Burney then asked him whether he had seen the letter which Warburton had written in answer to a pamphlet addressed 'To the most impudent Man alive.' He answered in the negative. Mr. Burney told him it was supposed to be written by Mallet. The controversy now raged between the friends of Pope and Bolingbroke; and Warburton and Mallet were the leaders of the several parties. Mr. Burney asked him then if he had seen Warburton's book against Bolingbroke's Philosophy? 'No, Sir, I have never read Bolingbroke's impiety, and therefore am not interested about its confutation.'"

After Gough Square where, it is possible, Johnson was not a whole householder but a lodger, the church of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, must be visited, for one also gets very near the great man there.

The word "Danes" in the name of this church means, says Stow, that Harold the Danish king and other Danes were buried in the original church, which was removed in 1680. It is only the body of the present building that is Wren's. The upper stages of the tower and the steeple were added by James Gibbs (1682–1754), Wren's most considerable successor. Gibbs built also St. Mary's-le-Strand, the neigh-

bouring island church; but that is a poor structure. Gibbs's masterpiece is St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, at the corner of Trafalgar Square, of which Mr. Livens has made a picture. To my eye St. Martin's is one of the finest of London churches, and it is of the true white stone, now exquisitely tempered by time. Gibbs was a Scotchman and a Roman Catholic, who studied architecture in Italy. His life was placid and uneventful, and I can find nothing very interesting to record about him.

In St. Clement Danes Dr. Johnson worshipped, but how often he went there I have not ascertained, for the only occasions mentioned by Boswell are Good Fridays. Still, here are the pew where he sat and the pillar he leaned against; and after the house in Gough Square this is the most intimate Johnsonian haunt still extant, for the Cheshire Cheese seat, so dear to Americans, is probably an imposture.

St. Clement Danes was comely in Johnson's day; it is now far more comely, for a recent vicar had peculiar gifts for the extraction of votive windows from his flock. In fact only two lights remain plain; the rest have very pretty—perhaps the prettiest in London—stained-glass pictures: chiefly scenes in the Life of Christ, from the gentle hand of Mr. T. F. Curtis. Look, for example, at the Good Shepherd: were ever such lambs for nestling playfulness?—almost like puppies. And the little assemblage of children in the first window on the north wall is wholly delightful. These transparent pictures, for that is what they really are, make the church a very cheerful place, and the stars sprinkled on its ceiling help too.

Dr. Johnson not only has a brass tablet marking his pew, but—and I venture to state very confidently that he can never have anticipated such a memorial—a window too. In the window, also by Mr. Curtis, we see him with five of his friends. It is, I fear, rather a comic group, for Mr. Curtis is not so expert with sapience as with innocence. The Doctor himself, who is described beneath as "Philosopher, Lexicographer and Moralist," naturally dominates it, and about his head flit angels. In his hand is the *Dictionary*. Beside him, on his right, is that eminent blue-stocking, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, resting a hand on her own editions of Plato and Epictetus. Beside her is Edmund Burke, holding his eloquent *Vindication*, while on the floor beside him is a volume entitled *Hints on the Drama*. On the other side of the Doctor are Garrick, with the MS. of a tragedy, probably *Irene*, Boswell, and Dr. Goldsmith, whose *Vicar of Wakefield* is on the floor beside him. A dog is in the midst.

Descending from the window to the historic pew one is shocked to find it so close to the pulpit—shocked, I mean, at the thought of the poor preacher's discomfort to have so uncompromising a critic immediately above his head. And if Johnson was a little late, his entry must have been very impressive, for the pew is a long way from the entrance. The brass tablet in the pew corroborates all that the window says about the Doctor, but adds "Poet" too.

A word or two from Boswell must be quoted or we shall not really visualize the great man. "On Friday, April 2, being Good Friday, I visited him

in the morning as usual; and finding that we insensibly fell into a train of ridicule upon the foibles of one of our friends, a very worthy man, I by way of a check, quoted some good admonition from 'The Government of the Tongue,' that very pious book. It happened also remarkably enough, that the subject of the sermon preached to us to-day by Dr. Burrows, the rector of St. Clement Danes, was the certainty that at the last day we must give an account of 'the deeds done in the body;' and amongst various acts of culpability he mentioned evil-speaking. As we were moving slowly along in the crowd from Church, Johnson jogged my elbow, and said, 'Did you attend to the sermon?'—'Yes, Sir (said I,) it was very applicable to *us*.' He, however, stood upon the defensive. 'Why, Sir, the sense of ridicule is given us, and may be lawfully used. The author of "The Government of the Tongue" would have us treat all men alike.'"

But a better record of Johnsonian post-sermon blandness is that recorded by Boswell on Good Friday 1783. Says the little man, for whose hero-worshipping we can never be sufficiently grateful: "On April 18, (being Good-Friday,) I found him at breakfast, in his usual manner upon that day, drinking tea without milk, and eating a cross bun to prevent faintness; we went to St. Clement's Church, as formerly. When we came home from Church, he placed himself on one of the stone-seats at his garden-door, and I took the other, and thus in the open air, and in a placid frame of mind, he talked away very easily. JOHNSON. 'Were I a country gentleman, I should not be very hospitable, I should

not have crowds in my house.' BOSWELL. 'Sir Alexander Dick tells me, that he remembers having a thousand people in a year to dine at his house, that is, reckoning each person as one, each time that he dined there.' JOHNSON. 'That, Sir, is about three a day.' BOSWELL. 'How your statement lessens the idea.' JOHNSON. 'That, Sir, is the good of counting. It brings every thing to a certainty, which before floated in the mind indefinitely.' BOSWELL. 'But *Omne ignotum pro magnifico est:* one is sorry to have this diminished.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, you should not allow yourself to be delighted with error.' BOSWELL. 'Three a day seem but few.' JOHNSON. 'Nay, Sir, he who entertains three a day, does very liberally. And if there is a large family the poor entertain those three, for they eat what the poor would get: there must be superfluous meat; it must be given to the poor or thrown out.'

"BOSWELL. 'I observe in London, that the poor go about and gather bones, which I understand are manufactured.' JOHNSON. 'Yes, Sir; they boil them, and extract a grease from them for greasing wheels and other purposes. Of the best pieces they make a mock ivory, which is used for hafts to knives, and various other things; the coarser pieces they burn, and pound, and sell the ashes.' BOSWELL. 'For what purpose, Sir?' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, for making a furnace for the chemists for melting iron. A paste made of burnt bones will stand a stronger heat than any thing else. Consider, Sir; if you are to melt iron, you cannot line your pot with brass, because it is softer than iron, and would melt sooner; nor with iron, for though malleable iron is harder

than cast iron, yet it would not do; but a paste of burnt-bones will not melt.' BOSWELL. 'Do you know, Sir, I have discovered a manufacture to a great extent, of what you only piddle at,—scraping and drying the peel of oranges. At a place in Newgate-street, there is a prodigious quantity prepared, which they sell to the distillers.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, I believe they make a higher thing out of them than a spirit; they make what is called orange-butter, the oil of the orange inspissated, which they mix perhaps with common pomatum, and make it fragrant. The oil does not fly off in the drying.'

"BOSWELL. 'I wish to have a good walled garden.' JOHNSON. 'I don't think it would be worth the expence to you. We compute, in England, a park-wall at a thousand pounds a mile; now a garden wall must cost at least as much. You intend your trees should grow higher than a deer will leap. Now let us see;—for a hundred pounds you could only have fourty-four square yards, which is very little; for two hundred pounds, you may have eighty-four square yards, which is very well. But when will you get the value of two hundred pounds of walls, in fruit, in your climate? No, Sir, such contention with Nature is not worth while. I would plant an orchard, and have plenty of such fruit as ripen well in your country. My friend, Dr. Madden, of Ireland, said, that, 'in an orchard there should be enough to eat, enough to lay up, enough to be stolen, and enough to rot upon the ground.' Cherries are an early fruit, you may have them; and you may have the early apples and pears.' BOSWELL. 'We cannot have nonpareils.' JOHNSON. 'Sir, you can no more have

nonpareils, than you can have grapes.' BOSWELL. 'We have them, Sir; but they are very bad.' JOHNSON. 'Nay, Sir, never try to have a thing, merely to shew that you *cannot* have it. From ground that would let for forty shillings you may have a large orchard; and you see it costs you only forty shillings. Nay, you may graze the ground, when the trees are grown up; you cannot, while they are young.' BOSWELL. 'Is not a good garden a very common thing in England, Sir?' JOHNSON. 'Not so common, Sir, as you imagine. In Lincolnshire there is hardly an orchard; in Staffordshire very little fruit.' BOSWELL. 'Has Langton no orchard?' JOHNSON. 'No, Sir.' BOSWELL. 'How so, Sir?' JOHNSON. 'Why, Sir, from the general negligence of the county. He has it not, because nobody else has it.' BOSWELL. 'A hot-house is a certain thing; I may have that.' JOHNSON. 'A hot-house is pretty certain; but you must first build it, then you must keep fires in it, and you must have a gardener to take care of it.' BOSWELL. 'But if I have a gardener at any rate?'—JOHNSON. 'Why, yes.' BOSWELL. 'I'd have it near my house; there is no need to have it in the orchard.' JOHNSON. 'Yes, I'd have it near my house.—I would plant a great many currants; the fruit is good, and they make a pretty sweetmeat.'

"I record," Boswell adds, "this minute detail, which some may think trifling, in order to shew clearly how this great man, whose mind could grasp such large and extensive subjects, as he has shewn in his literary labours, was yet well-informed in the common affairs of life, and loved to illustrate them."

Having seen Dr. Johnson's house and church, I made a pilgrimage to Chiswick to see the house and church of a great contemporary—William Hogarth. There is no very easy way to reach Hogarth's house, but the ideal adventure would comprise the river Thames. One should rightly take a boat to Chiswick and land at the end of the Mall. Since, however, such things no longer are done—for the modern Londoner, far from using his river, rarely even looks at it—I may as well describe my own itinerary. Having gained Chiswick High Road, I turned down Duke's Avenue (by a Roman Catholic church). This, which is really an avenue of some age and dignity, once led to the mansion of the Duke of Devonshire. Turning to the left of the gates, one comes, in Hogarth Lane, to Hogarth's house, now maintained for the public by the Middlesex County Council, through the munificence of Colonel Shipway. All else immediately around is changed, but the artist's home is much as it was: a comfortable Georgian house, once absolutely in the country, with the dining-room and two upper rooms containing engravings of the famous pictures and a few portraits and other relics. The garden remains too, a very pleasant flowery retreat, with the historic mulberry tree still bearing fruit every summer. The pamphlet which the curator offers for sale remarks thus: "A little touch of pathos stays us ere we leave the garden. In one corner stood against the wall a rough and shapeless stone inscribed:

'Alas poor Dick!
1760.
Aged eleven.'

HAMPTON COURT, THE GREAT GATEWAY

Beneath the writing were two cross bones of birds and over these a death's head and a heart. The carving was done by Hogarth himself and placed there in loving memory of a favourite bullfinch which was buried beneath." But unhappily this most interesting relic has gone. A thief came recently in the night and bore the stone away.

After Johnson's house, Hogarth's is a disappointment, for no such taste has been at work, and most of the rooms are occupied by the caretaker and family. Much might be done with it, on Mr. Harmsworth's lines, and perhaps much will be done. Even as it is, however, one can feel very near the rugged satirist, who loved to take his ease here after a strenuous period in the Leicester Square studio. One can see him both beneath his mulberry tree with his dog "Trump" and also in the charming bay window in the upstairs room, which faces west—meditating on the foibles and follies of mankind. Coming away, I chanced on a perfect Hogarthian scene — an elderly woman, probably an avenging grandmother, pursuing, as fast as her ancient legs would permit, a determined ruffian of some five summers, very dirty, very impudent and only half clad, down the squalid row opposite; while half a dozen equally grubby children rejoiced in the unequal chase.

As I have said, immediately around Hogarth's house the conditions are modern; but all about the adjacent parish church of Chiswick there are houses and cottages that Hogarth knew. This is indeed a perfect oasis of old riverside London—Burlington Lane, Page's Yard, and Church Walk. In the churchyard, where every tombstone leans crazily,

is the great painter's grave, with Garrick's verses upon it; and here too lie his wife and his mother-in-law, Lady Thornhill.

Passing on to Chiswick Mall, we find some of the most attractive houses in London, veritable sun traps, with the river and Chiswick Eyot before them; and it is a pleasant walk from here, and now and then by devious inland windings, to Hammersmith Mall and Bridge—not least interesting of the spacious Georgian houses which we pass being Kelmscott House, where William Morris spun his poetic tapestries and dreamed new paradises.

CHAPTER XX

HAMPTON COURT

London's pictures—Red brick—A royal residence—A giant —Grinling Gibbons—Kneller's beauties—Mytens—Giorgione—Venetian colour—A great portrait—The Queen of Bohemia—Tintoretto—The Lely beauties—Old clocks—Queen Elizabeth and the goddesses—Sir Jeffery Hudson—Correggio—Henry VIII—The Mantegna frescoes—Wolsey's rooms—The Great Hall

AMATEURS of art who think that London's riches in painting are comprised in the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, the Wallace Collection, the South Kensington Museum (all of which are described in *A Wanderer in London*) and in the Guildhall, make a great mistake; for a journey of a few miles will bring them, either by road or rail (or, on a warm day, by river), to Hampton Court, where there is a collection of Old Masters of very high quality, including a few priceless works, housed under conditions of extraordinary interest and attractiveness.

For its pictures alone should Hampton Court be visited. But it has at least three other holds on the imagination—its historical associations, ranging intimately from Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey to Queen Anne, by way of Charles I, Cromwell, and William and Mary, all of whom lived here; its

architecture, which is adorable; and its gardens, with the famous vine, with the famous yews, with the famous herbaceous border, and a most intricate Maze thrown in.

In an earlier chapter I said something in praise of the white stone of London. Those remarks applied only to London proper—the city of streets. At Hampton Court is one of the most satisfying buildings in the world, and it is all of red brick, and one would not have it otherwise.

Hampton Court was begun by Cardinal Wolsey and presented by him to his royal and, as it turned out, treacherous master Henry VIII, who added to it. Edward VI was born here; here Jane Seymour died her natural death; here Charles I lived voluntarily, and was later imprisoned among the pictures which he collected. George II was the last resident monarch. It is now chiefly a show-place, but it is also in part a glorified almshouse, for by possessing certain qualifications, such as relationship to eminent public servants, one may be allotted shelter here for the rest of one's natural life—no mean privilege.

The very names of the apartments are romantic enough—Queen's Guard Chamber, Queen's Presence Chamber, Great Watching Chamber, Henry VIII's Great Hall, the Haunted Gallery, Queen Anne's Bedroom, Cardinal Wolsey's Rooms. It is like Harrison Ainsworth in real life.

The pictures, which are numerous and some exceedingly fine, begin in the King's Guard Chamber, at the head of the staircase. The King in question was William III, and this part of the Palace was designed for him by Sir Christopher Wren and

painted murally by Verrio, whose work does not appeal to me except on the grounds of the industry and discomfort that contributed to it.

The King's Guard Chamber is notable also for the myriad weapons with which it is decorated.

Here few pictures are outstanding, but the story of Cupid and Psyche by Giordano is told with fine spirit and colour, and we are helped to a reconstruction of the ancient Palace by examining the life-size portrait of "Queen Elizabeth's Giant Porter," eight feet, six inches tall; although there is a possibility that this enormous person really lived in a later reign, under James I, and was not a porter at all.

From the windows Queen Mary's Bower — an avenue, or rather tunnel, of wych elms—is seen.

In the next room, William III's Presence Chamber, we find carvings by Grinling Gibbons, and a series of the Beauties of the Court of William and Mary, painted by Kneller. In a later room we shall find their predecessors under Charles II, by Lely, three-quarter length and less decorous. The Kneller ladies are so much less interesting and charming and are hung so high that I think we may postpone our studies in feminine allurement until Lely's are reached. Other pictures in this room more easily examined include some delightful Cupids by Caravaggio, belonging to a series of panels from a cassone; cassone panels by Schiavone, the most romantic of Giorgione's followers; a dashing portrait of Peter Oliver, the miniature painter under James I and Charles I, by Vandyck's derivative, Adriaan Hanneman; and a very beautiful portrait of Daniel Mytens, the painter,

by himself. Mytens, who was born at The Hague, was a favourite of James I and Charles I, both of whom preferred foreign to English talent.

Farther on we come to an interesting group—the great Duke of Buckingham, with his wife, son, daughter, brothers and sister. A so-called Luini (No. 61) brings a touch of tenderness into this room and a hint of Leonardo. The portrait group of Jacob de Bray's family, where his wife masquerades as Cleopatra dissolving a pearl, but does not convince us of that queen's beauty, is a fine work.

The Second Presence Chamber, which also has Grinling Gibbons carvings, has many works by the Bassanos in it. A fine Bronzino, "A Lady in a Green Dress," is close to the entrance door. Leandro Bassano's "Portrait of a Sculptor," on the same wall, has charm and dignity. A nude Venus by Cariani (No. 88) is notable for its drawing, and "Diana and Nymphs surprised by Actæon" (No. 89), by Bonifazio dei Pitati, for its colour. The Venetian family group by Pordenone, near the farther door, is rich and quaint. Charles I bought this picture from the Duke of Mantua, and for a while, after the fatal 1649, Cromwell owned it.

In the King's Audience Chamber is a striking little Titian, "Lucretia," and next it the most lovely picture in the whole collection, "A Shepherd with a Pipe," which, whether or not Giorgione painted it, is a joy. Enough for us, who are not experts, that it exists; but Mr. Berenson, who is hard to satisfy, gives Giorgione the credit. I reproduce the picture in this book. A noble Tintoretto portrait (No. 114)

PRINCESS MARY AS DIANA

AFTER THE PICTURE BY SIR PETER LELY AT HAMPTON COURT

also distinguishes this room, and a superb Palma Vecchio (No. 116) must be looked for and rejoiced in. Near it is a curious portrait of Isabella d'Este by Lorenzo Costa, which seems out of place among so much that is Venetian, but is very attractive. A Paris Bordone, "Venus, Mars and Cupid," has a splendid richness; and by the fireplace is a little anonymous portrait (No. 130) that holds the eye by reason of its simple sweetness and fine drawing. Cariani's "Shepherd's Offering" (No. 140) has an enchanting verdancy; and the "Concert" (No. 149) attributed to Morto da Feltre, but, like the Cariani, strongly influenced by the rare and exquisite art of Giorgione, remains in the memory as a very soothing and charming thing. On the same wall is one of the great portraits of this or any gallery—Lorenzo Lotto's treatment of the Venetian amateur, Andrea degli Odoni.

Before we leave this room, in which one should spend far more time than I have perhaps suggested, let me remind you of one of the perfect lyrics in the English language:

"You meaner Beauties of the Night,
That poorly satisfie our eyes,
More by your number than your light:
You Common people of the skies,
What are you when the Sun shall rise?

You curious Chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your Voices understood
By your weak accents; what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You Violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud Virgins of the year,
As if the Spring were all your own;
What are you when the Rose is blown?

So when my Mistress shall be seen
In Form and Beauty of her mind,
By Virtue first, then Choice, a Queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
Th' Eclipse and Glory of her kind?"

The author of those lovely lines was Sir Henry Wotton, and the subject of them was Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, and the portrait over the fireplace is of that lady, painted by Gerard Honthorst. This picture, which belonged to Wotton, was left by him to Charles II, the Queen's nephew.

In the King's Drawing-Room one instantly notices the large Tintoretto, "The Nine Muses"—a magnificent work which dwarfs everything else. This is called the finest Tintoretto in England, and certainly his mastery and brio were never more evident; but personally I would not exchange it for "The Origin of the Milky Way" at the National Gallery. Other notable pictures here are the younger Palma's "Expulsion of Heresy" (No. 163), full of Venetian dignity and richness; the great Bassano's "Adoration of the Shepherds"; a fine rich Schiavone, on a larger scale than ordinarily (No. 179); and the superb "Knight of Malta" (No. 197), also by Tintoretto.

We now come to William III's State Bedroom (with George II's bed in it), on the walls of which are

the famous Beauties of Charles II's Court by Sir Peter Lely. Of these frail but powerful creatures, but for whom Debrett would tell so different a tale, I think that my choice would be—no, I cannot choose. But I think that, as paintings go, the Countess de Grammont is the finest, although the Princess Mary, who is, however, in a different class, is the most charming. After the Countess de Grammont I should put the Duchess of Cleveland and the Countess of Falmouth. The Princess Mary, as Diana, of which I give a reproduction in this book, has innocence in it; which cannot be said of the others.

The ceiling is also elaborately painted; but one needs to lie on the Royal bed to appreciate that, and such a manœuvre is forbidden.

Other things to note in the room are the carvings; the ancient mirrors, in blue and plain glass, which have given back so many Royal reflections; two more of the many quaint barometers in which the Palace is rich; and the clock in the corner, which has been going for two centuries. This clock helps to illustrate the extraordinary state of preservation which Hampton Court everywhere presents. Although so largely of Tudor origin, it is still all spick and span. That great astronomical clock, for example, in the large courtyard, which is so fascinating a piece of mechanism, dates from 1542 and was made for Henry VIII. The whole place is like a vast working toy.

In the small Dressing-Room, adjoining, are little pictures, of which the group of the three children of Christian II of Denmark, by Mabuse (No. 248), is one of the most charming. The allegorical portrait

of Queen Elizabeth is interesting, and should have been flattering enough even for her, for it represents the three goddesses, Juno, Minerva and Venus, aghast at her beauty, splendour and power. Her royal father, painted probably by Joost van Cleef, is also here, very much as we see him when he appears on the stage. His great contemporary, Francis I of France, figures here in more than one picture, particularly in No. 286, where his long crafty nose is almost too real. Among other notable works in the room are the symphony in green and brown by Mabuse, called Eleanor of Austria, and the very fine Holbein, "Jesus appearing to Mary Magdalene."

Mr. Ernest Law, in his pleasant and most instructive Guide to Hampton Court, draws attention to the fact that the next room, the King's Writing Closet, has a private staircase to the garden and that the mirror is arranged to give a view of all the rooms on the south side. The principal picture here is the fantastic but very attractive portrait of Lady Arabella Stuart, by Gheeraerts, in a lovely brocade gown. Here also are a portrait of Queen Elizabeth with a fan, and of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, with a curiously modern face, a distinguished work.

In Queen Mary's Closet is the famous picture of Sir Jeffery Hudson (1619–1682) the dwarf, by Daniel Mytens. This very capable little person, who was never really knighted, was the son of a butcher at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, and when nine years of age was presented by his father to the Duchess of Buckingham. The boy was then only eighteen inches tall, but was perfectly made: a real Lilliputian. When entertaining Charles I and his

queen, the Duchess popped Jeffery into a pie, as though he were the five-and-twentieth blackbird, and the Queen was so enchanted by the little creature that he was passed on to her and became a Court favourite. He was more than this, too, for he had an excellent intelligence and was given a captaincy of horse during the Civil Wars. Accompanying the Queen to Paris, after the débâcle, he was engaged in a duel. His adversary humorously and contemptuously brought a squirt to the encounter, but Jeffery having provided himself with a pistol shot him dead. Later he was captured by Turkish pirates and sold as a slave, and in this dire condition he began to grow, reaching the astonishing proportions of three feet, six inches. Returning at last to England, he settled in the country on a pension, but was arrested for suspected complicity in the popish plot of 1679 and imprisoned. Soon afterwards he died. The Ashmolean Museum at Oxford preserves some of his minute clothing. A portrait of Sir Jeffery's first patron, the Duke of Buckingham, for whom his father prepared bulls for baiting, is also in this room.

In the Queen's Gallery are a series of tapestries illustrating the history of Alexander the Great.

In Queen Anne's State Bedchamber, where her bed stands, with an enormously high canopy of crimson and yellow Genoa velvet, the ceiling is not by Verrio or Laguerre, but by Hogarth's father-in-law, Sir James Thornhill. Here we find Italian painters once more—a Francia (No. 394), mild and saccharine as ever, but with a fine quality of lucidity; a well-drawn St. Sebastian (No. 423), attributed to

Francia or a follower; Isabelle d'Este (No. 427), perhaps by Parmigianino; and two softly beautiful Correggios, "St. Catherine reading" and a "Holy Family," both full of quiet beauty and the painter's indescribable charm. I give a reproduction of the "Holy Family."

From Queen Anne's Drawing-Room one should look from the windows, for the yew walks with their ancient sombre trees all branch from a point opposite this apartment, while the ornamental water fills the vista directly in front. Here are no pictures, but flashy mural paintings by the tiresome flamboyant Verrio. Dean Swift once attended a royal levée in this room.

In Queen Anne's Chamber we recede in history and find Tudors and early Stuarts once more. A famous family group of Henry VIII is here: depicting the King; his queen of the moment, Catherine Parr, on his left; by her side Princess Elizabeth, afterwards to become Good Queen Bess; and on Henry's other side Prince Edward, later to be Edward VI, and Princess Mary, afterwards "Bloody Mary." Behind Mary is "Jane the Fool," and behind Elizabeth Will Somers, the Court jester. Here also are two synchronous pictures representing the Field of the Cloth of Gold, with Henry VIII and Francis I as the protagonists.

Of late the Prince of Wales's apartments have been closed and their very miscellaneous pictures transferred to the Public Dining-Room. Few of these are of particular note, but among them is the magnificent Adam and Eve of Mabuse; an interesting group, Henry, Prince of Wales, and Robert

RICHMOND BRIDGE

Devereux, Earl of Essex, hunting; a grotesque representation of Hell, as the Dutch artist Hieronimus Bosch conceived it; a very fine Peter Breughel, a snow scene, called "Sacking a Village" (No. 582), full of rich decorative hues; and an agreeable Pieter de Hooch (No. 587).

We pass now through a series of small rooms, with no light whatever, to the King's Gallery, where the priceless Raphael cartoons used to be preserved. But first we should look at the room itself, which shows Wren at his best as a designer of an apartment, and is also notable for Grinling Gibbons's woodwork. The cartoons being now at South Kensington, their places have been taken by the tapestries made from them.

We now come, in the Communication Gallery, to the greatest treasure that Hampton Court possesses —the series of frescoes by the great Andrea Mantegna, representing the Triumph of Julius Cæsar. Damaged as these are by time and travel, for they were painted on linen for the Duke of Mantua as long ago as 1485–1492, these nine pictures (which really are one picture cut into nine) are still most beautiful and exciting. While impairing their outline, age has but softened their hues into the most tender tones. The reds and yellows are particularly lovely. Not the least surprising thing about this wonderful Thames-side palace is that it should contain these examples of a Master who possessed in some ways the most interesting personality of any painter, and the most fascinating intellect, but for whose rare work at its greatest one must otherwise travel to Padua and his own Mantua. Yet here he is,

serene and masterful, only a few yards from Tagg's Island and Hurst Park race-course!

—So much for Hampton Court's pictures.

We now enter the little suite of rooms which belonged to Cardinal Wolsey, the one known as his Closet, which had a private stairway in the corner, having a very fine ceiling and many of its original diamond panes. The fresco represents the Passion.

Recrossing the courtyard diagonally, we come to the staircase leading to the Great Hall built by Henry VIII for state banquets, receptions, and those masquerades in which he delighted and in which he could become so dangerous. Shakespeare is known to have acted here—a sufficiently thrilling thought. The stained glass is all modern, but that says nothing against it, for some of the colours are very charming, notably the greens and purples; while the Coburg and Garter blue, as it is called, at the end, is most brilliant. The Great Hall is famous also for its tapestries, which tell with minuteness and fidelity the story of Abraham, and are explained by a worthy and very aristocratic old gentleman, who has as much pride in them as though he himself were Bernard van Orley, their designer, or the chief of the Brussels weavers who made them.

CHAPTER XXI

LORD'S

A centenary—The beginning of Lord's—The first matches—The Earl of Winchilsea—Lord's I, Lord's II, and Lord's III—Mr. William Ward — Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane — Cricket nonagenarians—Early days—Praise of famous men—Nyren to "W. G."

SINCE *A Wanderer in London* was written, the famous cricket ground in St. John's Wood has celebrated its centenary, for it was first played upon in 1814. The event was fittingly celebrated by an official history not only of the ground but of the M.C.C., or Marylebone Cricket Club, by Lord Harris, who used to captain Kent and cut balls to the boundary like bullets, and Mr. F. S. Ashley-Cooper, who knows cricket records as the late Henri Fabre knew insects. Mr. P. F. Warner, the Middlesex captain, who is said to be intimately acquainted with every daisy at Lord's, might have joined them; but he did not.

The first match played on the present Lord's ground, according to Lillywhite's *Scores and Biographies*, was on June 22, 1814. The sides were the M.C.C. *v.* Hertfordshire (with Mr. Bentley). The M.C.C., for whom those early giants, Lord Frederick Beauclerk, Mr. Budd, Mr. (or "Squire") Osbaldeston, and Mr. William Ward, were playing,

won. The second recorded match on the present ground was of a kind now unhappily extinct: single wicket. It was on July 4, 1814, and the sides were the four Hampshire men, E. Carter, Thumwood, John Bennett and T. C. Howard, against the three M.C.C. amateurs I have named above, with the Hon. E. Blyth (of Kent) added. The gentlemen won handsomely—and so the ground's glorious career began.

Its history is this. In the latter half of the eighteenth century, when cricket began to make its way, London had but one cricket club of any standing, the White Conduit Club, called sometimes the Star and Garter, which numbered among its members many jovial spirits who were as ready for a practical joke as for the game, but none the less helped to revise the laws of cricket in 1755 and 1774. Among the members was the eighth Earl of Winchilsea, a very keen hand, who retained in his service a capable all-round Yorkshireman, named Thomas Lord, to be useful in many ways, and not the least in bowling to gentlemen. One day in the seventeen-eighties the Earl of Winchilsea suggested to Lord that there would be plenty of support forthcoming if he would make a ground in a more central position than the White Conduit, and keep it more select, so that the genial amateurs of cricket might be sure of being able to get a knock (as we say now, and as was practically all that batting meant then) whenever they liked.

Lord expressed himself as willing, provided he could be guaranteed against loss; and the Earl and his friend Charles Lennox, afterwards fourth Duke

of Richmond, promising to see him through, set to work, and the ground was ready in May 1787, the club which was formed to play there and support it being called, after the parish in which the ground was situated, the Marylebone Cricket Club. Such was the light-hearted inception of what has grown to be the vast and highly organized institution which all men know and respect as the M.C.C.

Lord's first ground occupied a site of which Dorset Square is at present a part. That was from 1787 until 1810. Having notice to quit, he acquired a new ground at the top of Lisson Grove, where the Great Central Railway now is; but, the Regent's Canal being planned to run right through it, he had again to move, and this time he settled in St. John's Wood and remained there. The story which always used to be told was that Lord each time carried his turf with him; but that cannot be true if, as the centenary history states, the second ground was being played on for two years—1808–1810—before the first was given up. It was, as I have said, in 1814 that the present Lord's ground was ready.

Thomas Lord remained in control of the ground until 1825, when, his lease being up, that enemy which is always threatening the prosperity of any open space in a big city began to draw nearer—I mean, of course, the builder—and very drastic steps were necessary. To his assistance came Mr. William Ward, perhaps the greatest benefactor that cricket ever had, and one to whom, were London's statue-raising zeal thorough, there would long since have been a monument, for he practically, as we have already seen, was the father of the Oval too. This

most fortunate blend of the sportsman, the financier and the patriot was born in 1787 and educated at Winchester. He grew to be six feet, one inch, weighed fourteen stone and played with a 4-lb. bat. In 1820 he made 278 in an innings; which long remained the second highest score. He bowled slow underhand, kept himself on too long, and fielded at point. He played cricket almost to the end of his life, chiefly for the M.C.C. and Hampshire, and was one of those to take a reasonable view when round-arm came in. Mr. Ward being also a Director of the Bank of England and M.P. for the City of London, it was natural that when Lord saw difficulties threaten he should turn to him.

The result was that Mr. Ward bought the lease, which in 1835 he transferred to James Henry Dark of honourable memory, who held it until 1864, when the Club became the owners of the ground. Dark, however, continued his active participation in management for several years and is hardly less the hero of its history than Thomas Lord himself.

Not the least valuable portion of the volume—indeed, it might well be considered the most valuable since it embodies the personal recollections of a great cricket enthusiast and patron, whose unclouded memory could go back for four-score years—is the late Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane's introduction. Sir Spencer, who died in 1915, is another example of the happy longevity that can be the lot of followers of the greatest of games; for he lived to be ninety and thus comes within easy distance of his old friend Mr. Jenner-Fust, who lived to be ninety-nine, and William Beldham, who was ninety-six; while his

friend Mr. Budd reached ninety. Sir Spencer first knew Lord's in the eighteen-thirties at the beginning of the Dark régime. He thus describes it: "In the then Pavilion, a small one-roomed building, surrounded with a few laurels and shrubs, and capable of holding forty or fifty members, I can see Mr. Aislabie, the Secretary of the Club, a big fat man over twenty stone in weight, fussing about with a red book in which he was entering subscriptions for some desired match of which the funds of the Club could not afford the expense. And here sat Lord Frederick Beauclerk, then the Autocrat of the Club and of Cricket in general, laying down the law and organising the games. On these he always had a bet of a sovereign, and he himself managed them while sitting alongside the scorers at the top of the ground, whence he issued his orders to the players. He himself had then given up playing.

"Round the ground there were more of these small benches without backs, and a pot-boy walked round with a supply of Beer and Porter for the public, who had no other means of refreshing themselves. Excepting these benches there were no seats for spectators. At the south-west corner of the ground there were large stacks of willow-blocks to be seasoned and made into bats in the workshop adjoining. On the upper north-east corner was a large sheep-pen. In the centre of the ground, opposite the Pavilion, was a square patch of grass which was kept constantly rolled and taken care of. No scythe was allowed to touch it, and mowing machines were not then invented. The rest of the ground was ridge and furrow—not very easy for

fielding on, nor made any easier by the number of old pitches which abounded, for on non-match days the public could have a pitch for a shilling, a sum which included the use of stumps, bat and ball, the last-named selected from half a dozen or so from the capacious breeches pockets of 'Steevie' Slatter, Mr. Dark's factotum, which never seemed to be empty.

"The grass, as I have said, was never mowed. It was usually kept down by a flock of sheep, which was penned up on match days, and on Saturdays four or five hundred sheep were driven on to the ground on their way to the Monday Smithfield Market. It was marvellous to see how they cleared the herbage. From the pitch itself, selected by Mr. Dark, half a dozen boys picked out the rough stalks of the grass. The wickets were sometimes difficult—in a dry north-east wind, for instance; but when they were in good order it was a joy to play on them, they were so full of life and spirit. The creases were cut with a knife, and, though more destructive to the ground, were more accurate than those marked subsequently with white paint!"

"Let us now praise famous men," is the real motto of any cricket history. And what a procession of heroes Lord's can remember! The Earl of Winchilsea, the father of the M.C.C.; the Earl of Tankerville, who employed Nyren's Lumpy (and, as we have seen, Surrey's borrowed bulwark) as his gardener and Bedster as his butler; the Duke of Dorset, who kept Miller, Minshull, and Bowra, all worthies of Nyren's deathless page, in his service, handy for the game; Sir Horace Mann, who retained the brothers

Ring; the Rev. Lord Frederick Beauclerk, D.D., who seems, in spite of his passion for cricket and fine aptitude at it, to have done as a "backer" his best or worst in the impossible task of ruining its character; Mr. Budd, "who always wanted to win the game off a single ball," and "did so like to make the ring fall back farther and farther as he warmed to his play"; Mr. Ward himself, who used the same bat for fifty years, and as he grew older is said, while standing nominally at point, to have treated the striker with too much respect—and who can blame him? George Anderson, who, when he could not sleep, went downstairs for his bat and took it back to bed with him; Mr. Benjamin Aislabie, who composed comic rhymes on his contemporaries and was never refused a subscription to a match; "Squire" Osbaldeston, who bowled so fast that he required two long-stops; Will Caldecourt, who hit six 6's in an over; Mr. Kingscote, who drove Lillywhite out of the ground into Hanover Crescent; William Lillywhite himself, who to his Captain's reproaches for not catching someone off his own bowling—the "Nonpareil" being very chary of injuring his hand—replied definitely, "Look here, sir, when I've bowled the ball I've done with her, and I leaves her to my field" (pronouncing bowled to rhyme with fouled); Mr. C. G. Taylor, a wag as well as a cricketer, who backed himself to learn the piano and sing, in six weeks, and walk down King's Parade in a pair of trousers of his own make, and won; Old Clarke, the slow bowler, who forewarned the field of any impending "haccident"; the great Alfred Mynn, the Kentish colossus, perhaps

the finest figure in the whole history of the game, who, when there was a question of increasing the number of balls in the over said, "Myself, I should like a hundred"; Mr. Buchanan, who was right fast for eighteen years and then changed to slow left and did wonders with it; Mr. Cobden, who took the last three Oxford wickets with consecutive balls and won the university match by two runs; Mr. Booth, who in 1865 hit a ball over the Pavilion and having "'ands like a 'ip-bath" made a catch which none who saw has ever forgotten; and, finally, "W. G." himself, who made his first appearance at Lord's in 1864 when sixteen, and scored 50, and in 1899 was elected a life member of the Club.

These are matured heroes. Then there are also great Public School figures, such as Lord Byron, cricketer and cricket epigrammatist; John Harding of Eton, who named his bat after Mrs. Keate; Charles Wordsworth, afterwards the bishop, who gave Henry Manning, afterwards the cardinal, a bat and received a poetical reply containing these lines:

> "And if there's anything on earth can mend
> My wretched play, it is that piece of wood;"

Picky Powell, an Eton hanger on, who dared to say to a Harrow pugilist, "All the good I see in 'Arrow is that you can see Eton from it"; and Lord D——, who could not stand the anxiety of a close finish, but hired a cabman to drive him two miles from Lord's and then back, and on learning that Eton had won, drove all the way down Portland Place and Regent Street cheering at the top of his voice.

THE HOLY FAMILY WITH ST. JAMES

AFTER THE PICTURE BY CORREGGIO AT HAMPTON COURT

Such are some of the great deeds and great characters that Lord's has known.

And, even as I write, the greatest figure in modern cricket has passed away—W. G. Grace. He leaves a void that can never be filled again. The game will recover and there will again be great cricketers; but there can never be another so immeasurably the greatest—never another not only to play cricket as Grace did, but to be cricket as Grace was.

Cricket and W. G. were indeed one. Popular superstition and the reporters had it that he was a physician, and it is true that, when a wicket-keeper smashed his thumb or a bumping ball flew into a batsman's face, first aid would be administered in the grateful shade of the "Doctor's" beard; but it was impossible really to think seriously of his medical activities, or indeed of any of his activities off the field. Between September and May one thought of him as hibernating in a cave, returning to life with renewed vigour with the opening of the season, his beard a little more imposing, his proportions a little more gigantic; so that each year the bat in his hand, as he walked to the wicket with that curious rolling tumbling gait, seemed a more trifling implement.

With the mind's vision one sees him in many postures. At the wicket: waiting, striking and running; and again bowling, in his large round action, coming in from the leg, with a man on the leg boundary a little finer than square, to catch the youngsters who lunged at the widish ball (his "bread-and-butter trick," W. G. called it). One sees him thus and thus, and even retiring to the

pavilion, either triumphantly—with not, of course, a sufficient but an adequate score to his credit—or with head bent pondering how it was he let that happen and forewarning himself against it next time. But to these reminiscent eyes the most familiar and characteristic attitude of all is W. G. among his men at the fall of a wicket, when they would cluster round to discuss the event and, no matter how tall they were, W. G.'s beard and shoulders would top the lot. Brave days for ever gone!

Of late years, since his retirement, the Old Man, as he was best known among his fellow-amateurs, was an occasional figure at Lord's. More than a figure, a landmark, for he grew vaster steadily, more massive, more monumental. What must it have been like to have that Atlas back and those shoulders in front of one in the theatre! At the big matches he would be seen on one of the lower seats of the pavilion with a friend on either side, watching and commenting. But the part of oracle sat very lightly upon him; he was ever a man of action rather than of words; shrewd and sagacious enough, but without rhetoric. That his mind worked with Ulysses-like acuteness every other captain had reason to know; his tactics were superb. But he donned and doffed them with his flannels. In ordinary life he was content to be an ordinary man.

Although sixty-seven, he did not exactly look old; he merely looked older than he had been, or than any such performer should be permitted to be. There should be a dispensation for such masters, by

which W. G. with his bat, and John Roberts with his cue, and Cinquevalli with his juggling implements, would be rendered immune from Anno Domini. Almost to the end he kept himself fit, either with local matches, where latterly he gave away more runs in the field than he hit up, not being able to "get down" to the ball, or with golf or beagling. But the great beard grew steadily more grizzled and the ponderous footfall more weighty. Indeed, towards the last he might almost have been a work by Mestrovics, so colossal and cosmic were his lines.

Peace to his ashes! We shall never look upon his like again. The days of Grace are ended.

CHAPTER XXII

THE ZOO

The new spirit—The Mappin Terraces—Bears and goats—New friends—The enchanting Bush baby—The obscene echidna—Pheasants of every hue—Dandies and dowdies—Spring in Regent's Park—The insect house—A black jaguar—The little birds—"Beware of pickpockets"—Years of disappointment—A pickpocket at last!

GREAT and laudable activity has marked recent years at the Zoo, in every department, but to the returning visitor who has been absent since, say, 1910, the outstanding innovation would be the Mappin Terraces. These are a series of raised platforms, at the west end of the Gardens, rising to mountainous peaks on which goats perch themselves against the evening sky. At the foot is a pool for flamingoes, and between these extremities are enclosures where comic and grotesque bears seem to spend their whole lives in an erect posture. Intersecting paths give a view of these animals such as has not previously been enjoyed, while the conditions must be more pleasing to the inmates than heretofore. The benefactor of the Gardens who made possible this scheme, which is adapted from the Hagenbeck Zoo at Hamburg, was the late Mr. Frederick Mappin, with whose knives so many of us cut our food.

No book can keep pace with the Zoo. Indeed, since this chapter was begun the mandril has died—that terrifying post-impressionist ape in a cage by the Inner Circle entrance. The new pair of beavers have also thrown all their predecessors' shyness to the winds and are as willing to be looked at as actresses; my young orang-outang friends Annie and Jerry no more are to be fondled beneath the ape house; and the sea lion enclosure has lost its King Penguin.

Every time I go to the Zoo I find new creatures. It was not, for example, until on a quite recent visit that I made the acquaintance in real life of the Bush baby, although South African novelists had paved the way for the meeting. There is a Bush baby in a house by the Primrose Hill entrance: a tiny pathetic silver-grey mousey creature, with very round timid eyes, the colour of light dinner ale or uncut amber, and tiny hands with little tufts on each finger-tip, and folding ears, and the most surprising way of effortless jumping from the floor of its cage to the top of its tree, where it crouches and thinks sadly of Africa.

I can recommend the Maholi Galago, which is its full-dress name, very highly as an ingratiating and melancholy foreigner; but there are two obscene monsters in the box beneath which I hope I shall never see again, one of which was hauled out and lectured upon by the keeper before I could escape. A more revolting jumble of animals than the Black-spined Porcupine, or Echidna, of Dutch New Guinea, I never dreamed of. It is part bird, part quadruped, and wholly uncouth and uncanny. To find one in one's bed would mean lifelong maniacy. Such things

are drawn in the old game of "Birds, beasts, and fishes"; such things get into books by Mr. Wells and Sir A. Conan Doyle. To find one alive, or at any rate moving, at the Zoo, is a shock. What the keeper said I cannot recall, for I was receding all the time, but one reiterated fact has stuck in my mind: "With the temperature of a reptile," he said again and again. Well, let those that want to take such temperatures, take them. For me, the adjacent pheasantry.

I had never thought intently about pheasants before. I knew them as huge birds which provoke heart seizures in spring by suddenly rising from one's very feet with a terrible explosion. I knew them, or rather I had heard of them, as feeding so gluttonously on mangolds as to ruin farmers. I knew them as being practically tame and confiding domestic poultry until September 30, on the next day turning into wild fowl which any gunner is proud to hit. I knew them as providing excellent autumnal food (boiled, with chestnuts, for choice) so long as one does not bite on a pellet. I knew them also as being of a handsome burnished brown hue with tails like comets. What I did not know was that most other countries have pheasants too, and that the bird, though true to type in the main, differs amazingly with each country, and that China easily wins in this department, the Chinese pheasants being more glorious and brilliant than any other. There is indeed one Celestial fowl which, were it let loose in the City, would lure the whole population into pursuit, so auriferous is it; the Gold pheasant, in short; and, strangely enough, this bird, who woos with very

odd manœuvres, has the dowdiest wives of all. No pheasant allows his ladies to dress more than decently; that is understood. But the Gold pheasant of China keeps their dress allowance down to practically nothing at all. The best-dressed wives are those of the Siamese Fireback, who show to advantage, as the fashion papers say, in a stylishly-cut tailor-made costume. I do not say that the Gold pheasant is the king of the pheasantry, but he is the most gorgeous. My own taste is simpler. I like best the Peacock pheasant of British Burmah, with its purple spots on a soft grey background. Among others are Reeves' pheasant, post-impressionist in design, in yellows and black; and the rich horned Tragopan; and the Himalayan Monaul, whose many hues change with every movement; and the Java jungle fowl, through whose blue and crimson comb the light burns; and the Prince of Wales pheasant of North Afghanistan, which is the sublimation of our own English variety. But all are wonderful, each in a different way, and in the spring, when the thought of eggs is predominant, they are at their best—at least, the happy gentlemen are. Let all who visit the Zoo in the spring therefore—and spring comes up as gaily and graciously in Regent Park as anywhere in the world—remember the pheasantry. Better than most picture galleries is this terrace of aviaries.

Another part of the Gardens, new since I wrote *A Wanderer in London*, is the Insect House, where the birth of butterflies and moths may be witnessed while you wait. A huge privet hawk moth was painfully crawling out of its chrysalis just as I

reached the railings, and a vast mass of quivering larvæ which a day or so before I had watched in fascinated disgust had now become millions of blue-bottle flies. But the most curious things were the bird-eating spiders of Trinidad. To me they were wholly unfamiliar; but a small boy of about ten was fluently ticking off their accomplishments to his sisters and nurse. To babes and sucklings how many things are revealed!

What else did I see on my last visit (and I go very frequently) that particularly delighted me? Well, I saw a Savannah deer from Iquique, with the sweetest, gentlest countenance. I saw a black jaguar (but perhaps all jaguars are black), through whose glossy coat the ghosts of spots were now and then visible; and nothing more forlorn or tragic than the expression in its yellow eyes did I ever watch. Truly terrible this—to know that there is nothing in store for it for ever but to possess the soul which of course it does not possess (those trifles being reserved for the crowds on the other side of its bars) in patience and courage in this solitary confinement. Until the end! And in the melancholy of this superb creature I read the whole indictment of Zoological Gardens all the world over. The otter in his pool, the monkeys in their sociable cages, the sea lions in their rocky haunt, the busy humorous elephants bearing their constant human loads, the bears in the Mappin terraces, with visits from punctual friends, the parrots in their large aviary and the small birds in their little one—these are not necessarily to be much pitied. But that jaguar in his narrow cell and, not so far away, those eagles accustomed to

soar out of sight but now cooped and cabined—they excite only compassion and the question, Is it worth while keeping them as a show?

I mentioned the small birds just now, and that reminds me that on visiting their abode my eyes were amazed by the Toucans and fascinated by the Yellow-winged Sugar Birds. Of the Toucan, with its incredible beak and lavish colouring, one might say, as the American rustic said on his first sight of the giraffe in the travelling menagerie, "Hell! I don't believe it!" but the little Sugar Birds are like the gayest of thoughts, and might have been Maeterlinck's exemplars. Such dark blue and such light blue never were elsewhere in this wonderful world, into which the Regent's Park Gardens offer such fascinating and bewildering glimpses.

And then, just before coming away I had the greatest triumph of all my career as a F.Z.S. I saw a pickpocket. You know how at every turn in the Gardens a notice warns you to beware of these dangerous fauna? But never had I been robbed or witnessed any hue and cry. The words "Beware of Pickpockets" I had indeed come to look upon as the "Wolf! Wolf!" of the fable. Even in the lions' house at feeding time when, tradition has it, the pupils of Fagin are at their very best, I had never detected a practitioner. Yet now, at last, I had the satisfaction of watching one actually at work there—as flagrantly as that historic but unnamed performer who abstracted a snuffbox from a courtier under the eyes of Charles II, and by his roguish shamelessness made the Merry Monarch an accomplice.

The day was so hot that for a while I did a thing I have never done before: I sat on a chair in the path up and down which the elephants slowly parade as they bear their loads of excited children and self-conscious adults; and it was there that I found the pickpocket, or, if you like, it was there that he found me. For I was one of his victims.

I had always thought of pickpockets as little chaps capable of slipping away even between men's legs in a crowd; but this fellow was big. I had thought, too, of pickpockets as carrying on their nefarious profession with a certain secrecy and furtiveness; but the Zoo pickpocket, possibly from sheer cynicism, or from sheer advantage of size, making most of the officials look insignificant and weakly, was at few or no pains to cover his depredations. Nor did he, as I supposed was the custom of his kind, devote himself to watches, pocket-books and handkerchiefs, but took whatever he could, and if a bag chanced to have something in it and he could not extract the contents quickly enough, he took the bag as well. He was indeed brazen; but scathless too.

My own loss was trifling—merely a newspaper, which I would have given him had he asked for it. But before I knew anything it was snatched from my hands by this voracious thief. To say that I was astonished would be to state the case with absurd mildness; I was electrified. But when I looked round for the help which any man is entitled to expect, judge of my horror when I found that not only all the spectators who had witnessed the outrage, but also the only keepers within sight, were laughing.

And I can swear that the pickpocket was laughing too, for there was an odd light in his wicked little yellow eye as he opened his mouth, lifted his trunk with my poor journal firmly held in it, and deposited the paper in that pink cavern his mouth. For my first Zoo pickpocket was the biggest of the elephants, who is both old enough and large enough to know better.

CHAPTER XXIII

A GROUP OF LONDONERS

The true Londoner—S. F. and his water colours—The print shops—J. O. L. and his drawings—The passionate Londoner—A. C. P. and his variousness—An editor of London—A. E. B. the talker—A few bookmen—Bertram Dobell the bookseller and more—Samuel Drewett

LONDONERS are both born and made. I know examples of both varieties and I find that those that are made are the most appreciative and those that are born the most thorough.

The true Londoner, born or made, has a devotion to centrality; a feeling that everything that is not London is not London. "All time," said the atheist Julius Vanini, who, in spite of his recantation, was burned at the stake, "is lost that is not spent in love." The Londoner feels that too, as Sydney Smith states, in the motto on my title-page,—with the substitution (a distinction with very little difference) of London for love; and he may feel it in any spot in the world to which iron circumstance or a treacherous caprice of his own has carried him. That is what I mean by Londoner, and the exiles are often, like Stanley Ortheris, more eloquent in praise of the city of their desire than ever they will be when in her midst again. Absence can

but make their hearts grow fonder, as not always it does in other and grosser love, in spite of the proverbialist.

In the pages that follow I attempt outline portraits of Londoners whom I have known, all save two under disguised initials. Those two being no longer living I give them their names—Bertram Dobell the bookseller and Samuel Drewett who, before settling in Paris, where he died, sold prints in Northumberland Avenue. The others are either in London at this moment or will soon, I hope—S. F., for example, is now a soldier—be here again.

If a certain family similarity is perceptible in them all, in that each has something of the collector spirit, it is because I am myself that way disposed, and like attracts like. But it is of the essence of the true Londoner, whether he consciously amasses or not, to be noticing; and the collector who does not notice will have barren cabinets.

Looking at S. F. so fresh and ruddy, almost bucolic of visage, with a little pucker of perplexity ever in his brow, you would say this man must have wandered into the city by chance; for how can he be a Londoner? He is perhaps an enthusiastic gardener with a nice hand for the seccateur (you would say), or, not surprising if he breeds spaniels. But really you would be wrong, for S. F. has but one passion and that is old water-colour drawings, and only in London can such a passion be gratified. Not that it can ever be gratified at all, of course, for the passion of the collector learned its only cry from the daughters of the horse leech; yet each fresh morsel confers its own delight, even though it

increases the void. What S. F. ought to have been doing before he took to khaki I could never ascertain: where the desk that should claim most of his wakeful hours; where the clerks and typists whose efforts bring him his pelf; but no one knows better than I in what agreeable way he neglects his duty and misapplies his time and disperses his riches; for I have helped him in the sweet pursuit.

Not a picture-dealer great or small, not a saleroom, is unacquainted with his mien. He is indefatigable. He will turn over twenty portfolios of engravings and prints in the hope of one drawing; for engravings interest him not, except as having been preceded by paint. Thus, he buys *Keepsakes* and *Gems* and *Landscape Annuals* wherever he sees them, always trusting some day to come upon the original of the steel plates. He is utterly ignorant of the R.A.s and A.R.A.s of the moment, but it would puzzle you to put a question about Turner and Girtin, the Cozens', David Cox or the Varleys, Paul Sandby or Samuel Prout, Bonington or Dayes, that he could not answer. These are, however, the greater names. Ask him also of the lesser known: Hugh O'Neil or John Collett, William Payne (who discovered Payne's Grey), or John Glover (who tamed birds while he sketched), and he will tell you of them, and, what is more, show you examples of their work and explain why it is not any better than it ought to be. He is true to water as a Rechabite. Oil touches him not. You may lead him in vain through the National Gallery: he will be breaking for the basement all the time to glance once again at the Turner sketches; while it is at South Ken-

sington that he is most truly at home, studying Francia (from whom the glorious Bonington had his early lessons), wondering why William Callow was never properly recognized, and deploring the fading of the Peter de Wints.

For the water-colour enthusiast, London has not too many hunting-grounds; but it is necessary very frequently to visit such as there are if one is to be blessed. And the bookseller must not be forgotten, for at any moment an extra-illustrated volume may come in—a topographical work as a rule—and this may yield great treasure. For such quarry there is a shop in the Brompton Row, between Sloane Street and Harrods', that is important. This fascinating establishment may almost be said to be an annexe of S. F.'s suburban mansion.

Odd how different men can be: J. O. L., who is the keenest Londoner in existence—to whom London is a passion—also collects pictorial art, but for him colour has no attraction whatever. Pen and pencil drawings, etchings and engravings, are his joy: but always and only of landscape—this green England of ours, in its austere moods for the most part, and in the fewest possible lines; although—for we are all, thank God, inconsistent—his eyes can wonderfully soften and indeed almost dim before Girtin's "White House at Chelsea," that perfect first discovery, before Whistler or even Turner, of the beauty and magic of the London Thames. But there are wider differences than this between S. F. and J. O. L., not the least being that S. F. is a man of leisure, and would be a man of leisure no matter how much he had to do or how little to live upon;

whereas J. O. L. has never had any leisure in his life, and never will have. He is one who carries his work with him; his head is full of it, and he is always in a rush. Even had Heaven showered upon him riches, I doubt if he would have contrived to evade as many honorary obligations as those which now overpower him of necessity. None the less, in his rapid synthetic way, he manages to know as much of the life of London of the present day as most of us, even to its comic singers, while of the London of the past he knows almost more than any.

For London is his theme, almost his life. His shelves, even floors, groan beneath the weight of London literature, London journalism, London portfolios. His walls are covered with London prints, among which those other notes of landscape in firm and vivid line shine like flowers. Perhaps, to have such a passion, such white heat of admiration, it is necessary to be a provincial, and come to the alluring Mecca with all one's adolescent homage and young enthusiasms fresh and thrilling. So did he, at any rate, some thirty and more years ago, and fell a slave and is a slave still—with the added power of recommending the bonds to others.

A. C. P. is also a London collector, but he may be called a collector of life. He is not much less interested in water-colours than S. F., but he adds oils to them; nor much less fascinated by the ancient city than J. O. L.; but to these tastes he adds an actuality that they lack. With sympathies for everything old he is yet intensely of the present.

ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE

He has been called the busiest man in London, but he also manages to see more of it than most idle Londoners. He is an excellent example of the Londoner with eyes. As he walks he notes, and the consequence is that he is a fund of inspiration to those who do not observe and want to be told things. He knows most of the obvious things and some of the recondite things, but has all a Londoner's strange lacunæ. Someone once said to him, "There is only one thing more remarkable than the things you do know and that is the things you don't know"; but none the less he is rarely stumped utterly. He treasures not only the sights of London but its phrases. He can tell you not only what is the latest slang but when it came in, and often who brought it. He rejoices in a good idiom, and quite recently stopped me to enjoy with him a description he had overheard of a little London servant girl who, one tristful Wednesday night, was said to be "looking both ways for Sunday"—surely a very happy hitting off of the mid-week feeling. On another occasion, as we stood together sipping refreshment, I asked him why a "John Collins" was so called—a question I had put in vain to many friends—and in an instant he told me of the old London waiter, and quoted the lines:

"My name is John Collins, head waiter at Limmer's,
Corner of Conduit Street, Hanover Square;
My chief occupation is filling of brimmers
To solace young gentlemen laden with care."

Not many Americans, to whom a "John Collins" is more of a reality than with us, know that. But

if any American in London wants his national beverages, A. C. P. is the man that he should ask; for he knows the bars of London hardly less intimately than her picture-galleries and houses of entertainment; and while he can tell you not only where you may see a Claude Monet, and what time to reach Covent Garden to enjoy the most exquisite moment of the Russian ballet, he can tell you also where the best dry Martini is mixed.

Had London an editor, such as I think would be greatly to her advantage, A. C. P. could fill the void. For one thing, he would set up direction posts at such spots as Piccadilly Circus and Charing Cross, indicating the bus routes and corresponding numbers, for the convenience of the wayfarer. Persons who have been in Munich will remember the clarity with which such information is imparted. Too much order may impair a city's quality, but London has no order at all except such as one can extract from the nearest policeman. And apropos of policemen, I may say that A. C. P. knows several of them personally, and more than one officer of the Criminal Investigation Department. His foible indeed, wherever he goes, is preferential treatment.

Perhaps as good a definition of the complete Londoner as could be given is to say of him that he knows omnibuses by their numbers. I am sure that A. C. P. does not, but he can tell most cabmen a quicker way than they themselves would choose, and he knows also the best second-hand book shops for most varieties of literature. It was

he who first drew my attention to the pretty relief of St. Martin giving his cloak to the beggar, that is on all the lamp-posts in the parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

A. C. P., however, although he will answer questions and interject comments, does not talk. My London talker is A. E. B. A. E. B. carries on the Johnson tradition: he sits in taverns and discourses on everything that crops up. He has no sense of time and no power of repletion: hence he sits on and on, and empties whatever is placed before him, and embroiders all subjects under the sun, until someone mentions the hour, when he remembers a variety of engagements, all of which are broken, and thinks it best perhaps to return home. Only with the assistance of cabs can he keep any appointment, and knowing this, and having at bottom a genuine if pathetic desire to be business-like, he clings to a cabman as a drowning man to a spar, and cannot bear to let him go. Cabmen, therefore, who have the good fortune to catch his eye, live in affluence by sheer waiting for him at so much an hour outside houses.

He comes fully armed to every topic: either he has really meditated upon it, or such is his marvellous power of improvisation—and I incline to this theory—that he can frame his inventions of the instant as though they were the result of sleepless nights. His peculiar gift is to generalize from the particular. Being for the most part so engrossed in his own fancies, he sees little as he passes through the streets with moving lips as in a dream. Hence, when he does see a thing, it becomes a portent and

fills his imagination. A. C. P., who sees everything, listening to him would be smiling in his beard all the while; but others he can take in, and does, to their immense satisfaction, for he has every rhetorical charm.

When it comes to London bookworms, memory reels, for I know so many. There is B. P., who, with no time for the search, quietly and stealthily conveys to his home every evening a new treasure, found none knows where; and, with no intellectual shop-window at all, sitting silent a whole evening unless challenged, has ever, hidden away on a mental shelf, some curious fact on every topic started, and, on actual shelves, copies of most of the rare books (and many unique ones, with autographs and marginalia of the great dead in them) of which men, on such occasions, talk. There is P. R., a pillar of learning and industry, who writes more reviews and reads more publishers' manuscripts than any ordinary five men, and yet has time to search Charing Cross Road systematically from end to end every week, see every new play, entertain and be entertained, and maintain a correspondence with his friends so copious as to compare favourably with the letters of the good days before railways and a feverish daily press had arrived to impair the art.

But my special bookworm shall be one who not only bought books and read them and sold them, but even went on to write them as well—yes, and poetry too—the late Bertram Dobell of the Charing Cross Road. Bertram Dobell was the true stamp. No "remainders" in his shop, and no visible order.

Dust everywhere; books everywhere: on the floor in heaps, in the cellar in heaps, and yet some mysterious secret law must have obtained there, for if you wanted a book, and he had it, it would emerge. B. D. himself, however, was not much to be seen in latter days: he left the market to assistants, and largely to his sons, who still carry on the business with distinction, and sat in a little room at the back, so full of books that the mere process of entering it and leaving it must have been a daily problem to one of his bulk; and there he pored over new discoveries or talked good book talk with such of his visitors as were thin enough or determined enough to reach and occupy the other chair. Once you were there he pushed an opening or two in the rampart of volumes before him, and through these chinks you conversed like Pyramus and Thisbe.

Such glimpses of Bertram Dobell as you could thus catch showed him to be in the seventies, with a large fine thinking head, fringed with longish grey hair, and a pointed grey beard. His face was furrowed, and his eyes suggested that reading and thought had always been put before sleep. Rembrandt should have painted him in this dark cell. Not that Bertram Dobell had ever been eremitical. Among his poems are stanzas of a genial and ruddy cast not only on ladies that he had loved but on dancing girls that he had seen (giving those tired eyes an unaccustomed balm), while among his biographical prefaces—for he knew and edited poets of revolt—are sympathetic passages indicating that he too had felt the heat of the fray.

It was a charming characteristic of Bertram Dobell that he had always something new to show you—usually an Elizabethan or Jacobean MS., but as often as not a well-known book annotated by a not less well-known reader—even Coleridge himself. Discoveries—to you and me so epoch-making—were the warp and woof of his life. By an indefinable law, the rarities gravitated to his already over-congested treasure-house. Once he hunted them: latterly they hunted him. As the years before him diminished, the tasks set by his editorial ambition increased, and he grudged every minute spent away from his desk. The bookseller gradually and steadily transmuted to author. To us, to-day, this is nothing; but how the wits at Will's Coffee House would have played with the idea, in those days when most of the jokes were at booksellers' expense!

London has many second-hand booksellers, but none like Bertram Dobell. He alone was author and poet too. He alone had read everything he sold and knew some of it better than the pundits. To his enthusiasm (for I doubt if he ever made a penny by his books) we owe additions to our knowledge of Shelley and Lamb; but, most of all, to his critical insight is the world indebted for the poems and meditations of that rapt ecstatic soul Thomas Traherne.

Samuel Drewett, like J. O. L., was a Londoner made: he came hither not from Northumberland, like J. O. L., but from Bedfordshire, and he brought with him just that little bundle of impulsive idealism and generosity which he carried all his life and

which the ills and misfortunes, and, most of all, the disappointments and frustrations that beset his path, could do little to diminish. This he brought to London, and this he took from it when he moved to a sister capital abroad: no more; for he was of that small and select band, surely very precious to the angels, whose efforts go towards helping others, rather than themselves, to affluence and success.

London is not over kind. London likes to see this man miss his train and that slip on orange peel; this weak-witted woman mocked by boys, and that dandy receive a mud spot full on his collar. But S. D. was essentially sympathetic and pitiful. He loathed all such calamities, and had he his way no train should start until every sign of a hurrying passenger was absent, and omnibuses should carry real mud-guards, and all pavements should be cleared by authority of peel; while in his presence boys mocked a woman at their peril. For with him to feel was to act. I almost wrote, to think was to act; but I doubt if he thought at all, in the ordinary sense of the word. He arrived at conclusions by a mixed process of indignation, or joy, and instinct. I remember being with him one windy day on London Bridge when we came upon a little knot of people surrounding a flower-girl whose hat had blown into the river. She stood in the midst, the picture of woe and despair, while the crowd either gaped in amusement or expressed empty regrets, most of them remarking on the impossibility of ever getting it back again: "Not from the Thames, you won't; not on a day like

this;" and so forth, with endless iteration. S. D.'s method was different. His own hat was off in a moment and a shilling (he had too few of them all his short life) in it. "Now, then, gentlemen, let's get the poor girl another hat," and such was his magnetic, persuasive way that he had coaxed a sum of six shillings from those reluctant pockets in half as many minutes, and the girl went on her way with her tears changed to smiles.

He was perhaps a really typical Londoner only in one respect—he could tell you instantly all the errors that wanted adjustment. His eye for incapacities was that of an eagle; and he usually pointed out the defect to the right person. No man can have sent for the manager so often; but where he differed from all other men who have that amusing and barren habit, was in the circumstance that no matter in what a tornado of blame the interview began, the censor and the censured were always as David and Jonathan at the end of it. But his principal and most devoted adherents were employees in lower grades—waiters and commissionaires, messenger boys and policemen, railway guards and bus conductors. These adored him. Not for any money that he could give them, for he had no margin for tips, but for that rarer and more flattering and memorable form of tip, a good understanding, a basis of intercourse. A joke he had for all and something special for all too—pointing out a paragraph he had been reading in the paper; recounting a personal experience in the hearer's walk of life; making an accusation of desperate licentious-

A SHEPHERD WITH A PIPE

AFTER THE PICTURE ATTRIBUTED TO GIORGIONE AT HAMPTON COURT

ness (always unction to these good fellows); offering a cigarette from his own case. But never money. He had an instinct that money was only for those whose attachment he did not want and was not worth having. Even had he been rich I doubt if he would have given money to those whom he really liked—so fastidious and sensitive was he.

His special line was pictures, of which he knew a great deal; and together we saw many. As he grew older and misfortune drew closer, he had to abandon his connexion with art and take to literature. He took a little to cynicism too, and although the radiance of his generosity nothing could dim, his words became tinged with bitterness. "My boy," he said to me one day, not long before he moved abroad for ever,—"my boy, remember these lines:

'It's a very good world to live in,
To lend or to spend or to give in,
But to beg or to borrow or get a man's own
It's the very worst world that ever was known.'

Get these lines into your head and then you'll never be surprised or shocked when you are left high and dry."

Well, he is dead now, and more and more I find myself thinking of him and desiring his company, which was the best in the world. My first of everything that was most valuable I seem to have had from him: he gave me my first water-colour paintings, a little sea-scape by a painter named Heery, and a romantic sketch by John Varley;

he gave me my first engraving, a benefit ticket by Cipriani and Bartolozzi; he gave me my first grown-up book, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*; and all when I was not yet in the teens, or only just there, when gifts need imagination and count. . . . Above all, he first showed me London.

INDEX

A

Adam Brothers, the, 176, 216
Addison, Joseph, 93
Adelphi, the, 176–89
Aislabie, Benjamin, 248, 251
Albert, Prince, 44, 75, 139
— Memorial, the, 89
Alexandra, Queen, 168
Anderson, George, 251
Anne, Queen, 73, 122, 242
Arches, Court of, 2
Arts, Society of, 176–84, 190–9
Ashley-Cooper, F. S., 245
Astley, Philip, 156–60
Atheists, Johnson on, 187
Audley, Hugh, 68
Auto-icons, 194

B

Baillie, Joanna, 190
Balfe, M. W., 212
Banks, Sir Joseph, 211
Barry, Sir Charles, 125
— E. M., 125
— James, 176–84, 190
Bassano, L., 236
Bazalgette, Sir Joseph, 126
Beaconsfield, Lord, 122, 204
Beauclerk, Lord Frederick, 245, 248, 251
Bedford, fifth Duke of, 162
Bell, Anning, 55
Bentham, Jeremy, 192–6
Bentinck, Lord George, 167
Besant, Sir Walter, 127
Bessborough, Lord, 135
Bevington, Col. S. B., 170
Birch, Samuel, 44
Birkbeck, George, 156
Blair's Sermons, Johnson on, 187
Blake, William, 210
Blondin, J. F. G., 156
Boadicea, 124
Boer War, the, 25, 83
Bohemia, Queen of, 237–8
Booth, Mr., 252
Bordone, Paris, 237
Borrow, George, 212
Bosch, Hieronimus, 243
Boswell, James, and his happy day, 185–9
— and Good Friday, 225–9
Bow, great Bell of, 3
Boydell, John, 36
Brandon, Richard, 146
Breughel, Peter, 243
Bright, John, 113
Bronzino, 236
Browning, E. B., 190
— Robert, 190, 191
Brunel, I. K., 127
Bucnanan, Mr., 252
Buckingham, Duchess of, 240
— Duke of, 236, 241
Budd, Mr., 245, 249, 251
Burgoyne, Sir J. F., 112
Burke, Edmund, 163, 183, 191
Burne-Jones, Sir E., 212
Burney, Dr., 178, 186, 222
— E. F., 38–41
— Fanny, 191, 198
Burns, Robert, 127
Burton, William S., 26–9
Byrne, Charles, 118
Byron, Lord, 84, 166, 191, 252

C

Calais, Burghers of, 123
Caldecourt, Will, 251
Cambridge, the Duke of, 121
Camden, Lord, 35
Canning, George, 122, 191, 192
Caravaggio, 235
Cariani, 236
Carlyle, Thomas, 168, 209
Cartwright, Major, 165
Chamberlain, Joseph, 216
Chapman, George, 52
Charles I, his execution, 51, 79, 145, 146, 234, 236, 240
Charles II, 12, 18, 48, 94, 239, 261
Chaucer, 84, 85
Chiswick, 230–2
Christ's Hospital, 75
Churches—
  Bow Church, 1–4
  Martyrs' Church, the, 74
  St. Andrew's Chapel, 55
  St. Andrew's, Holborn, 20
  St. Bride's, 4, 19
  St. Clement Danes, 223
  St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, 21, 23
  St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, 4
  St. Etheldreda's, 54
  St. George's, Bloomsbury, 164
  St. Giles's, Cripplegate, 50
  St. Giles-in-the-Fields, 50–3
  St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, 144
  St. James's, Piccadilly, 20, 53
  St. Lawrence, Jewry, 47–9
  St. Magnus the Martyr, 4, 21, 49
  St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, 5, 224
  St. Martin's, Ludgate Hill, 19
  St. Mary Abchurch, 20
  St. Mary's, Paddington, 166
  St. Mary Somerset, 20
  St. Mary Le Bone, 166
  St. Mary-le-Bow, 1–4
  St. Mary's-le-Strand, 223
  St. Michael's, Cornhill, 21
  St. Michael Royal, 20
  St. Pancras, 164
  St. Stephen's, Walbrook, 18
  St. Vedast, 20
  The Westminster Cathedral, 54–6
Circus, the, 152–60
Clarke, Old, 251
Clayton, Sir Robert, 168
Cleef, Joost van, 240
Cleopatra's Needle, 128
Cleveland, Duchess of, 239
Clive, Lord, 121
Clyde, Lord, 111
Cobden, Richard, 208
Cockney, the word, 3
Coleridge, S. T., 208
Collins, William, 26
Compton, Lord, 145
Constable, John, 208
Cook, Captain, 83, 209
Cope, Sir Walter, 93
Coram, Captain, 163
Corporation Picture Gallery, 24–43
Correggio, 242
County Council, London, 200–16
Coutts the banker, 184
Cozens, J. R., 184
Cricket in London, 130–41, 245–55
Crimea Memorial, 113
Criminal detectives, 63–6
Cromwell, 123, 145, 236
Cruikshank, George, 156, 191
Curtis, T. F., 224

D

d'Arblay, Madame, 191, 198
Dark, James Henry, 248
Darwin, Charles, 208
Delane, J. T., 211
Denison, William, 135–7
De Quincey, Thomas, 211
Derby, Earl of, 121, 211
Devonshire, the Duke of, 121
Dibdin, Charles, 210
Dickens, Charles, on the Great Exhibition, 90
— his London homes, 192, 200–4
— his man Topping, 201
— his advice to Macready, 202
— his dummy books, 203
— museum wanted, 204
Disraeli, Benjamin, 122, 204
Dobell, Bertram, 272–4
Dogs' Cemetery, the, 85–7
Dorset, the Duke of, 250
Drewett, Samuel, 274–8

Drury Lane Theatre, 36
Dryden, John, 192
Ducrow, Andrew, 153–5
Duncombe, Rev. J., 133
Dyce, William, 29–32

E

Edward III, 123
Edward VI, 168, 234, 242
Edward VII, 77
Eleanor crosses, 78
Elizabeth, Queen, 76, 235, 240, 242
Ely Place, 54
Eton and Harrow, 252
Etty, William, 211
Evans, Marian, 208
Exhibition, the Great, 89

F

Falmouth, Countess of, 239
Faraday, Michael, 192
Fawcett, Henry, 127
Fehr, Henry C., 126
Finger-prints, 64–6
Fire of London, 3–23, 149
Fitz Aylwin, Henry, 75
Flaxman, John, 192
Fleet River, the, 34, 149
Foley, John Henry, 89
Forster, W. E., 127
Foundling Hospital, the, 163
Fox, Charles James, 93, 163, 215
— Henry, first Lord Holland, 93
— Stephen, 94
Francia, 241
François I, 240
Franklin, Benjamin, 196, 216
— Sir John, 112
Frere, Sir Bartle, 126
Frescoes at Hampton Court, 243
Fry, Elizabeth, 73

G

Gainsborough, Thomas, 196
Garrick, David, 185, 197
— Mrs., 185
Gaskell, Mrs., 216
Gassiot, Charles, 24
Geological Museum, the, 171–5
George I, 164, 234
George II, 161, 238
George III, 111, 159
George IV, 82, 147
"George Eliot," 208
Gheeraerts, 240
Gibbon, Edward, 197
Gibbons, Grinling, 48, 53, 79, 235, 236
Gibbs, James, 5, 223
Gibson, J. G., 126
Gilbert, Sir John, 42
— Sir W. S., 126
Gill, Eric, 55
— Macdonald, v
Giordano, 235
Giorgione, 236, 237
Girtin, Thomas, 184
Gladstone, W. E., 77, 210, 211
Glenconner, Lord, 122
Goodwin, Albert, 43
Gordon, General, 82
Grace, W. G., 252, 253–5
Grachami, Carolina, 119
Grammont, Countess de, 239
Grant, Baron, 114
Graves of famous men, 155–6
Green, J. R., 211
Gresham, Sir Thomas, 44, 75
Griffin, the, 76
Guildhall, the, 23–43
Guy, Thomas, 168
Guy's Hospital, 169

H

Hallam, Henry, 204
Hambledon Club, the, 134
Hamilton, Lady, 197
Hammerstein, Oscar, 77
Hampton Court, 233–44
Handel, G. F., 197
Hanneman, A., 235
Hansom drivers, 46–7
Hanway, Jonas, 181
Harding, John, 252
Harley, Robert, 210
Harmsworth, Cecil, 218
Harris, Lord, his cherries, 132
— his history of Lord's, 245
— Sir Augustus, 78

Harvey, William, 110
Hatton, Sir Christopher, 54
Havelock, Sir Henry, 82
Hawksmoor, Nicholas, 164
Haygarth, A., 138, 139
Hazlitt, William, 33, 208
Heine, Heinrich, in London, 212–5
Hengler, F. C., 154
Henry VI, 30
Henry VIII, 234, 242, 244
Herbert of Cherbury, 53
— George, 29, 52
— Sidney, 113
Herschel, Sir John, 204
Hill, Sir Rowland, 72, 197, 209
Hobhouse, J. C., 155
Hogarth, William, 114, 166, 197, 230–2
Hogg, Quintin, 167
Holbein, 240
Holland, Lady, 98–101
— the first Lord, 94
— the third Lord, 91–100
Holland House, 92–103
Hollis, Thomas, Johnson on, 186
Honthorst, G., 238
Hood, Thomas, 156, 210, 215
Howard, John, 210
Hudson, Sir Jeffery, 240
Hunt, Leigh, 91, 208
Hunter, John, 111, 114, 116–20, 210
— William, 111
Huxley, T. H., 211, 212

I

Ilchester, Lord, 98
Irving, Sir Henry, 115

J

James I, 93
James II, 83
Jenner, Edward, 87, 207
Johnson, Dr., his statue, 77
— at Mrs. Garrick's, 185–9
— his house, 197, 218–23
— on Theobald, 222
— on Bolingbroke, 223
— on Warburton, 223
Johnson, Dr., as a churchgoer, 224
— his memorial window, 225
— on ridicule, 226
— on various things, 226–9
Joicey, J. G., 147

K

Kean, Edmund, 207
Keats, John, 197
Keene, Charles, 91
Kensal Green Cemetery, 155–6
Kensington Palace, 88
Kent, Duke of, 165
Kingscote, Mr., 251
Kneller, Sir G., 235

L

Lamb, Charles, 38–41, 209
Landseer's lion, 81
Law Courts, the, 124
Law, Ernest, 240
Lawrence, Lord, 112
Lawson, Sir Wilfrid, 127
Leeds, John, 209
Lely, Sir Peter, 235, 239
Leno, Dan, 78
Leslie, C. R., 155
Le Sœur, Herbert, 79
Lever, Sir William, 142
Lillywhite, William, 138, 251
Lillywhite's *Scores and Biographies*, 133, 139, 245
Linacre, Thomas, 110
Lind, Jenny, 211
Lister, Lord, 216
London Bridge, Old, 50, 149
— County Council, 200–16
— Museum, the, 142–51
— its Fire, 3, 23
— its white stone, 5
— its street names, 66–9
— its statues, 70–91, 110–5, 121–9, 161–75
— its cricket-grounds, 130–41, 245–55
— its want of a circus, 152–60
— Dickens' counsels on, 202–3
— in Disraeli's writings, 205–7
— Heine on, 212–5
— University, 162

Long, J. St. John, 155
Lord Mayor's water pageant, 35, 41
Lord, Thomas, 246, 248
Lord's Cricket Ground, 131, 245–55
Lotto, Lorenzo, 237
Luini, B., 236
Lumpy, 134
Lyell, Sir Charles, 210
Lytton, Lord, 209

M

Mabuse, 239, 240, 242
Macaulay, Lord, 95–8, 200
Maholi Galago, the, 257
Mann, Sir Horatio, 133, 250
Manning, Cardinal, 216, 252
Mantegna, Andrea, 243
Mappin, Frederick, 256
Marble Arch, the, 82, 85
Marochetti, Baron, 123
Martyrs' Memorial, 74
Marvell, Andrew, 51
Mary, Princess, 239
Mary, Queen, 242
Marylebone Cricket Club, 245–255
Maurice, F. D., 209
Melbourne, Lord, 99
Mill, James, 210
— John Stuart, 127, 210
Millais, Sir J. E., 25, 168
Milton, John, 50, 72, 84, 197
Mint, the Royal, 59–63
Monro, Dr. Thomas, 184
Montgomery, Bishop, 135
Montpelier Club, the, 134
Monument, the, 17
More, Hannah, 185
Morris, William, 212, 232
Mudge's Sermons, Johnson on, 187
Mulready, W., 155
Museums—
the College of Surgeons, 116–20
the Geological, 171–5
the London, 142–51
Myddelton, Sir Hugh, 71, 75
Mynn, Alfred, 140, 251
Mytens, Daniel, 235, 240

N

Names of streets, 66–9
Napier of Magdala, Lord, 113
— Charles James, 82
Napoleon III, 198
Nasmyth, Patrick, 26
National Gallery, the, 125
Nelson, Lord, 38, 198
— Column, the, 81, 82
Newman, Cardinal, 167
New Scotland Yard, 63–6, 124
Newton, Sir Isaac, 114, 210
Nightingale, Florence, 113, 216

O

Onslow, the Speaker, 215
Osbaldeston, George, 167, 245, 251
Outram, Sir James, 126
Oval, the, 130–41

P

Page, John T., his notes on statues, 71
Palma, 237
— the younger, 238
Palmerston, Lord, 121, 210
Panton, Thomas, 67
Panyer Alley, 72
Parmigianino, 242
Peabody, George, 72
Peel, Sir Robert, 72, 121, 204
Pennethorne, Sir James, 125
Penrose, F. C., quoted, 19–21
Pepys, Samuel, 11–7
Perceval, Spencer, 216
Peter the Great, 198
"Peter Pan" statue, 87
Pether, Abraham, 36
Pheasants at the Zoo, 258
Phelps, Samuel, 212
Physicians, Royal College of, 110
Pickering, Sir William, 144
Pickpocket, an adventure with a, 261–3
Pictures in the City, 24–44
Pitt, W. (Earl of Chatham), 211
— William, 161, 207
Poets' Fountain, 84

Ponsonby-Fane, Sir Spencer, 248
Pordenone, 236
Powell, Picky, 252
"Pre-Raffaelism," 26–9, 32

Q

"Q," Old, 54

R

Raglan, Lord, 123, 212
Raikes, Robert, 127
Reade, Charles, 210
Record Office, the, 125
Rennie, John, 208
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 34, 35, 111, 114, 183, 185, 187, 198
Richard I, 123
Richardson, Samuel, 37
River, churches seen from, 4
— Pageant, 35, 41
Roberts, David, 33, 34
Rodin, Auguste, 123
Rogers, Samuel, 99, 191, 209
Romney, George, 210
Rossetti, D. G., 168, 208, 212
Rothschild tombs, the, 155
Royal Academy, the, 111, 183
— Exchange, the, 43, 149
— Mint, the, 59–63
Ruskin, John, 198, 211
Russell, Lord John, 211

S

Sanctity, odour of, 49
Schiavone, 235, 238
Scores and Biographies, 133, 245
Scott, Captain, 111
— Sir Gilbert, 89, 211
— Sir Walter, 192
Shakespeare, William, 72, 84, 114, 217
Shaftesbury, Lord, 161
Shaw, Norman, 124
Shee, Sir M. A., 183
Sheridan, R. B., 100, 166, 198
Shipway, Colonel, 230
Shirley, James, 52
Siddons, Mrs., 165, 198, 208, 209
Sloane, Sir Hans, 168
Smeaton, James, 155
Smith, Sydney, 99, 100–109, 209
Smithfield, 74
Society of Arts, the, 176–84, 190–9
Somers, Will, 242
Somerville, Mary, 211
Sophia, Princess, 156
"Spanish Horse," the, 157
Speke, J. H., 88
Spencer, Sir John, 145
Spielmann, M. H., 27, 29
Spurgeon, C. H., 216
Stafford House, 142
Stanfield, Clarkson, 211
Staple Inn Garden, 88
Statues of London, 70–91, 110–5, 121–9, 161–75
Stead, W. T., 127
Steel, A. G., 156
Stephenson, George, 165
— Robert, 165, 208
Stothard, Thomas, 212
Strathnairn, Lord, 167
Street names, 66–69
Street, G. E., 5, 124
Stubbs, George, 166
Sullivan, Sir Arthur, 127
Surgeons, the College of, 116
Surrey cricket, 132–141
Sussex, Duke of, 156
Swan, J. M., 38
Swift, Dean, 242
Sydenham, Thomas, 110

T

Tablets forbidden, 216
Tankerville, the Earl of, 133, 250
Tapestry at Hampton Court, 244
Tate, Sir Henry, 168
Taxi-drivers, 46–7
Taylor, A. T., 22
— C. G., 251
Temple, the, 209
Temple Bar, 76
Tennant Gallery, the, 122
Tennyson, Lord, 216
Thackeray, W. M., 156, 198, 208, 215
Thompson, Francis, 150

Thomson, James (the first), 150
— — (the second), 150
Thornhill, Sir James, 241
Thurloe, John, 198
Tintoretto, 236, 238
Titian, 236
Tomkins, Thomas, 33
Trelawney, E. J., 84
Trollope, Anthony, 156, 216
Turner, J. M. W., 184
Turtle soup, 44
Tyndale, William, 126

U

University College, 192

V

Valpy, Richard, 156
Vane, Sir Harry, 199
Verrio, 235
Victoria, Queen, 44, 73, 83, 88, 91, 127, 147

W

Waithman, Robert, 76
Walpole, Sir Robert, 199
Walworth, Sir William, 75
Ward, William, 134, 245, 247, 251
Ware, Dr. Joshua, 184
Warner, P. F., 245
Waterlow, Sir Sydney H., 168
Watts, G. F., 73, 88, 91
Wellington, Duke of, 72, 84, 213–5
Wesley, John, 71
West, Benjamin, 177
Westminster Guildhall, the, 125
Wheatley, Francis, 166
Whittington, Dick, 3
Wilberforce, William, 209
Wild, Jonathan, 119
Wilkes, John, 34, 35, 76
Wilkie, Sir David, 209
William III, 88, 114, 234, 238
William IV, 72
Wilson, Sir Erasmus, 128
Winchilsea, Earl of, 246
Wolfe, General, 211
Wolsey, Cardinal, 234, 244
Wordsworth, Charles, 252
Wotton, Mabel E., 217
— Sir Henry, 237–8
Wren, Sir Christopher, 3–11, 18–23, 47, 48, 53, 79, 234, 243

Y

York, Duke of, 112, 159
Young, Thomas, 207

Z

Zoological Gardens, 256–63

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HIGHGATE
KILBURN
MARLBORO ROAD
THE ZOO
Dear Girls here is a bun
Dear Tom do you not see that he is fed up?
Opens 1915
MAIDA VALE
Opens 1915
ST JOHN'S WOOD ROAD
REGENT PARK
And I promised Mother I would be home to tea by 5 oc
BAKER ST
REGENT PARK
WARREN STREET
PORTLAND RD
WARWICK AVENUE
GREAT CENTRAL
EDGWARE ROAD
ROYAL OAK
BISHOPS ROAD
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FALHAM GREEN
RIVER

Sheriff in 1393
YORK ROAD
ESSEX ROAD
JOHN STOW
Easy Mike, down the hill
How we used to travel
GOODS DEPOT
Here, mayrey lend a hand
ANGEL
CITY ROAD
KINGS
EUSTON
OLD ST
RUSSELL SQ
FARRINGDON
ALDERSGATE
CHANCERY LA
BRITISH MUSEUM
HOLBORN
POST OFFICE
MOORGATE
LIVERPOOL ST
ALDGATE
BANK
MANSION HOUSE
COVENT GDN
LEICESTER SQ
STRAND
TEMPLE
BLACK-FRIAR
CANNON ST
MONUMENT
MARK LANE
CADILLA CIRCUS
TRAFALGA
CHARING
SOMERSET HOUSE
LONDON BRIDGE
WESTMINSTER
L.C.C.
WATERLOO
BOROUGH
WESTMINSTER BRIDGE ROAD
ELEPHANT & CASTLE
HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT
KENNINGTON
Watch this spot between 3 & 4 o'c of an afternoon
How's this for a six?
OVAL
Do send this message up, Adolphus
My lungs work a treat
This is a basin

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